This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

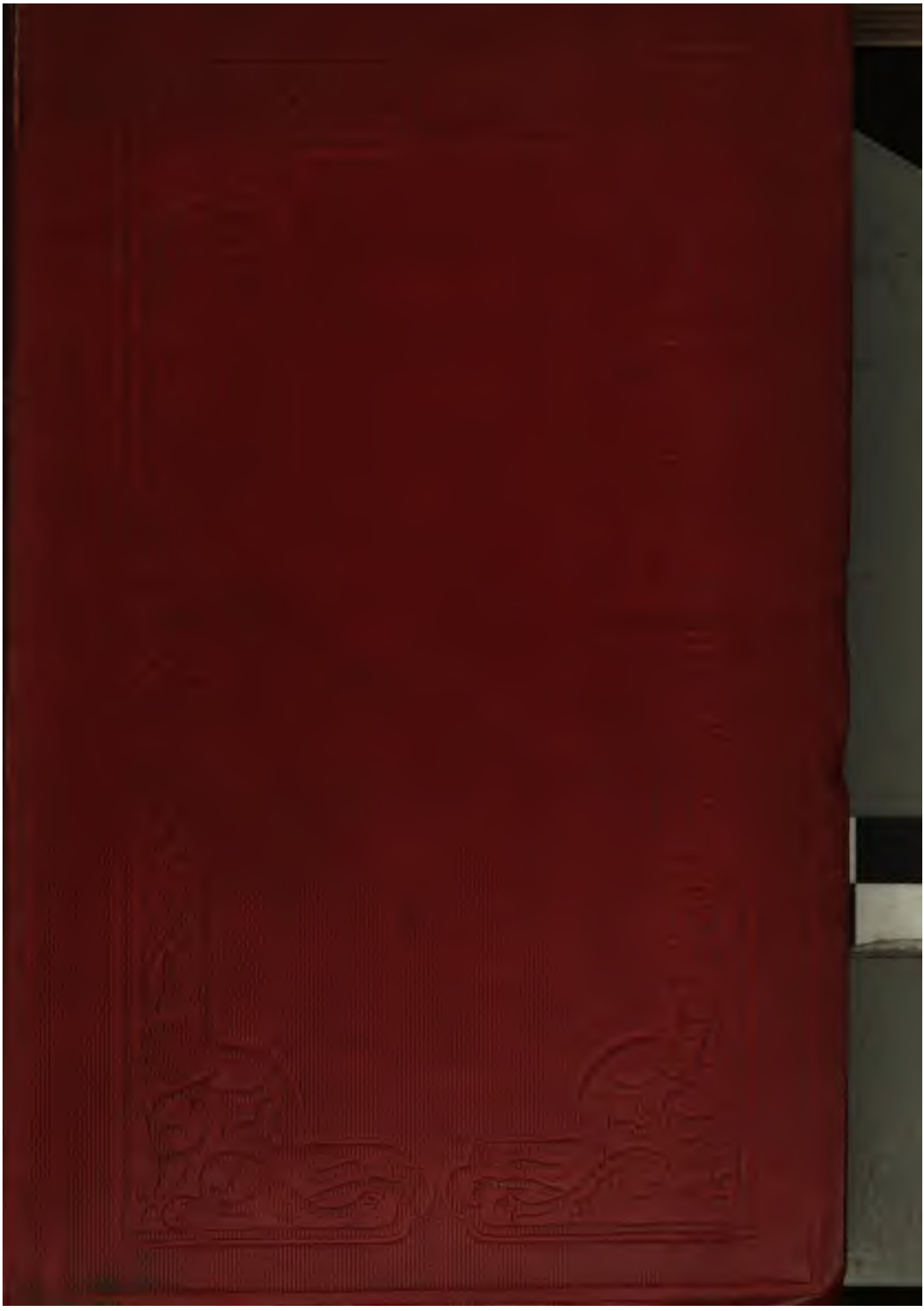
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



45.1303.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADEMOISELLE

DE MONTPENSIER,

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE,

AND NIECE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA-MARIA.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1848.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

CHAPTER I.

MADEMOISELLE REPAIRS TO HER CHATEAU OF EU—THE UNFORTUNATE DUKE OF MONMOUTH—DISCORD AND INTRIGUES IN THE PALAIS ROYAL—M. DE PEGUILLIN ASSUMES THE NAME OF LAUZUN—IS PROMOTED AT COURT—MADEMOISELLE INTERESTED IN HIS FORTUNES—SHE FALLS PASSIONATELY IN LOVE WITH HIM, AND RESOLVES TO MAKE HIM ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACT 1

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT IN A QUANDARY—MADEMOISELLE DELIVERS HER OPINION WITH REFERENCE TO AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE—KING CHARLES II. PROPOSES TO DIVORCE HIS QUEEN, AND TO ESPOUSE MADEMOISELLE—THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND GOES ON AN EMBASSY TO HER BROTHER, KING CHARLES, AND, ON HER RETURN TO FRANCE, IS POISONED. 34

CHAPTER III.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND THE COUNT DE LAUZUN RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF MADEMOISELLE—SHE REJECTS THE ADDRESSES OF THE FORMER, AND HAS HER ADDRESSES REJECTED BY THE LATTER—COMPLIMENTARY AND DISINTERESTED PROPOSITIONS OF THE DUKE—MADEMOISELLE STILL MORE EXPLICIT WITH THE COUNT DE LAUZUN, WHO BEGINS TO GIVE SIGNS OF RELENTING 71

45.1303.

remained at Eu two months, and then returned to the Court, which was spending the winter in Paris. The King of England had sent his son, the Duke of Monmouth, to the French Court, and he was received very handsomely by his Majesty. Indeed, he was so extremely amiable and good-looking, that every one spoke highly of him. Madame de la Vallière was brought to bed of a son, the same precautions being adopted as those used on the birth of her daughter; while every one suspected the truth, it was evidently her desire that no one should know the least circumstance connected with it. After all these mysterious concealments, this child was legitimatized by Parliament under the name of the Count de Vermandois, and the daughter by the name of Mademoiselle de Blois; and they were placed under the care of Madame Colbert, by whom they were brought up.

In the month of January, the King, after taking the Queen and Monsieur le Dauphin to St. Germain, set out for Franche-Comté. The Prince was there with the troops, which he had drawn nearer to him, under the pretence of holding Les Etats; while the King, who had communicated his design to no one but those employed in its execution, caused the utmost surprise and consternation by his sudden appear-

ance: he carried Dole in three days, and this at a season most adverse to such operations, owing to the severity of the cold. Other strong places, seized with panic, surrendered to the royal arms, and with so much precipitation, that Monsieur, who was in Paris, magnanimously resolved to repair to the seat of war and join his brother, as soon as he had taken up his fixed residence and terminated his career of conquest. He was too late, for while on the road he met the conqueror already returning.

The Queen was now expecting her accouchement: it was impossible for me, therefore, to leave her while the King was thus occupied with his conquests. On his Majesty's return to Paris, there were strong rumours of peace. About the same period, the Princess of Baden and Madame d'Armagnac were banished from Court — no reason being assigned as regarded the Princess. With respect to Madame, it was well known that she was accused of having written to the Queen the letter which contained the announcement of the King's growing attachment to Madame de Montespan.

During the period when I was paying a visit to Eu, the Queen was brought to bed of a son, le Duc d'Anjou, an event which caused me great pleasure; and there were abundant rejoicings at

Versailles in honour of it. It happened that Monsieur and Madame had a misunderstanding respecting the Duke of Monmouth. The young Chevalier de Lorraine, it appears, attached himself to Monsieur, became his favourite, and lived in the Palais-Royal, but had the misfortune to displease Madame. When I returned, I found all these little causes of great discord embroiling the Court; but I refused to meddle in any of them, not choosing to listen to the explanations of one party or the other; for I shrewdly suspected that there was too much to be heard with patience, and the amount of faults and follies on both sides too nearly equal to deserve arbitration.

Many changes took place about this time at Court. M. de Vivonne was presented to the office of General of the Galleys, on condition that the place of first gentleman of the bedchamber should be given to Monsieur de Villequier, who resigned in favour of Monsieur de Rochefort that of Captain of the body guards. While this was in course of arrangement, the King was frequently at Versailles. We were one day speaking on the subject of some songs of an ironical character, by no means flattering to the qualities of Monsieur de Peguillin, (who had now taken the name of Lauzun,) more especially as a man

of sincerity, and of an upright mind. The King remarked to him, in a tone that all might hear, and in a very complimentary manner, "It was because Monsieur de Lauzun possessed more wit and penetration than most people, that they were desirous of proving he had less sincerity. For me," he continued, "I would prefer having enough sense to do what is wrong, and to refrain from doing it, rather than to be a fool because I had not wit to be anything else." I confess that at that time I took great pleasure in seeing the King esteem those persons who distinguished themselves by their actions, and by their knowledge of the world. He soon found that no one in his kingdom devoted himself so vigorously to his service as M. de Lauzun; he therefore proposed to him to quit the post of General of Dragoons, and to take that of *Grand Maître;* still leaving it to Monsieur de Louvois to perform the duties, whilst he who held the title was to devote himself exclusively to affairs of war. But whatever advantage this would have been to M. de Lauzun, he felt too much delicacy to accept it—not liking to undertake a charge, the duties of which were divided with Monsieur de Louvois. He humbly supplicated the King to give him instead, a place near his person, in which he could act as he judged proper on

occasions when his services should be required; stating, as a reason for this refusal, that if he accepted the post of *Grand Maître*, he should expose himself to quarrels with Monsieur de Louvois, which would only occasion him pain.

The King approved of these sentiments, and wishing to give him marks of still greater confidence, placed the care of his person in his hands, and presented him with the commission of captain in the body guards. But he cared little for this new promotion; and since I have known him better, I have always found him full of disinterested sentiments. Indeed, every officer with whom he had served acknowledged him to be a worthy man, and so zealous in the cause of those who had done their duty, that all who had distinguished themselves were as sure of his good offices as of his esteem. He exhorted them to serve the King by every means in their power; giving them, if they required it, money, as if it were by the King's order, when it was often from his own private purse. Such is the testimony of those who have experienced these marks of his kindness; but had he been aware that he was thus commended, it would have been the means of preventing his renewing the obligation. So great is his aversion to all kind of flattery, that scarcely any one ventured to speak to him of

the occasions on which he had so distinguished himself. I confess that I was much gratified by the recitals of those who told me what I have related of M. de Lauzun; and this feeling was enhanced by the testimonials of gratitude shown towards him from many quarters, at a time when the sincerity of the parties could be little suspected, from his not being in a position to render them like services. The commission of Captain of the Guards being presented to him, he entered upon the duties in a dignified but easy manner—attentive without being officious. The King appeared perfectly satisfied with all he did; and this was the sole recompense which he desired. When I made Monsieur de Lauzun my compliments, he observed, " He was fully aware of the honour I conferred on him, in thus interesting myself in the kindnesses shown him by his Majesty; it gave them a fresh zest." Indeed, from that period I began to look upon him as an extraordinary character, as well as a highly agreeable man. His conversation, like his manner, was fascinating; and I therefore sought every opportunity of being in his company, for there were a vigour and originality in his ideas, and in his mode of expressing them, very different from the conversation of every other person.

About this time the Grand Duke of Tuscany, my brother-in-law, being on his way from England, passed through France. He had been making a tour of curiosity rather than of pleasure; and having got into some dispute with our Ambassador in England, his Majesty had taken up the affair with some heat. This threw a damp over the pleasure he expected to receive in France; he was, nevertheless, treated very politely, entertained with a great many comedies, and with the repetition of the opera of the preceding winter. When he left, I also took my departure for Eu; and, as it was late in the season, my return was deferred until the winter should be far advanced. I made some complimentary speeches to M. de Lauzun, expressing, likewise, the pain I felt in quitting so agreeable a companion; for I had been in the habit of enjoying his conversation during his frequent visits to the Queen. He treated me with a respect so submissive, that he would never even approach me, if I were not careful to make the first advances. "Although so little known to you," he would observe, "there is no man in the world can be more anxious than myself to do you service, or to execute any order you will do me the honour to confide to my care." He said this, too, with so much grace, that it was not difficult for

me to persuade myself that he was speaking the truth.

On my return to Paris, the first news I heard was, that Madame had arrived, to bid adieu to Madame de St. Chaumont, her daughter's governess; and that she was in despair on account of Monsieur's having sent her away, her only crime consisting, it was asserted, in being aunt to M. le Comte de Guiche. Monsieur had also dismissed, by order of the King, the Bishop of Valence, his first almoner, whom he prohibited from entering his diocese. And the next day, to the surprise of every one, the Chevalier de Lorraine was arrested, by his Majesty's especial order. I went to the Palais-Royal, where I found Monsieur, in a very angry mood. He lamented his unhappiness, and declared that he had always endeavoured to conduct himself towards his Majesty in such a manner as not to draw on himself the treatment he had received; that he should set out for Villers-Cotterets—he really could not remain at Court. Madame affected as much vexation as Monsieur, and remarked to me, "I have no great reason to like the Chevalier de Lorraine, because we were never upon very pleasant terms; nevertheless, I pity him, and am extremely concerned for the pain which I know it will give Monsieur." She said

this in a tone which denoted her grief at any circumstance which had power to disturb him; yet, at this very time, she was secretly rejoiced at what had happened, for she was in close intimacy with the King, and no one doubted that she had taken some part in the affair. The Chevalier was sent to the Chateau d'If, and Monsieur and Madame returned to Villers-Cotterets, where she had a large apartment on the same floor as that of his Majesty. Although she resided with Monsieur at the Château-Neuf, yet she passed the afternoons at the old Château, where the King could speak to her more freely upon such affairs as she had to negotiate for him with the King of England, her brother.* Since the Chevalier's disgrace, she had

* Madame was in close communication with Louis XIV. on the subject of the alliance, offensive and defensive, with the King of England, (Charles II., her brother,) for the destruction of the Dutch. She embarked at Dunkirk, on board a ship of the English fleet, attended by a party of ladies from the court of France. She took with her Mademoiselle de Queroualle, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, whose beauty equalled that of Madame de Montespan. The Duchess occupied in England the same position as Madame de Montespan in France; but she had more power. King Charles was governed by her to the last moment of his life. She retained her beauty to an extreme age. At seventy, her figure was erect and commanding, nor had the effect of years impaired her powers of pleasing.—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

been in the habit of conversing with me. "Until this time," she observed, "we seem to have entertained little regard for each other, because we have not been in the habit of meeting: you have a good heart, and mine is not bad: let us be friends." I replied, that I was equally disposed to be on good terms. One day, before she had risen, M. de Lauzun entered her room, when she said, "I have something particular to say to him; you will oblige me, therefore, by entertaining the company that may happen to come in and interrupt us." I undertook this commission with pleasure; and I was not sorry that Monsieur de Lauzun should participate with her in the obligation. It did not enter my mind that she had anything to say to him except on matters of business, from his never having betrayed the least inclination for her, whatever he might have done with regard to other ladies.

God is the ruler of our destinies. I had been accustomed to consider my lot as the happiest that could have been chosen for me; I had every reason to be satisfied with my birth, with my wealth, and with all those accessories which might have enabled me to pass through life without becoming a burden to myself or to others. Nevertheless, without knowing why, I grew weary of places which had hitherto pleased me,

and became attached to others I was indifferent to before. I liked the conversation of Monsieur de Lauzun, without any precise or fixed idea of anything beyond the present hour. After having spent some time in this state of inquietude, I endeavoured to reflect within myself, and to discover what it was that gave me pain, and what pleasure. I saw that another condition, differing from that I had hitherto experienced, occupied all my attention, and that if I married I should be the happier for it; that I considered a man would be grateful to me for making his fortune, and for giving him a great establishment. He would be touched, and would feel a friendship for me, and would make my pleasure his study. Then, in the great marriages they had heretofore proposed for me, there was no greater chance of happiness than I should have in the consideration felt for a person who entertained an esteem for me; while my heirs, regarding my wealth as their own, would wish for nothing so much as my death, that they might enjoy it.

After having well considered all that had combined to induce this singular distaste to things around me, I saw the course I should take, and that it was the will of Heaven I should feel in my heart that marriage alone could give me repose; and this by the choice of a person whose

consequent accession of fortune would at least excite his gratitude; so that the remainder of my life might be passed in the tranquil union of perfect friendship. It was in such moments as these that I came to the conclusion that my inquietude had not been without foundation, while the merit I had discovered in M. de Lauzun, his distinguished conduct as so extolled by others, the elevation of his soul raising him far above ordinary men, the charm of his conversation, and other intellectual accomplishments, which I knew how to appreciate, convinced me that he was the only man capable of sustaining the dignity of the position which my rank and fortune would confer —the only person, in short, worthy of my choice. What is more, I considered that I had never received genuine marks of affection from any living being; that there was a pleasure in being loved; that he possessed sensibility; and that it would be very delightful to live with an intelligent, good man, whom I could look on as a friend, alive to everything that gave me pleasure or pain.

It was then I saw clearly that the source of my joys lay in the pleasure I had in conversing with him, and the little interest I took in other affairs, the distaste I felt for the world, the weariness I endured when I did not meet him at

the Queen's, all convinced me of the truth of which I had been till then ignorant. I had no other occupation or excitement than that which arose from these reflections;—sometimes I wished that he would guess the state of my mind; at others, I felt desirous that he should never know it. I am naturally impatient, and I confess that this new examination of myself and of my feelings was too much for me. I could not bear company; thoughts of the world plunged me in despair; I wished to be alone in my own apartment or to behold him at the Queen's, in the court, by mere chance, or anywhere, provided only that I saw him; I was then at peace.

But soon I reflected on the difficulties to which this passion would subject me,—all I should have to encounter; I felt agitated at the very idea of having to speak of it to the King, yet I wished to make known my sentiments, that he might himself instruct me how I ought to act. I was inconsolable when I saw, by the distant and respectful manner—so submissive, yet so insinuating—of him I loved, that he knew not how absorbed I was in thinking of him; thus, the most embarrassing point of all, was, how to make him understand that he was more happy than he seemed himself to be aware of. I could not fail, at times, to reflect on the inequality of his

rank with regard to my own; but I had read the history of France, and nearly all those written in the French language, in which I found examples of persons of inferior rank to his, having married the daughters, the sisters, the granddaughters, and the widows of monarchs. Besides this, I decided that there was little real difference between men like these and those born of a more illustrious house; the one having far greater merit and elevation in their souls—the true measure of respective ranks.

Thus did I endeavour to surmount every obstacle by a multitude of examples which crowded on my recollection. Serious reflection, however, taught me to be aware, that the world would have something to say in the affair, and how was I to reply to the objections it would raise against such a marriage? Hence I resolved not to speak to Monsieur de Lauzun except in the presence of a third person, and, in order to banish his image from my mind, to avoid every opportunity of seeing him: but no sooner did I attempt to put my resolution into practice, to converse with him only on indifferent subjects, than I found I knew not what I said; I stammered, became confused, could hardly convey the least meaning—in short, that the more I sought to shun him, the stronger became the spell that drew me towards him.

Madame, who was one of his friends, and who had tried to persuade me that she was mine also, often spoke to me of his merit; so that I was a thousand times tempted to open my heart to her, that she might sympathize with, and kindly point out what course I should pursue; for I, indeed, was not in a fit state to direct myself. From my always doing exactly the contrary of that which I had determined to do, that which I decided on at night I failed to execute the next morning. And thus did I quarrel with and lecture myself a hundred times a day. At length, after having pondered over the impossibility of banishing this subject from my mind, and over the obstacles in my way, I found myself under the absolute necessity of coming to some final determination.

I followed the Queen to the Franciscans, where she performed a nine days' devotion for Saint Pierre d'Alcantara, and I prayed fervently to God to instil into my mind a knowledge of the course I had better pursue. One day, when the Host was elevated, after having humbly prayed for grace to succour me in my extreme uncertainty, I perceived, from the state of mind I was in, that I should be quite unhappy through life if I sought to extinguish an affection which had obtained so powerful an influence over me: in-

deed, when I attempted it, I found myself occupied in discovering the means I should take to let M. de Lauzun know the sentiments I entertained for him, and in thinking of all that promised best to bring my wishes to a happy issue. And this appeared so easy, to one deeply interested as I felt, that I could not imagine any would oppose it but those who sought to inherit my wealth.

On the day following this last resolution to make my love known (it was the second of March), I found myself with Monsieur de Lauzun, at the Queen's. I approached him, and it seemed to me that the courtesy and gaiety with which I addressed him ought to have made him guess all that I felt for him in my heart; still he continued to conduct himself with the same studied respect; while, on my side, I fancied that, after the pleasure I had betrayed in accosting him, he might surely have understood me.

It was now reported that the King was about to release Lorraine, and that I was to marry Prince Charles. I thought this a happy occasion to lead M. de Lauzun to discover the state of my mind, and to explain to me his own sentiments. I at once summoned courage, and sent to beg he would come to my apart-

ment, which was not far from his own rooms, so that he was obliged, indeed, to pass by the door on his way to the Queen's. Word was brought me back that he was not in his room; so guessing that he was with his great friend Guitry, in an adjacent apartment which he had himself furnished, I made a pretext of the curiosity I had to see it, not doubting but that I should find M. de Lauzun with him. But I was deceived: when I descended to the Queen's, I saw that he was talking to the Comtesse de Guiche; and on my intimating to her that I wished to speak to him, she replied, "Let me first conclude the little affair which I have in hand; for he is one of those gentlemen we cannot always secure when we wish, except you, who, whenever it pleases you, have only to command him to receive your orders." This reply actually made me tremble, and my heart beat in so violent a manner, that I thought he must perceive it; indeed, I rather wished that he should discover its intense emotions, and learn thereby that I had nothing very disagreeable to communicate to him.

When the Comtesse de Guiche took leave of him, I went to a window, to which he followed me, and with so grand an air—such an expression of noble pride and *fierté*, that I looked upon

him as if he were the master of the world. After a little hesitation, I observed, "You seem to take such an interest in everything that concerns me, are so faithful a friend, and a man of such good sense, that I wish to do nothing without asking your advice." He replied, with his usual polite and submissive air, that he felt extremely obliged for the honour I did him,—that he was very grateful, and would never deceive me, and that I should see by the sincerity with which he gave me his advice, that he acted up to the favourable opinion I had formed of him. When the usual compliments were over, I informed him it was rumoured in the world, that the King wished to marry me to Prince Charles de Lorraine, and I entreated him to let me know if he had ever heard anything upon the subject? He replied, "I can assure you that I have not; and I am moreover persuaded that the King wishes nothing but what you yourself desire, for I know that he has a heart too much interested in rendering justice to others, to think of constraining you in anything." I replied, "At the age I am arrived at, people rarely marry against their inclination: up to this period many proposals have been made to me; I have listened to all that has been said on the subject, and among the alliances proposed

were those of high mark, not exclusive of royalty itself. Yet should I have been in despair had the Court compelled me to accept them. I love my country," I continued, "and am what is termed one governed more by reason than by ambition; and good sense, as well as moderation, is required to know how to restrain the latter. We must frame our own happiness in this life; and I am fully persuaded it is not to be found in a union with a man whose character we know not, and whom we can never learn to esteem." He replied, that my sentiments displayed so much judgment that he could not but approve of them. And he then continued, "But, so happy as you are, why do you think of marrying?" I answered, that he had reason to say I was happy, for that I really felt so; yet I admitted to him that the number of people who reckoned on my wealth, and who consequently wished me to die, gave me much concern, and that this consideration alone would induce me to marry. He replied, that as this was a subject of importance, I ought to give it my serious consideration; and that after I had thought of it, and he, on his side, had done the same, he would give me his opinion in a manner which should convince me his counsel was worthy of the confidence I had placed in him, and of the

honour I had done him. The Queen left, and we were obliged to defer our conversation until another day. I confess that although I had said nothing that applied to him personally, yet I felt much relieved in having put the affair in a position to speak of it again; my wish was that he should have understood me by the embarrassment with which I had spoken—not having dared to look him in the face; yet I was not displeased with my behaviour, and amused myself with many projects, dreaming only of the time when we should again have to renew the conversation.

The next day, after the Queen had dined, I observed, addressing myself to M. de Lauzun, that he must not longer delay giving me his opinion, and that I begged he would speak to me with sincerity, and inform me if he had thought seriously of what I had said. He replied, with an agreeable smile, that he could make a book from the subjects that had passed through his mind; but that he had formed there many *châteaux en Espagne*, that it was for me to state what was for the best in such circumstances, and that he would reply to all I proposed with the utmost sincerity. I declared that I had been castle-building no less than himself; adding, "But my castles are built on good foundations; and you will oblige me by speaking of

this matter with the seriousness of a real friend; in truth, I wish to discuss with you an affair the most important in my life." He began to laugh, and observed, "I ought then to be very proud in being elected President of your Council: you will give me," he added, "a very good opinion of myself." I replied, I had the same good opinion of the advice he would give me, and that I promised to follow it; for I could say decidedly that I would consult no one but himself upon the subject; suspecting all the rest of the world. "I am persuaded," I concluded, "that you will consider only my good in everything you propose to me." He now wished to throw himself upon the greatness, the profoundness of his respect for me, but I said to him, "Pray, Monsieur, let us return to the subject we were upon yesterday." "You will remember, then," he replied, "that it was the uneasiness you felt in respect to your heirs, who, in desiring your wealth, must wish for your death; telling me, at the same time, that it was this alone that gave you the idea of marrying; and I candidly admit that in your place I should have the same feeling. For there is a pleasure in living, and it is so great a grief to think that there are those who are wishing for our death, that I can readily understand it is the sole inducement which has

made you think of matrimony, since up to this time you have declined everything that might have suited you. There is nothing at this moment worth your attention; thus, although you may reasonably entertain the wish to marry, to put an end to the desire for your death, I perceive no person who is entitled to your hand.

"I am, therefore, at a loss how to advise you, and can only regret the position in which you are placed, for I fear there is no other relief for you than to solace yourself by disclosing your troubles to me. I know well," he continued, "that you have long been seeking one worthy of this confidence, and most happy am I that the lot should have fallen on myself; yet I am much concerned at not being able to remove the invincible impediment, which cannot but cause you great anxiety; for, as I have observed, certainly there is no one on whom you can bestow your regards. Nevertheless, I cannot but admit that you have just reason to wish to abandon the painful position you are in, from the belief that there are those who desire your death. With this exception, what would you have to wish for ? Do you lack greatness or worldly wealth? You are esteemed, and honoured, for your virtue, your merit, and your rank; and it seems to my mind a most desirable state to owe to yourself alone

the estimation in which you are held by every one. The King treats you well—he loves you—I see that he is pleased with you; what then have you to desire? If you had been Queen or Empress in a foreign country, you would have been weary of your existence. The royal position would have been little above your own; and there is great difficulty in studying the humours of men, and the people with whom you would have been obliged to live. I know of no pleasure that could have made up for it."

I replied, that he was right, and that I saw I was not deceived in having selected him as my adviser, while he would be glad to hear me say that all the grandeur, wealth, and establishments of which he had spoken, would be more worthily employed in making the fortune of a sensible and honest man. In uniting myself to a person of that description, I should be following the bent of my own inclinations, which were, that I should never be separated from the King. Indeed, I thought that he would be very well pleased by my raising one of his subjects, and bestowing on him my wealth, to be expended in his Majesty's service. He replied, "You were perfectly correct in saying that, like me, you have been building *châteaux en Espagne!* and I find also you are right in adding that they have better founda-

tions. All that you have advanced may be effected by a happy union of greatness and pleasure, wherein, besides the satisfaction of having raised a man a degree above all the sovereigns in Europe, you would have the certainty of knowing that he was indebted to you for it—that he would love you more than his life; and above all this, you would not quit the King or the Court: such is what I call a foundation. That which comes under the denomination of *châteaux en Espagne*, is the difficulty of finding this man, whose birth, inclinations, merit, and virtue, are to be such as to correspond with all you will do for him. "You ought to see," he added, "that this is the point where I find the impossibility." I replied, with a smile, "Although you say it, and I wish to follow your counsel, yet all this is possible, since your difficulty does not strike at my great project, but merely regards the person. I will see to this, and find one who shall have all the qualifications you desire that he should have."

This conversation lasted for two good hours, and would not have finished so soon, had not the Queen left her oratory. I confess that I was satisfied with everything I had said to him, and pleased with what he had advanced in reply. I imagined that he understood very well what I wished to say. I saw him now nearly every day,

but, as he never came to speak to me, it was always left for me to seek him, when he would, at times, make his escape, yet with manners the most respectful and full of *esprit*. Thus he continued to conduct himself towards me. Some days subsequently, I asked him if he did not wish to hear more of my affairs? He replied, "I find so much to displease, and to deter you in what you purpose, that I honestly advise you to think no more of it. You are now perfectly at your ease, and I should be unworthy the honour of your confidence were I not to tell you that the best thing for you to do, is, to remain as you are." This reply wounded, and yet made no impression on me. I continued to persuade myself that he did not say what he thought, and that it was only by these replies I could possibly know that he understood me. Thus what was a great subject of affliction one moment, in the next gave me a real pleasure. Our conversations were extremely far asunder—he evaded the speaking to me; I could not gain access to him for some days; neither did he give me the opportunity of telling him what I wished.

One day, however, I said to him, "I have thought much of the advice you gave me, and I have found a remedy: shall I explain it to you?" He replied, "If I cannot always fall in with

your ideas, it is no reason why you should withdraw the confidence you have placed in me; I know not how to flatter you where the welfare and the happiness of your life is at stake; I am therefore necessitated to displease you by my ungracious way of proceeding. It is not that I do not see the disadvantages of passing all one's life without choosing a partner; for, when we are forty years old, we cannot give ourselves up to the pleasures which are suitable to girls from fifteen to five-and-twenty so situated. Therefore, I must advise you either to become a nun, or to give yourself up to devotion. If you take this latter course, you must dress plainly, and, knowing its errors, give up all the pleasures of the world; going at the most, on account of your rank, once a-year to the Opera, to pay your court to the King. You must fail in attending neither high mass, vespers, *salut*, nor sermons. You must visit the poor, attend the hospitals, assist the sick and their families in their necessity, feeling no further pleasure in the wealth that God has given you, than as it enables you, in its distribution, to fulfil His will. And besides these occupations, there will be the duties you owe to the Queen, and which your rank obliges you to attend to.

"I have now described to you two kinds of life: the third is marriage, in which you may follow every pleasure, and wear whatever style of dress you best approve, for a sensible woman would wish to please her husband. But this husband seems difficult to find; for, whenever you had chosen one to your mind, might you not also find faults that you never detected before, and which would render you unhappy?

"It is owing to all this that I know not what counsel to give you, and you may perceive that I was right in warning you, as a sincere friend, that I had nothing very agreeable to say to you."

This manner of speaking was very embarrassing for me; and therefore, I regretted less than usual its being interrupted. I could not fail to discover great good sense in all he said; that the sincerity of his replies were the result of his discernment, and that he forgot his own advancement in the disinterested and friendly advice he gave me, resulting from the confidence I had placed in him; yet did I wish that he would understand me.

I still wished always to see him—to be conversing with him; but he evaded every attempt to fix his attention, and would not come to my apartment.

I had no difficulty or perplexity in choosing

one of the three sorts of life he had pointed out, for I had decided on that of marriage; and I did not doubt but that so he understood it; yet was I surprised at the consideration he showed for me; for, seeing that I had said sufficient to induce him to disclose his sentiments, never could man carry his respect further or have conducted himself with more submission, where so large a fortune was at stake — all this, which might have been risked, too, by straining this conduct too far; but it ever seemed to me that he consulted my glory more than he did his own elevation.

To return to the Court. The absence of the Chevalier de Lorraine was a continual subject of dissension between Monsieur and Madame, who had fresh quarrels every day on account of it; one of these was so violent, that Monsieur threw out reproaches on occurrences which they said he had before pardoned. The Queen interfered in the accommodation of this quarrel, for she had admitted Madame to her friendship. Monsieur told her the reasons he had for speaking so plainly, and afterwards made me acquainted with the displeasure he had against Madame. He protested that he had never loved her for more than fifteen days; his anger carrying him so far that I was compelled to remind him that he did not consider that she had had children by him.

Madame, on her side, complained most bitterly. She said, "If I have committed any faults, why did he not reproach me at the time? To submit to be tormented for nothing, is suffering which I cannot endure." She spoke with much good sense, excepting a few words of contempt which escaped her.

The King now ordered the release of the Chevalier de Lorraine from the Chateau d'If, and sent him into Italy, exhorting Monsieur and Madame to make up their quarrel, and doing what he could to pacify them, by removing the cause of their dispute. Monsieur always suspected that Madame had been in some manner instrumental to the Chevalier's imprisonment.

There was some idea of a journey to Flanders; and although peace had been proclaimed, the King, who never moved without troops, caused them to assemble, that he might select *un corps d'armeé*, to be commanded by the Comte de Lauzun, whom he made Lieutenant-General. I was at Paris when informed of this news, which gave me sincere pleasure, and, I need hardly add, it was not long before I sought him to offer my congratulations in person. He replied, that he knew I should be happy to hear of it. I had been in the habit of passing Passion week at Eu, where I generally remained about a fortnight or three

weeks: not saying anything this year respecting my journey, all my people began to inquire when I intended to set out? But Guilloire saw that I had no intention of going, and began to inform me of all he had done in regard to the buildings and the gardens; I had, however, become so indifferent about it all, that I would not listen: he could learn nothing from me, but that I should leave St. Germain in time to pass Easter-day in Paris.

The King and Queen also were to be there on the Tuesday, and it had been settled that Monsieur le Dauphin and myself were to stand sponsors to Mademoiselle de Valois. I awaited the day with the greatest impatience. On Friday, during the service of *Les Ténèbres*, I managed so well that Monsieur de Lauzun approached. Though he spoke of nothing but devotion, yet his knowledge was so general that he never undertook to speak on any subject which he did not render interesting. He succeeded in a surprising manner in using terms that had a particular sense and signification—such was his natural eloquence, although he had never studied them. Even his sermons were always of more service to me than those of regular preachers.

The ensuing day, Easter Sunday, I met him in the street, and I cannot express the joy I felt

in seeing his coach draw near to mine, nor the kindness with which I accosted him; nor was it lessened by his making me a bow more gracious than usual: the mere idea of this afforded me indescribable pleasure. On the day of the christening, the King, the Queen, and myself dined at Monsieur's, and after dinner I returned to St. Germain with their Majesties.

The first time I met M. de Lauzun afterwards, I told him how extremely low-spirited I had felt at Paris; and he promptly replied, "How was it, then? Formerly you were delighted to be there, and now you say you could hardly remain a single day! My belief is," he continued, "that then you had nothing on your mind; now, it is full of some project, and of this affair you dare speak to no one except myself. It is quite natural, therefore, for you to wish to return, to relieve your mind. Take my advice," he added, "and select for yourself a confidant at Paris, to partake in your pleasure, and to whom you can unburden your heart, and your stay there will no longer oppress you. When you are here again you can speak to me in turn; though I confess," he added, "it would be more honourable to me to be the *only* friend you had to consult. Thus, you see, I wish to do you justice, and to be sincere at the same time." In this manner did he

continue to converse with me, half jest half earnest, until we departed on our journey; yet he always avoided any decided discussion of the subject when he saw me bent on speaking to him seriously.

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT IN A QUANDARY — MADEMOISELLE DELIVERS HER OPINION WITH REFERENCE TO AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE—KING CHARLES II. PROPOSES TO DIVORCE HIS QUEEN, AND TO ESPOUSE MADEMOISELLE—THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND GOES ON AN EMBASSY TO HER BROTHER, KING CHARLES, AND, ON HER RETURN TO FRANCE, IS POISONED.

AFTER spending in Paris three more days, which produced exactly the same kind of lassitude of mind and feelings as I had before experienced, I again visited St. Germain; nor did I return to the capital until the very day that we were to set out. As I entered the Rue St. Honoré, I saw Monsieur de Lauzun's equipage pass. It was numerously attended, and in good taste; at which I was not surprised, for he did everything with extraordinary magnificence. I told him afterwards that I had met it, and he smiled with an air which led me to perceive

that he was not sorry that it had happened so. We slept at Senlis, the first day of our journey, and the next at Compiègne, where I found a moment to converse with him, and with more pleasure than usual, for Guitry was present. I inquired, "When you are with your army, shall you ever visit the King?" He replied, "Certainly I shall, sometimes."

The next day, at Noyon, I spoke to him alone, and observed, "Do you wish that my affairs should remain in the state they are until you return from the campaign; and must I suffer for so long a period all this perplexity of mind, which, you have confessed to me, excites your compassion?" He replied, that it was his duty to think of nothing but the expedition. The King was walking in the garden, and he asked me several times, if I would not come and join him. I was about to comply, when M. de Lauzun, who, quick as light, had anticipated me, knowing that the Queen did not wish me to leave her, made a sign for me to remain where I was; I remained, therefore, constrained to be content with looking at him; and with saying a few words, first speaking to the King, and then to him, when they came under the windows.

The ensuing day he went to St. Quentin, to

assemble the army, and came to meet the King with several officers: I was much struck with his handsome dress, and his noble air, which well became a soldier. He rode by the *portiére* at the side of the King, and I turned my head that way, that I might see him. The King, who knew that I nearly always followed the Queen, observed upon this occasion, "*Ma cousine*, you will oblige me extremely, if, when in the country whither we are going, you never leave the Queen's side; not even if she goes to mass, or anywhere else, for you will confer an honour by so doing." I went to the Queen, and saw M. de Lauzun, decorated in an unusually splendid manner: Rochefort was with him, bursting with envy, at his gay and gallant appearance. I called him to me, and observed, smiling, "Dare I venture to approach the *Général d'Armée* himself?" He came near me, and we conversed all three together for a few moments.

The King then went to the camp: I watched him from a window, and saw with pleasure Monsieur de Soubise, hat in hand, asking some question of M. de Lauzun, whom he had saluted on his arrival in a most polite manner, and only replacing his hat on his head on being requested to do so by his commander. I told him in the evening that I had observed, how he had been

treated *en General*, and that I could assure him, from what I had already seen, that the command became him well.

We set out from St. Quentin in most dreadful weather; but no considerations of inconvenience at all disturbed me, for I had the secret satisfaction of contemplating every day all that I loved in the world; for the King had always been, and was still, if I may so express it, my first passion; but M. de Lauzun my second. I call him the second, knowing, as I do, that he stands in precisely the same position as regards the King; I have, at least, reason to believe so, from the tenderness and attachment he has invariably shown for his person, and from the pleasure we have uniformly had in speaking of him together. The bad weather and the dreadful rain threw all the equipages into confusion, but this was nothing; the sole object that absorbed my attention was M. de Lauzun on horseback, and sometimes conversing with the King. When he approached his Majesty, with his hat in his hand, in all that pitiless weather, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Make him put on his hat." I was equally concerned about his Majesty's anxiety with regard to the length of our route, which was greater than had been expected, and dreaded lest he should blame M. de Lauzun; but all my fears

vanished the moment he observed that it was Monsieur de Louvois who had regulated all the details.

When we had arrived within about half a league from Landreci, the son of the Governor came out to inform us, that the river had overflowed its banks, and that we could not pass it. After having unsuccessfully attempted it by a ford somewhat higher up, we were obliged to return, and sleep in a sort of barn, without having with us either the Queen's women or my own; which annoyed us much. Added to all this, was my anxiety about my jewels, which were in the coach with the attendants. Madame, who was in her coach near us, sent to beg I would come and pay her a visit. I found there M. de Villeroi, to whom Monsieur said, that he had never seen anything so frightful as M. de Lauzun, during the heavy rain, with all his hair in his hat.

The Marquis de Villeroi was of the same opinion; whilst I, without making the least remark, thought that, however he might be situated, he was far more noble-looking than either of them. But Monsieur did not like him, on account of the Chevalier de Lorraine; and the other had been treated by him with great hauteur in a quarrel, which originated in some rivalry in love

We went into a house where the King was, to partake of a supper, not a little scanty and cold withal; nevertheless, it was soon despatched. One of the attendants spread mattresses on the ground, for us to sleep upon without undressing; the Queen thought this would be unbecoming, whereupon the King asked me my opinion; I replied, that with regard to his Majesty, to Monsieur, and the few others that were there, there could be no harm in their reposing, dressed as they were, on the mattresses.

The Queen also consented, and we went to bed. She was a little angry that they had eaten all the *potage*, although at supper she would not touch any; never, to be sure, had there been such a repast, it was almost a battle for the means of life,—pulling the chickens to pieces between us—one assaulting a leg, another carrying a wing, a third a drumstick; but fortunately, perhaps, we had no knives. The confusion was not less amusing as regarded the *mélange* of beds in the same chamber; while the *grands seigneurs* and the officers of the King slept in a room close by. M. de Lauzun being an inmate of the latter, there was a continual clatter of people passing and repassing every moment for orders, until the King ingeniously suggested to them to make a hole in the wall, through which to re-

ceive M. de Lauzun's despatches, so that they might not disturb us, which was promptly done. At four in the morning, Monsieur de Louvois came to announce that a bridge was constructed; but we were all fast asleep, and Brouilly, Aide-major of the guards, informed him that his Majesty also still slept. I, who happened to be very ill at ease, thinking we should be better accommodated in the town, took on myself to call out, loud enough to awake the King, that M. de Louvois wished to speak with his Majesty; and on his repeating, to the satisfaction of all, that the bridge was ready, we rose, got into the coach, and proceeded to the town.

Those ladies who were accustomed to use rouge appeared this day, I must confess, with very faded complexions: I was one of those who suffered the least in consequence. The same night (I had gone to repose on my arrival) when I awoke, my ladies all declared they were by no means obliged to M. de Lauzun, who had stopped their coach, to allow my *femmes-de-chambres* to pass; that he had even ordered the troops to halt, not to impede the progress of my women, though he had not interested himself at all for them. I replied, that he was right in what he had done, and that I took it extremely kind of him for having thought of sending them on, as they were

really the persons I stood most in need of in assisting me to bed, adding that I should take an opportunity of thanking him.

In the evening, at the Queen's, I told him how much I felt obliged to him; and he replied, that if he had given me pleasure, I had given him the utmost pain, in having so often induced the King to make him put his hat on. He had felt equally annoyed, he said, by my complaints of the length of the route, and the badness of the weather; for I had made the King uncomfortable, and another time, I must restrain my temper under such little occurrences. Indeed, he read me not a few lectures on the subject; and they were not thrown away upon me, for they taught me, for the future, to have more patience and complaisance. I may add, with perfect truth, that never did he speak to me respecting the King, but it was done with an affectionate solicitude which redoubled the esteem I felt for himself.

We remained three or four days at Landrecy, making an excursion to Avesne, but not taking the equipages with us. As we were leaving, we met a regiment of dragoons, and knowing that Monsieur de Lauzun admired them, although it rained fast, I could not refrain from stopping to look at them, alluding to them, at the same time,

in terms of commendation. The King called Monsieur de Lauzun, to give him some orders, observing also, "My cousin has just been praising the dragoons;" and I felt gratified that the King himself should act as my interpreter, to let him know that I lost no opportunity of speaking of anything which I knew must give him pleasure. The King often summoned him to his side; and when M. de Lauzun had given an account of the orders he had executed, the King would turn to me, and observe, that he had never seen so diligent a man, or one who so well understood what was to be done; indeed, he performed everything in a manner different from other people.

When we arrived at Avesnes, the weather continuing inclement, and being apprehensive that Monsieur de Lauzun would sleep in the camp, I observed to his Majesty: "Sire, you ought to take compassion on your troops, for they will suffer extremely if your Majesty allows them to encamp on the cold ground; would it not be better to permit them to enter the town?" The King admitted that I was right, and ordered them into comfortable quarters.

In the evening, while the Queen was engaged at cards, Monsieur de Lauzun entered the apartment. I stood at a window, where I had waited

impatiently, watching for his arrival. It seemed as if a long time had elapsed since I had conversed with him. He brought with him the Comte d'Ayen, and appeared to be newly dressed, with his fine clustering hair neatly adjusted, as if he were going to an assembly. I smiled and observed, "You are come quite opportunely to prevent my dying of absolute *ennui;* for I have no one to speak to." "You must retain the Comte d'Ayen, then," he replied, "for I shall only be here a few moments, having to return to the Venetian ambassador, who is going in my coach, and is now at my residence expecting me." This envoy was a very worthy man, with whom he had become intimate in the course of his travels when revisiting Venice; and having expressed a desire to follow and pay his court to the King, Monsieur de Lauzun had furnished him with an equipage, and found him apartments with himself.

Although M. de Lauzun had declared he must instantly go, he still lingered with me, continually repeating that he was ashamed to appear so fine, but that his coat and his hair having been soaked through, he had changed his dress, and was compelled to dry his hair—that people, *sans dessein*, like him, should never accustom themselves to such niceties in dress, or even to wear

powder;" in short, he had no business at the Queen's, and he ought not to remain—he had merely come by chance, and should now return to enjoy the pleasure of the ambassador's conversation." I replied, gently, "Do not repent of having come; you have been quite a comfort to me: I was alone, and you have entertained me." He replied, "I am very little fitted for that; here is M. le Comte, who will acquit himself better than I can do." To which the Count made answer, "I am afraid you forget that you are talking to Mademoiselle!" "No," he rejoined; "I know extremely well that it is Mademoiselle; but I never flatter her; I say frankly and honestly what I think: she ought to understand me by this time." In reply, I could only laugh, yet I was in great perplexity what to think; for a rumour had gone abroad that he was about to marry Madame la Vallière.

When the Count had left us, he began to talk of the bad weather, and thanked me for having obtained for the troops shelter from its inclemency, adding, "I know well that this request to the King was dictated by your own goodness of heart, and that charity which makes you compassionate the misfortunes of your neighbours." Now, here was an opportunity of treating me to some fine compliments, which he did, so that I had

first a strong exhortation, and afterwards a very agreeable hour's chat. I observed, that I thought, in times of peace, it was very honourable for him to command an army. He replied that, "to say the truth, he thought he should not acquit himself half so well in times of war; and that the sole thing which afforded him pleasure in this command, was the kind and noble disposition manifested towards him by his Majesty the King. In the mood, in short, in which you now see me," he continued, "I am more disposed to bury myself alive in a hermitage than to live in the world at all. I believe, too, I should do better to follow up this idea than to remain here; the only circumstance that deters me is the knowledge that such a retirement would induce all who do not know the reason to pronounce me a fool. I replied, "Yes; I have confided to you all my affairs, why not make known to me a little of your own?" He declared that he had nothing to tell. "What!" I asked, "have you never had a desire to marry, and has such a thing never been talked of?" He answered seriously, that people had once proposed something of the sort, but that he had always held himself aloof; for that, if he had once thought of taking so decided a step, some wonderfully virtuous lady must have been the inducement. For if I detected," he added, "the least fault,

had she all the wealth in the world, I would not have her; and I say this to you who are *une grande dame* yourself. I would not marry you, were you not a virtuous woman, and I had reason to respect you." "If this is true," I replied, "I value you even more than I have hitherto done." "Yes," he repeated, "I tell you again, I would rather die than unite myself with one whose reputation was sullied in the least possible way; for nothing would give me such extreme grief as to have it said that I had married a person who had the smallest speck or blemish of character; and I repeat, once for all, I would rather marry a *femme-de-chambre*, if I loved her, and she were a virtuous girl, than all the Queens in the world. I should live retired with her, and see no one; so that I might at least have the consolation of committing a fault without disgracing myself."

I replied, "Then you would surely do better in looking to me. I am prudent, and I don't know of anything which might displease you." He replied, "I beg you will not *faire des contes de peau d'ane*, and jest at a moment that you are talking of the most serious things." To this I rejoined, "Then, since you wish me to be serious, pray tell me whether you don't advise me to change a condition which you have yourself

confessed excites your compassion? Tell me, therefore, your opinion, and help me to form and execute a purpose." He replied, "I am forgetting myself here. My ambassador is waiting for me: I am in no humour to talk of business. I must go." Rochefort entered as he approached the door, and he observed, "You have just arrived at the right moment to amuse Mademoiselle; you will do the agreeable much better than I." Yet, with all his impatience to go, he had remained two good hours, which gave me inexpressible pleasure. I told him I had heard the trumpets in the morning, and that I had reproached the men with having waked me; but that, a moment afterwards, I had heard them pass in a heavy rain. This led me to regret the impatience I had shown; for, I said to myself, "I am in bed at my ease, while the soldiers, and M. de Lauzun himself, are out and exposed to all this bad weather. I am so much better off than men actively engaged in the King's service, that it would be unjust to be angry at being merely awakened." He listened to this with much attention, and when I had finished, he replied, "It is a pleasure to think thus of others. But let us speak of things yet more serious: it is not becoming in you to attend to anything that is not practical and important."

The next day, I was again aroused from my slumbers by the sound of the trumpets, which sounded *à cheval.* I arose in haste to place myself at a balcony which overlooked the spot. I doubted not that M. de Lauzun would be with the troops, and it was not long before I saw him. He looked at me, but without seeming to notice that he had seen me, as he passed backwards and forwards, putting his troops in order for departing. In a little time after, he came so near that he could not well avoid speaking, and he observed, "You are up early, Mademoiselle! it is not yet five o'clock." I made answer that I wished to see the volunteers pass; his Majesty the King had spoken of them the evening before. When the hour of our departure came, and we were seated in the coach, I made my compliments to the King upon their fine appearance, which gratified him. We dined at Landrecy, and from thence repaired to Quenoy, where we remained a day. Here I had another long conversation with M. de Lauzun, and I began by telling him that I was quite resolved to marry; that I had examined and overcome every difficulty that he had pointed out; that I had even chosen the man who he said it would be difficult to find; and that it only remained for me to have his approbation. He replied

that I made him tremble to see me hurry in an affair on which depended the happiness or the misery of my life. " Indeed," he continued, " if you were to take a whole century to consider of it, before coming to a decision, you would hardly be too prudent. I replied, " I cannot agree with you there; when we have reached forty, and are determined upon a thing, though it were to play the fool, it is not wise to ponder too long upon it. Indeed, I am now so decided in my choice, that I wish to speak of it, the first opportunity, to his Majesty; and my intention is, to be married in Flanders. He seemed startled a little, and replied, " Since you have chosen me as your chief adviser, I am bound to inform you that you had better say nothing to the King; and if you think of hastening the matter in this manner, I must oppose it, because, by this strange precipitancy, you will spoil all. It concerns my honour, while you pay me the compliment of asking my advice, not to permit you to compromise yourself. He said this in a very serious tone, and I replied, " It is really almost ludicrous to think of your thus dissuading me from marrying—you, of all people—because I know you have an aversion to the state itself." He answered, " It is true that I do not much like the idea, although a drawer of horoscopes has informed me that I should make

the largest fortune any man ever did by marriage. A person much interested in me saw the horoscope drawn, had the curiosity to examine into it, and was in despair on learning what I have told you." I replied, "It seems, then, that this person loved you not?" "On the contrary, it was because she loved me that she grieved she could not give me that fortune." I asked him the name of the lady, but he would never reveal it, and continued, "Come, let us leave fabulous history and astrology to their professors, and talk of something else." I replied, "You know I ask and wish to follow your advice,—why, then, will you not sometimes consent to listen to mine? Do you not consider that there is something very foolish, if not worse, in neglecting what has been predicted; if you will believe me, you may entertain the greatest project of your life; and, without being an astrologer, I know enough to answer for your success; I entreat you, therefore, not to lose any more time." "You do not reflect," he answered, "how much time we are losing in talking of impossibilities. I am sure it is so with me, who have several orders to execute. I must hasten to the King." And without waiting to unravel, or even seeming to hear what I had said, he left me rather abruptly.

The next morning, M. de Lauzun was in the antechamber of the Queen, where my ladies were relating that the Marechal des Soyes, called Cabanes, was dead at St. Quentin. He was a healthy and robust young man, whom all my house regretted. M. de Lauzun took this event for his text, and began to moralize on death, showing that we ought to be prepared for the uncertain moment whenever it might overtake us. This sermon being finished, he addressed himself to me, and I most willingly drew nearer to him, when he observed —" I have been preaching upon death, and I know that you fear it; so I am resolved to remind you of your mortal and uncertain state every now and then, to accustom you to contemplate it." And afterwards, every time he approached me, he began, " Think of death! think of it!" or, " Do not forget that you must die!"

We went to Bapaume, and the next day to Arras, where we remained. This gave me infinite pleasure: M. de Lauzun was better dressed than during the march. It was now Rogation week, and I was most happy to hear that he ate no meat at his table, which was always the best appointed and most delicately served possible. From this place we went to Douay, where Madame and myself seated ourselves, during the time the authorities made an harangue to the

Queen. Although we sat behind her, and at some distance, yet she noticed it, and complained to the King, who was very angry. Monsieur told me of it, observing that I had committed a greater fault than Madame, because I knew better than she did what was right. The next day we went to Tournay; and on our arrival, seeing M. de Lauzun as I descended from the coach, I wished to speak to him of the affair; I therefore begged him to assist me in alighting—instead of doing which he walked away, leaving me with one foot in the air, and nearly falling to the ground. He often did things of this sort, which must have appeared very ridiculous to those who noticed them; but believing that he had his reasons for acting as he did, I felt little or no concern.

The next morning I related to him what Monsieur had stated; and he replied, "You must speak upon the subject yourself to the King, and choose your time so that no one may be present; you must endeavour to place it upon a proper footing, without disquieting yourself about what Monsieur or others may choose to infer." It was then arranged with him what I was to say, and, on the ensuing morning, I waited for his Majesty until he came out of the Queen's cabinet, when I related to him all that Monsieur had reported. He replied that it was true that he had found

fault with my having seated myself in the Queen's presence. To this I made answer, that I was not ignorant I had committed an impropriety, but, perceiving Madame seated, I had not presumed to tell her that she ought to stand up, and, in seating myself, I never for a moment conceived that her Majesty would suppose that Madame would fail in the respect she owed her. Indeed, I had purposely placed myself close to her Majesty, to afford her the opportunity of correcting Madame's mistake, and letting her know that she had no more right to sit down than I had. I added, that it was a proof of my respect to their Majesties that I had sought this explanation, and that my long and warm friendship for his Majesty would prevent my doing the least act to give offence. After listening to me very attentively, his Majesty paid me a high compliment upon the proper manner in which I had felt and spoken. In regard to the affection I had expressed for him, he added, "I know not whether my brother has forgotten to inform you that I have already complained of Madame, and certainly not less than of you."

I gave Monsieur de Lauzun an account of what had passed; for on such occasions as this he hastened to me with as much impatience, as at other times, when he knew I had nothing important to

say, he would make his escape. Whenever I found I could not contrive to converse with him, I regularly placed myself at a window which looked into the court or towards the street, where he mounted his horse when he left the King, and I there took the opportunity to speak so loud, that he could not fail to hear and look up at me; and how happy I then felt!

Madame appeared extremely low-spirited during the whole of the journey, and was ordered a milk diet. The moment she alighted from the coach she retired to her own room, and for the most part, to bed. The King went often to see her, and on every occasion showed a great regard for her. It was not so with Monsieur; when in the coach he would say very disagreeable things even to her face, and, among others, when we happened to speak of astrology, he observed, smiling, that it had been predicted that he should have several wives, and from the state Madame was in he had now reason to put some faith in it. All this appeared to me as silly as it was hard-hearted, and our silence showed what we thought of him—remonstrance would only have recoiled upon poor Madame.

At Courtray, we received news of the King of England; his Majesty had sent to Madame to beg she would cross the sea to Dover, where he would

meet her. Monsieur appeared extremely mortified at this intelligence, and Madame very happy. Indeed, he would have hindered her going, but the King declared that it was absolutely necessary, and he made no further difficulty. Madame set out then from Lille, to embark at Dunkirk—every one going to bid her adieu, and many witnessing the sorrow she felt at the manner in which Monsieur conducted himself.

A little while before her departure, the King was prevented from dining at table by indisposition, and the Queen had retired to her oratory. Monsieur, finding himself alone with me, spoke with so much acrimony against Madame, that I was quite astonished, and concluded that they would never be reconciled. He was jealous of her influence both with his Majesty and the Queen-mother. She had attracted, moreover, the notice of the King by her own intrinsic merit, and her able negotiation of affairs between him and the King her brother. This last visit, or rather embassy, to England was essential to the interests of both, and she took great delight in it, in addition to its being conducive to her health and pleasure.

We accompanied her to Dunkirk, where we remained two or three days, and where I seized a few moments to converse with M. de Lauzun,

while he was with the Queen. From thence we went to Calais, where Monsieur Colbert, the King's ambassador in England, came over to salute his Majesty. The morning of his arrival, we were informed that the King of England was about to obtain a divorce, upon the ground that his consort had brought him no children. Many English of the highest rank, it was added, had declared that he would marry me. This rumour appeared highly absurd, and would not in the least have annoyed me, had not Monsieur addressed me in the coach, observing, with an air of great mystery, that he knew of something which he would not tell me. We all of us looked at him as we should at some speaking automaton or other curiosity; till the King observed in a rebuking tone, that the fact was, Colbert had spoken as if he believed the King of England intended to set aside his marriage, and to espouse me. He had, however, received no authority to break the subject, though many persons of consideration spoke of it with so much assurance, that he doubted not its truth. Now everything which seemed to threaten an obstacle to my favourite project grieved me exceedingly; and, apprehensive that an affair of this nature would interfere with it, I actually burst into tears. The Queen exclaimed, while she soothed

me, that it was quite shocking for any man, King or peasant, to have two wives; and the King, with equal sympathy, inquired, "What think you, dear cousin, seriously, of the matter?" I answered, that having no will of my own, I had rather not reply, but that I was persuaded he would never constrain me to do anything which could wound his conscience or my own. "What!" exclaimed the Queen, rather indignantly, "if the King wished it, would you consent, out of complaisance, to marry a man with a wife?" The King replied, laughing, "How could she do that? She knows very well that I would not stultify myself, or make her miserable." Monsieur remarked, with great consistency, that he thought it an excellent opportunity for me, that it was time to consider, and that he should rejoice on the occasion. Madame de Montespan observed, "Mademoiselle knows the King of England so well, and he is so desperately in love with her, that it would be delightful! She will write to the King, and send him a thousand little tokens, and all will run smoothly at last."

The more, however, they approved of the affair, the more I wept. Perceiving this, the King observed, "You do wrong to cry, cousin; and for a mere rumour." I replied, "The thought of quitting your Majesty quite over-

comes me:" thus taking the opportunity of showing my friendship for the King, and of letting M. de Lauzun know that I esteemed him more than all the emperors and kings of the earth. I myself told him of what I have here related; and he replied, "I have heard all about it, and of your having wept very bitterly." He then added, "that I had reason to feel overcome with grief at the idea of quitting the King, for that he loved him for himself, and was delighted to see that I entertained the same regard for him. He knew well it was this feeling which had affected me so greatly; excepting for that it would be glorious for me to marry a King who had sent back his wife to her paternal home, and chosen one more to his taste! Indeed, he should almost rejoice with me!"

We slept at Boulogne, and went the next day to Hedin, where Monsieur de Lauzun, the morning he left, drew up his troops *en bataille*, saluting the King at their head. He afterwards ordered them to their quarters, merely retaining the gardes-du-corps and gendarmes to attend his Majesty. I met him in the evening with the Queen at Abbeville, when he said, "You see the happiest man in the world! I am booted, and have come in a coach." I wished to reproach him for his indolence, and replied, that if he knew how

well he looked at the head of an army, he would never leave it for a coach;" and I then ventured to express a hope that as he had at present nothing to do with orders, and no camp to repair to at night, he would stay and sup with the King. I had been speaking to the brother of Colbert the ambassador (*Maulevrier*), the moment M. de Lauzun entered; and, instead of replying to my question, he observed, "I will not interrupt you; I see you are making inquiries respecting your marriage; but you have chosen me for your adviser, and I confess that, in your place, I should be tempted to be a great Queen; and especially in a country where you could be of real service to the King. If you regard my opinion, you will not hesitate to arrange this matter; for, to say nothing of the King's interests, which ought to influence you most, you will marry a perfectly worthy man, who is the intimate friend of your King. These two circumstances must convince you that I can give you no other advice, and that I passionately desire its success. Besides, I know you like to do extraordinary things." I saw plainly that he merely said this to induce me to speak; for though he was a man who disliked long speeches, yet when he wished to ascertain people's opinions, he could talk for hours on subjects that seemed quite irrelevant. So I replied, "If I

had the desire you give me credit for, I should not have wept yesterday. But I believe I need say less to you than to any other, owing to the many conversations we have had on the subject. These must have led you to infer that I have other intentions. You would have reason to laugh at me," I continued, "if I enlarged on what I would do, and what I would not; for I shall neither change my conduct nor my sentiments."

While this conversation was being carried on in a window of the Queen's apartment, many persons of rank passed beneath it, giving me the opportunity of remarking upon their figure, their air, their looks, and their respective abilities. After I had expressed my opinion on each, he rejoined, "I see clearly that these are not the men from whom to choose; for I find in each something that displeases you. I wish the right man would appear, and you would do me the favour to point him out to me." The Comte d'Ayen passed. "There is a worthy man," he exclaimed, "but I do not believe he is the happy man whom you tell me you have already fixed upon." I replied, "Let us seek him; I promise you he is here, and with a little of your aid, we shall very soon find him." He began to smile, and said, "I admire the way in which we can so long amuse ourselves

with nothing. If you reflect upon it, you will see that it is what is commonly called *conter des fagots;* let us speak of things more serious." And he changed the discourse, and quitted me immediately afterwards.

On our return to St. Germain, I found that they had placed the masons in my room. They could not finish their work under some days, so, in spite of my dislike, I should have been compelled to go to Paris, had not the king proposed visiting Versailles.

Madame now returned from England, where it seemed she had at least found health, for she was looking very pretty and happy. Monsieur actually declined to go to meet her, and requested the King also to waive it. But if the King failed in this civility, he received her with the greatest marks of esteem. Not so with Monsieur. I went to see her, and asked her the particulars of her embassy. She replied that the King of England and the Duke of York had desired to be remembered to me. They were both attached to me as much as friends could be. The Queen had appeared to her a worthy woman; not handsome, but so affable and full of piety, that she gained the friendship of all. The Duchess of York had a vast deal of wit and sense, with which she was herself perfectly satisfied.

She had found the court still in mourning for the Queen-mother of England, who had died some time before, at Colombe. Her mother, she said, had nearly always been ill, and was at last completely broken down. They had given her some pills to make her sleep, which did it so effectually, that she never awoke again. Madame spoke of her with great feeling, for she loved her, and found her a useful mediator in making up her quarrels with Monsieur, with whom she had lived, from the first, on bad terms.

I felt concerned for the death of the Queen Dowager of England. Madame was only one day at St. Germain, owing to the King's leaving to go to Versailles, whither Monsieur would not follow out of spite to Madame. I saw she was very nearly in tears, and, with all the efforts she made to restrain them, they flowed abundantly and bitterly at last.

I had often taken a great pleasure in conversing with Madame de Nogent, Monsieur de Lauzun's sister, and we talked so much of matters in which he was concerned, that she could hardly fail of discovering my intentions. I had often repeated that I had something on my mind which gave me extreme anxiety; that I was not happy, with all my wealth; and that I wished to change my condition. One day, I

observed, "You would be extremely surprised to see me married shortly, would you not? I mean to-morrow to ask the permission of the King, and my affair will be decided within twenty-four hours." She listened to me with great attention, and I continued: "You know, perhaps, whom I would marry? I shall not be sorry if you have guessed his name." She replied, "It is no doubt, Monsieur de Longueville," (respecting whom there had been many rumours.) "No," I said, "it is a man of great superiority and infinite merit, whose society has made me very happy a long while. It has been my anxious study that he should understand my intentions; but respect has prevented him from admitting that he has discovered them. Look round the room," I said, "and name one after another the gentlemen at court; and when you have come to the right one I will tell you." She did so; and after having named all those of rank, and occupied me for an hour in replying, "No—no:" I said, suddenly, you are wasting your time, he is gone to Paris, and will not return till the evening.

After having said this, I went down to my own room, where they came to inform me that the Queen was going out; and as I ran to the coach, in order not to keep her waiting, the Comte d'Ayen informed me that Madame was

dying, and that the King had commanded him to seek Monsieur Valot, and to take him with all speed to St. Cloud. When I was in the coach, the Queen exclaimed, "Madame is nearly gone!* and the most dreadful of all is, they believe that she has been poisoned." "Horrible! horrible!" I exclaimed, much distressed at this account, and without thinking what I said, I inquired what it was all about? She replied, that in the Salon of St. Cloud, where she was in good health, she had asked for some *eau de chicorée*, which her physician had prescribed her; and that after having drank it, she exclaimed, that she felt a fire in her stomach; and that she cried out without ceasing. They had instantly sent to inform the King, and to bring Monsieur Valot.

* Madame had met her brother at Canterbury, and soon returned in improved health from her successful embassy. While still rejoicing at it, she was suddenly carried off by a painful disorder, at the age of twenty-six, to the grief of the Court, which was increased by the manner of her death. She was supposed to have been poisoned; the English ambassador declared his conviction of it, and the Court itself entertained little doubt of it. The wretch who administered it, and who had before been in mean circumstances, retired into Normandy, where he purchased an estate. The poison was supposed to have consisted of the powder of diamonds, spread, instead of sugar, over strawberries.—*History of Henrietta of England, by the Comtesse de la Fayette.*

The Queen, then, compassionated her exceedingly, and spoke in strong terms of the uneasiness Monsieur had given her. She was in tears when they had parted from her; and it almost seemed as if she had foreboded some fatal event.

A gentleman now arrived, whom the Queen had despatched for tidings, with the reply, that Madame desired him to say she was dying, and that if the Queen wished to see her still alive she humbly intreated she would make haste; for that if she delayed coming she would see her no more. We were then walking by the canal, but we immediately hurried into the coach, and went to find the King, who was at the time rather indisposed. The Maréchal de Bellefonds told the Queen that she had better not see Madame. Her Majesty appeared undecided; and when I begged that she would allow me to hasten, she made some objection. Fortunately, the King arrived at the moment, and his Majesty at once said, if you wish to go, here is my coach; and this decided the matter. The Comtesse de Soissons went with us. On our way we met Monsieur Valot, who was returning. He informed the King that it was nothing but *une colique;* and that Madame's illness would be neither long nor dangerous. When we arrived at St. Cloud, no one appeared to be at all distressed, although Monsieur himself seemed very much astonished.

We found Madame on a little bed, made up for her in a recess; her hair was hanging loose; for she had not had one moment's respite from pain to permit of their dressing it for the night; her *chemise* was untied at the neck and arms, her face pale, her nose drawn in, and she had all the appearance of a dying person. She said to us, "You see to what a state I am reduced!" And we all began to weep. Madame de Montespan and La Vallière approached her; and she made fearful efforts to be sick. She spoke to the King a few moments in an undertone. I approached her, and took her hand; she pressed mine, and said, "You will lose a good friend, who had begun to know and to love you." I could only reply by my tears. She asked for an emetic; but the doctors said that it was useless, for that *coliques* of this sort continued sometimes nine or ten hours, but never lasted for twenty-four. The King tried to reason with them; and they knew not what to reply. He observed, somewhat warmly, "Surely, you will not allow a woman to die without giving assistance!" They looked at him, but answered not a word. There was little feeling shown by her attendants; laughing and talking went on in the room, just as if their mistress had felt nothing the matter with her.

I now took Madame d'Epernon apart, for she at least appeared sensibly affected at this sad spectacle; I asked, if she were not surprised that no one spoke of the consolations of religion to Madame; the neglect would be a disgrace to all present. She replied, that Madame had asked for her confessor, but that the Curé of Saint Cloud had come instead. He did not know her, and had scarcely employed a moment in the confession. Monsieur had approached, and I asked him whether he thought Madame in a fit state to die, and whether she had not better commune with her God? The Curé said that I was right, and that he only awaited our departure. The King then embraced her, and bade her farewell; and she spoke to him in the most affectionate manner, and also to the Queen. As for me, who stood at the foot of her bed, I had not strength to approach her. We returned to Versailles; the Queen went to supper, and Monsieur de Lauzun arrived as we left the table. I drew near him, and observed, "This occurrence has disconcerted me." He replied, "I am convinced of it; I believe that it will put an end to all your projects." I declared that it could only defer their execution; for that, whatever happened, nothing would change my sentiments. I then went to bed; the Queen telling me that she should go

the next day to Paris, and we would see Madame on our way. She died at three o'clock, and the King was informed of it at six.

I felt the utmost grief and commiseration for the sad and early fate of Madame. I had not slept all night, for I reflected that if she died, and Monsieur should again take a fancy to marrying me, this would perplex me extremely, though it would produce no change in my feelings; still it would require time to break with him, and to declare the real state of my affections. I now hastened to the Queen, who informed me that she was going to attend the King to mass. I accompanied her, and we found him in his *robe de chambre;* and he observed, " I dare not show myself before my cousin." To which I replied, " When we are masters, as well as cousins, there is little need of ceremony." He shed tears for the loss of Madame; and after mass spoke to me of her death. At the same time, he took his medicine, while I was there, at a window, observing to me, " Let me show you how to do away with ceremony, when you are about to take physic."

The bishop of Condom (Bossuet) now came in with an account of Madame's death; and he first told us that, through Divine grace, she had died in a truly Christian manner. For some time past, indeed, she had taken pleasure in speaking to

him of her salvation, having even told him to come and converse with her on the subject, observing, " I am, perhaps, thinking too late of being saved." But he had every reason to be satisfied with the feelings of grief and repentance manifested at her death.

After the King had dined and was dressed, he came to the Queen's, where he again wept. He then said, " Come with me, cousin, that we may settle what ought to be done for this poor Madame, so that I may give my orders to Saintot, who is present." After I had offered my advice, he then addressed me, " Cousin, here is an unexpected alliance for you, should you like to form it?" I turned as pale as death, while I tremblingly replied, " You are the master, I can have no other will but yours." He pressed me much; but I still affirmed that I had nothing else to say. He then asked, " But have you any dislike to him?" Still I said nothing. Upon which he added, " I shall think of it, and we will speak of it again."

I next attended the Queen in her promenade, where there was nothing spoken of but Madame's death, the suspicion that she had been poisoned, and the manner in which Monsieur and she had lived for some time together. Then she wondered whether he would marry again; every one pre-

sent fixing their eyes on me; which, however, I pretended not to perceive. In consequence of the rumours I have mentioned, there was a meeting of the faculty; the court physicians, and also those of the ambassador of England being present, together with several able surgeons, by one of whom the body was opened. The principal parts were all found uninjured, which surprised every one, the Princess having always appeared to have very delicate health. The medical men were all of one opinion—that she had died from an overflow of bile. The English ambassador was present, and it was explained to him, that the Princess had died of a colic, known as *cholera morbus*. Each of those present, in his turn, questioned the medical gentlemen, who afterwards made us acquainted with what took place. The English physician took an account, in writing, of all that occurred, which very much displeased Monsieur, as it was for the purpose of sending to his own country. The King of England, moreover, took the matter very much to heart, for he believed that Madame had been poisoned. The idle reports upon the subject occasioned me great pain.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND THE COUNT DE LAUZUN RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF MADEMOISELLE—SHE REJECTS THE ADDRESSES OF THE FORMER, AND HAS HER ADDRESSES REJECTED BY THE LATTER — COMPLIMENTARY AND DISINTERESTED PROPOSITIONS OF THE DUKE—MADEMOISELLE STILL MORE EXPLICIT WITH THE COUNT DE LAUZUN; WHO BEGINS TO GIVE SIGNS OF RELENTING.

In the evening, I met Monsieur de Lauzun at the Queen's, when I told him how grieved I was at the death of Madame; saying, that I regretted it still more, from knowing that she was one of his friends. He replied, "No one has lost more than I." To which I answered, "Loving her as I did, yet I feel it more on that account. But what afflicts me the most is, that my affairs will now be retarded—not that this will affect my inclinations or intentions, for, as I have already told you, I am firm in the resolution I have taken." He answered, "I have nothing to

reply to this, nor time to remain longer with you," and immediately withdrew. I saw plainly that he was prompted to this conduct by that wisdom which appeared to display itself in every thing he did. The next day, he resumed the *bâton*, to attend upon the King, who went with the Queen to St. Cloud, where they alighted, in order to sprinkle the body of Madame with the holy water. They saw Mademoiselle her daughter; and, on their return, went to the Palais Royal to pay a visit to Monsieur. I afterwards called upon him, and he appeared to me to be very little afflicted. The next day I paid a visit to Mademoiselle, in my mourning veil and mantle; and found with her a daughter of the Duke of York, who had been sent over to the Queen of England, to be treated for some complaint in her eyes, and who, after the Queen's death, had remained with Madame. I found her with Mademoiselle; they were both very little, yet Monsieur, who delighted in ceremony, had given them the usual mourning veils, which trailed upon the ground. On my going to pay the visit of ceremony to their Majesties, in this ridiculous mourning trapping, I told the King of the visit I had made at the Palais Royal, and described to him the mantles worn by Mademoiselle and la Princesse d'Angleterre. "Take care,"

he observed; "if you rail at this, my brother will never forgive you."

The next day, at mass, M. de Lauzun approached me, and said, he was rejoiced to hear that I was to espouse Monsieur. I replied, that I reckoned upon nothing of the kind. "You may do so, nevertheless," he answered, "since the King will have it so. I trust," he added, "you will allow me still to remain your friend; the late Madame did me the honour of displaying some condescension towards me, and I trust that you will do the same." I repeated, that the thing would never happen. "But I tell you, that it must," he said; "and moreover, I shall be very glad of it; I shall cease to be honoured with your confidence, but I prefer your advancement to my own, and I know not how better to display my sense of the obligations which I owe you, than by showing that I know how to forget my own interests when your well being is concerned." He then added, "I wish, in my turn, to demand an audience of you." For this, I appointed that afternoon at the King's.

As soon as his Majesty had gone to council, M. de Lauzun came, and commenced our conference by saying, "The King wishes you to espouse his brother: you must obey. You have done me the honour to repose some confidence in

me; I trust that you will continue to do so, and I cannot give you a stronger proof of my sincerity than to represent to you, that it is your most imperative duty to conform to the wishes of the King. The matter admits not even of argument; you must blindly follow in the path of duty, and fear not but you will have reason to be satisfied with yourself. There are only the King and Monsieur le Dauphin above Monsieur in rank, and above you only the Queen. The King esteems you, and will give you every day renewed proofs of his consideration. You will be surrounded by the whole Court, and pass your time amidst all sorts of pleasures." "You forget that I am no longer of an age," I replied, "to be diverted with pleasures of this kind. I am persuaded, that the King has a regard for me: I have the honour to be his cousin german; and I desire no greater. I have decided on the course I shall pursue, for I know what I ought to do to be happy. You will, therefore, allow me to tell you, that I shall never change my resolution. Do you think that I have forgotten the past, or that I can forget aught of what I have said to you?" "I feel persuaded of it," he replied; "as for me, I do not recollect that you have told me anything for a long time past; indeed, I have been so heedless of all that you

have said, and I am so devoted to my duty, that I have entirely forgotten all that you were desirous I should learn, and am now occupied with the anticipation of the pleasure I shall have in seeing you Duchess of Orleans. I shall see you passing the Château Neuf on your way to Court, preceded and followed by a number of guards; and I confess that this will rejoice me exceedingly, and that I shall think of nothing but your greatness. I have passed my days in reflecting on all that you have told me of the project you have formed for somebody, and I can find none but this somebody to pity; but, as you have not told me his name, I do not know whose unhappiness I have to commiserate. I have, therefore, only to occupy myself with what concerns your establishment." He said this with a manner so easy and natural, that I should have been beside myself with grief, if I had not imagined that his usual prudence had caused him to make an effort to appear that which he was not.

The next day I went to St. Cloud, to accompany the body of Madame thence to St. Denis, but returned, the day after, to St. Germain, where I again met Monsieur de Lauzun. He humbly supplicated me to speak to him no more, having been already so unfortunate as to displease Monsieur by his attention to the late

Madame; and now, fearing that all the difficulties I should make would be believed to arise from his suggestions, he continued—"Unless you chance to require me to make any communication to the king—so that I may say, 'Mademoiselle desires me to inform your Majesty of so and so'—I entreat, once more, that unless it be in connexion with affairs which have immediate relation to his Majesty, you will neither command me to approach you, nor seek to communicate with me by any other means. This is a course of conduct I find myself compelled to pursue, as much on your account as on my own; I trust, therefore, that you will be pleased to give it your approval." I answered, that his proposition drove me to despair; that I absolutely would *not* espouse Monsieur; that I was indifferent to all the advantages and honour of the connexion; that Monsieur was much younger than myself, and that I was not of a sufficiently submissive spirit to allow of our being happy together. I added, that it was necessary he should choose a person who could accomodate herself to the caprices of the Chevalier de Lorraine, or of some other favourite; and that, for myself, I should find neither happiness nor repose, unless allowed to carry out the project I had formed, and with which he was acquainted. He

repeated that I was wrong—that I ought to obey; that he must entreat me to speak to him no more; that he should fly me; and he conjured me not to think ill of him for so doing. I answered, "Give me, at least, a stated time for this;—tell me, that if within six months this affair with Monsieur be not concluded, I may speak to you. Provided you assure me that your resolution not to see me has its limits, I will rest satisfied. As to the affair with Monsieur, it is as certain that it will be broken off, as that my perseverance with regard to another will continue."

"I see clearly," said M. de Lauzun, "that we shall never come to a conclusion, and that it is I who must first take leave. I am, and shall ever be, grateful for the honour you have done me in giving me your confidence—indeed, the part that I am taking at this moment ought to convince you that I am in no way unworthy of it." "Tell me as to the time," I replied, "for I am sure of breaking off the affair with Monsieur." "No," he responded; "it is neither for you nor for me to regulate the conclusion of an affair which is in the hands of the King. I know not how to make you any other answer. Would you have me commit an imprudence, in a case that so much concerns you? I can only say, that I

shall ever pity the unhappy unknown, and never forget the honour you have done me in giving me your confidence." He then made me a very low bow, and said, that he had never hitherto given so strong a proof of his submission, nor felt so great respect. "What!" I asked, "are you going to leave me? Am I to speak to you no more?" "No," he replied; "and, to prevent it absolutely, as this is about the time you take the waters of Forges, why not go thither at once? It will be of service to your health; and what is better, will perhaps prevent your thinking of that which you should endeavour to forget. If this somebody, whom I know not, continues to see you, it may render him unhappy, and that will prevent your forgetting him, though you may perceive that it is absolutely imperative you should do so. But let us leave," he added, "these useless repetitions; the King is quitting the council, and, regular as I may desire to be, still I find myself failing in my duty." With these words, he quitted me. I retired to weep in my chamber: in addition to my own unhappiness, I reflected upon his; and, blaming him on one side, I yet admired his conduct on the other.

A few days after, previous to setting out for Forges, I went to take leave of the King. "My

brother," said he, "is ardently desirous of espousing you; but as it would not be well so soon after the death of Madame, his wish is that you should sign the contract before you set out for Forges, and during the winter the affair can be concluded." I replied, "Sire, Monsieur will not marry without the sanction of the Chevalier de Lorraine; and should he object to me, it will be most unpleasant to break off an affair which will appear to the public as concluded; while, from the part your Majesty had taken, you might be compelled to insist upon the completion of it, even against the inclination of Monsieur. We should, therefore, begin by being on uneasy terms together even before we were married." I then humbly entreated him to allow me to take my journey to Forges. On my return, I said, his Majesty might observe how Monsieur would have taken it; that I should have time to consider; and I entreated that the decision of the matter might be deferred. I then took leave, promising to regulate my conduct in accordance with his Majesty's order. I remained at Forgès merely to pass the time, for my mind was too much agitated to allow of my deriving benefit from the waters; and, the season over, I left with as much haste as pleasure.

On my return to St. Germain, I led much the

same kind of life as usual. Monsieur appeared embarrassed before me, for I hardly ever spoke to him, but when I met him at the Queen's. One day, when he was in Paris, the King said to me, "My brother has again spoken of your affair; he hopes that, supposing you have no family, you will give your fortune to his daughter: it seemed to him, he said, that he need not care to have one, provided he might hope that his daughter should marry my son; but I told him that such a thing was in no way certain, and by no means to count upon it." I began to laugh, and replied, that the flattering observation of Monsieur was one of rather an unusual kind, and I humbly supplicated his Majesty to tell me, if he did not think it extremely complimentary. His Majesty replied, that this was one of the least ridiculous propositions, but that he was on honour as to the rest. The Queen, who seemed to be aware of what had passed, observed, that it was *bien vilain* of Monsieur. I saw with pleasure that the matter, happily for me, was turning to a jest, without my learning from the King what might have been very displeasing to me; so I continued, "What appears to me the most ridiculous of all Monsieur has done me the honour to propose is, that by means of my wealth his daughter shall become wife to

the Dauphin. I suppose this article would form part of the contract, though it seems to me that the son of your Majesty is hardly one that need look to a wife for a fortune." I added, that his Majesty could not blame me for feeling a little annoyed at this proposal. He replied, "I have nothing to say further, save that you will marry my brother with the assurance of his never having the disposal of the government of Provinces, for I shall give him none. I tell you this that you may not find yourself deceived, and that you may advise him to ask nothing whatever of me for any of his people. When I grant him any favour for money, it will be at your request that it will be accorded, and in order that he may feel grateful to you." I replied, that all his Majesty had done me the honour to say gave me only a greater dislike to the affair; and that, ere long, I should supplicate him to put an end to it. He replied, "*A-propos*, I forgot to ask you if it is true that on the day Madame died, you were about to ask my consent to a marriage?" I was a little disconcerted at this; but on recovering myself, I answered, "If any one has said so to your Majesty, it may be true; if no one has said anything of the sort, it is not so." The Queen asked, "What do you mean by this?" The King began to laugh, and

replied, "I know nothing about it." "Is it Monsieur de Longueville?" asked the Queen. "No," I rejoined. To which she made answer, "You can only marry a prince." The King did not appear to attend to what she had said; so I replied, "I am rich enough to make a greater seigneur than a Cadet of the House of Lorraine; therefore, I shall choose a better man, and one who shall be more useful to the King, than Monsieur de Guise; and, since his Majesty consented to my sister's marriage with the latter, I have no doubt that he will not only have the goodness to approve of my choice when it is made, but that he will not desire to constrain me in an affair to which I have a reasonable repugnance."

The King, who had allowed us to talk on, here suddenly interrupted me, saying, "No, assuredly; you shall do just as you please; I desire nothing that may give you any uneasiness." The Queen asked, "What is the meaning of this *éclaircissement;* has it anything to do with the affair of Monsieur?" I replied, "Does not your Majesty see that the King is amusing himself, and has been jesting, to induce us to talk?" Yet I was anxious to finish this conversation, from the fear of saying too much; so, while laughing with the King, I said, "I humbly trust his Majesty will conclude this matter with Monsieur;

for if it is not finished soon, I shall have to complain of the little care he has for me." Upon which the King observed, "We have said quite enough—let us go to dinner." I considered myself happy in thus getting out of the dilemma into which I had fallen.

Some days after this, the King dined at Colombe with Monsieur. On his return, he said, "My brother is very impatient with respect to your affair; but I suggested that it would be better to defer proceeding with it until after our return from Chambord. Are you not of my opinion?" "Yes, sire," I replied; "and the longer it is deferred, the more agreeable it will be to me."

On St. Francis' day, after going to confession, I went to accompany the Queen to mass, when I perceived Monsieur de Lauzun, who came out of his room to attend the King at his rising; and, seeing there was no person near, he followed me. I said, "You are very daring, to approach me thus!" "I should not have done so," he replied, "had I not met you on my road." "I beg, then," I said, "you will tell me the news: do they say I shall marry Monsieur?" "I know nothing about it," he answered. "All the world will have it you are mightily taken with the project; and are incessantly importuning the King upon the subject." I replied, "You say that I desire it?—I assure

you that I am now in just the same disposition, and have the same sentiments with respect to the affair, as when we last conversed upon it." "I am surprised that you should amuse yourself with talking to me," answered M. de Lauzun, "when you have just come from confession; your sentiments do not appear the most suitable to such an occasion." I replied, that with him I ought never to make any scruple of speaking. "I do not understand you," he replied. "I can believe it," I answered; "and hope you will shortly be enabled to do so; for I assure you I am quite weary of sustaining so long the part that I am playing." "But I understand you even less than at the first," he rejoined; "so I had better go my way, and you had still better follow yours." This he said with a kind of half smile, then went upon his way, and I continued mine.

We set out for Chambord, where I had the pleasure of seeing him nearly every day, although I did not dare to speak to him. We had a succession of comedies and balls, while, at other times, cards were the amusement. I played for a watch, with Mesdames de la Vallière, de Montespan, and Monsieur de Lauzun, who never even looked toward me. A ribbon of my sleeve was loose, and I asked him to tie it. He replied,

that he was *trop mal adroit;* whereat every one laughed. I was surprised that it was not perceived, that he affected to avoid having anything to say to me. News being brought that the Dauphin was taken ill of a fever, it was resolved on to return to Paris. Wishing much to escape from my unpleasant and embarrassing situation, I waited for the King one evening at the Queen's, and said, "Your Majesty was so good as to tell me that the affair with Monsieur should be brought to a conclusion on your return to Paris; but I humbly entreat you not to wait till then, and to permit me to say, before we leave, that I honour Monsieur extremely—that I am deeply sensible of the honour your Majesty does me in wishing me to marry him, but, as there are a thousand reasons that would render me unhappy in so doing, I earnestly entreat that it may be no longer spoken of." The King replied, "You wish me, then, to tell my brother that you never intend to marry?" "No, not that, sire; but that I do not wish to marry *him.* We agree very well as cousins-german, but we should fail to do so as husband and wife." The King said, "I will tell him what you wish." I was delighted to see how little he appeared to care about it. I should state that on the day the King had a long conversation with me on this

marriage, he repeated several times, "Do not fear the Chevalier de Lorraine; he will not be near my brother: there is more than one reason which will prevent his return."

The next day the King called on me at the Queen's, to tell me that he had spoken to Monsieur, who was extremely astonished; and that he was the more surprised, that though I had declared I would never marry him, I had not been willing to say that I would never marry; and that he had added, there were people at Court who were my friends but not his, and that these had broken off the affair. I had not the curiosity to ask him who these were," continued the King, "for I did not wish to interfere. I think," he added, "that he will be very, very angry with you, but I advise you to take no notice of it." During the whole of our journey to Paris I was near him, but he did nothing but look very cross, and talk like a child. The only notice I took of his discourse was to smile at it from time to time with the King. The Queen, who was for marrying everybody, was quite in despair at this result; she did not reflect that, in many respects, this match would be extremely disadvantageous for me.

A little while after our arrival at St. Germain, we went for a few days to Versailles, where

sieur de Lauzun still contrived to keep ance from me. On our return to St. Germain, I saw him at the door, and said to him as I passed, "I have broken off the affair with Monsieur; will you not speak to me? I have much to tell you." He replied, in a gracious manner, "Whenever you wish it." So I proposed to see him the next day at the Queen's. He was punctual in his attendance at the hour I had named; and I gave him an account of all that had passed. He said that, since I had broken off the affair despite the advantages it offered, he could but admire the conduct I had pursued. I then asked him if it were not time to speak of another affair, upon which I had fully made up my mind? I was resolved, I told him, to carry into effect, if possible, the project with which he was acquainted—one with which I was so constantly occupied, that I was assured my only chance of happiness lay in having it concluded as I wished. He made answer, that what I said demanded some reflection; and that, since he found it needful to take time to deliberate on what he should advise, I might judge how necessary it was for me to reconsider the matter before I decided on it. That he could not allow himself to be found wanting in the good faith he had promised me, and that therefore he

was obliged to tell me to do nothing hastily; still, that I must not explain to the person most interested—whose name he did not know—that it was M. de Lauzun who retarded his happiness, for that I should thus render him his enemy, though he merely recommended me to act with due consideration; and that, one day, this unknown would be his friend, since it would be evident, that the advice he gave was the best calculated for bringing the affair to a happy termination. After having said this, he repeated two or three times, "All that I would advise you, be it more or less, would be useless after what I have said; so I leave you to find out whether I am your friend or not."

I had soon another conversation with him; when I told him that I was absolutely determined to execute my intention; and that I had taken the resolve of naming to him the person I had chosen. He replied, "that I made him tremble;" and then added, "if I should fail to approve your choice, resolved and headstrong as you are, I see clearly that you will not have courage to see me again: I am too desirous of retaining the honour of your good opinion to listen to an avowal that may expose me to the risk of losing it; therefore, I will not hear it—I entreat you, from my heart, to say no more of the matter."

The more he endeavoured to escape hearing himself named, the less I felt inclined to permit him to do so; but, as he always left me the instant he had finished what he had to say, I confess that I was somewhat embarrassed at the notion of telling him myself, *c'est vous*. But again I met him at the Queen's; when I said, 'I am resolved, despite all you have advanced, to name to you the man you know.' He replied, that he could no longer excuse himself from hearing it; but added, in a serious tone, "You will oblige me by deferring it until to-morrow." I told him, that I could not do so, for that Friday was with me an unlucky day; yet at the moment I was about to name him, the concern I believed it would give him so increased my embarrassment, that I said, "If I had writing materials at hand you should know the name; for I confess I have not the power of telling it you. I have a mind to breathe upon the mirror, and to write it there." After we had conversed together for some time, he pretending still to be in jest and I speaking very seriously of the desire I had to tell him what I wished that he should know, we found that it was midnight. "So!" I exclaimed, "it is Friday! I will say no more to you just now."

The next day I wrote on a paper these words, "*C'est vous.*" I then sealed and placed it in my

pocket. I met him at the Queen's, and said, "I have the name written, and in my pocket; but I will not give it you on a Friday." He replied, "Give me the paper, and I promise you to place it under my pillow, and not to read it until after twelve o'clock. I am sure," he added, "you will not doubt that I shall stay awake until the hour arrives, or that I shall await its coming with impatience. To-morrow, I must go to Paris, whence I shall not return till late." I replied, "You may deceive yourself as to the hour; so you shall not have it until to-morrow evening." I did not see him until the Sunday, at mass; he came afterwards to the Queen's, and spoke to me just as to others in the circle. When the Queen entered her *prié-Dieu*, I found myself alone with him. I took out the paper and showed it him, replacing it sometimes in my pocket, sometimes in my muff. He pressed me exceedingly to give it to him, saying that, "his heart beat, which he took as a presentiment that I was about to give him an ill office to perform, involving, perhaps, the disapproval of my choice and my intentions." This kind of conversation lasted an hour, during which we found ourselves equally embarrassed. At length, I said, "Here is the paper; I give it you on condition that you will let me have your answer at

foot of the writing; you will find space sufficient, for my *billet* is but short. Return it to me this evening at the Queen's, where we can resume this conversation."

I had hardly uttered this when the Queen left to go to the Franciscans, whither I accompanied her, praying with all my heart for the accomplishment of my design, although my distraction was intense. On quitting the church, we went to call on the Dauphin. The Queen approached the fire, and I saw Monsieur de Lauzun, who approached, without daring to speak, or even to look at me; and this embarrassment of his increased my own. I threw myself on my knees to warm myself the better, and said, without looking at him, that I was paralysed with the cold. He replied, "I am still more paralysed with what I have seen; yet I am not so foolish as to fall into your snare. I know well that you are merely diverting yourself, and endeavouring to avoid telling me the name of this unknown somebody. I have no curiosity," he added, "if you have the least repugnance to make the confession." I replied, "Nothing is more certain than what I have already told you; and there is nothing I am so much resolved upon as the execution of the affair." He either had no time to reply, or wanted resolution to continue the conversation.

In the evening, after supper, he presented himself two or three times before me, but had not the courage to come near, neither could I find sufficient to go to him. Chance, at length, threw us together; and as he assisted me to rise from my chair, he took the opportunity to return me the paper, which I put in my muff. The Queen went a moment after to see the Duc d'Anjou; and while she was absent, I retired for an instant to the cabinet of the Maréchale de la Motte, to read M. de Lauzun's answer, for I doubted not that he had written one beneath my two words. I found one, but cannot recollect the exact terms of it; I only know that it expressed, in a concise manner, that the zeal and fidelity of M. de Lauzun were badly recompensed by my writing to him in such a manner as to hinder his approaching me; that he could not in reason believe that I intended that, nor allow himself to suppose that I had spoken sincerely. He therefore neither ought nor dared make me any other reply, than that he should always be submissively devoted to my service. This manner of speaking I thought very prudent; it intimated, on the one hand, that he scarcely allowed himself to think seriously of the affair, and on the other, that he was ready to obey me in everything;—in point of fact, that he would do ex-

actly as I wished. I perceived, with pleasure, that the profound respect he showed me, and the course that he pursued, were the result of the great esteem he entertained for me. Two or three days before this took place, I had written on a card, "Monsieur, Monsieur de Longueville, and Monsieur de Lauzun;" and, as I conversed in the evening with Madame de Nogent (sister to M. de Lauzun), I showed it her, and asked her to guess which of the three men I intended to marry? She made no other answer than by throwing herself at my feet, saying, she could only reply to me in that manner.

The next day we went to Versailles. I was early at the Queen's door; and, whilst talking to M. de Charôt, and the Comte d'Ayen, I saw Monsieur de Lauzun in the glass. He showed no intention of approaching, so I called to him, and said that he was *bien sauvage*, to hold himself aloof from such good company. He replied, "I am discreet: I did not know but that you had matters to talk of with these gentlemen; and it was out of respect that I refrained from interrupting you." I took two or three turns up and down, so that the Comte d'Ayen might leave me; and, finding myself at length alone with Monsieur de Lauzun, I said, "Shall we not have some further conversation at Versailles?"

"How is it possible," he asked, "to continue to converse with those who only seek to mock us?" "It is you," I answered, "who jest; you are well aware that I speak seriously." "Let us go to mass," he said. "If we enter farther into this matter it may distract our thoughts; it is an affair that requires great consideration. We must pray to God with all our hearts. You have to ask pardon for having misused my sincerity, in having made me your butt. I must make a sacrifice of whatever vengeful sentiments your conduct may have inspired. After this, our prayers having so happy an accordance, it is to be hoped we shall not need to offer up the like in time to come."

We went to Versailles, where I was for a whole day without seeing him. While walking in the Orangery with the Queen, Monsieur de Luxembourg approached me, and, looking at my shoes, he said, "We may say of you, without offending, that you are *une demoiselle bien chaussée*, and all that can be desired to make the fortune of the cadet of a noble house." I replied, "Do not laugh, or be astonished if you should find me, one day, doing so." "No," said he; "on the contrary, I should be very glad, for, as an ancient Baron of France, I love her nobility." In the evening, I saw M. de Lauzun talking to Dangeau,

at the Queen's, upon which I went and joined them. We conversed in so unusual a style, that Dangeau said, afterwards, "If I had not known that you had no particular intimacy with Monsieur de Lauzun, I should have thought you marvellously well together, and any one but me would suppose you understood each other. But I know better than that, and only admire the facility with which you can say so much, and yet mean nothing."

The day after Monsieur de Lauzun had endeavoured to show that he had no wish to be near me, I said to him, at the Queen's, "The little anxiety you have to speak to me, grieves me extremely. I can in no way lay claim to the same indifference, for I am dying with impatience to talk with you of our affairs." He replied, that it was for me to command. Having appointed a convenient hour, we met in the Queen's *salon*, where we walked up and down for nearly three hours, before either of us ventured to allude to anything particularly interesting. At length, I said, "Who shall begin first?" He replied, "It is for you to do so; or to command me." To which I answered, "I have explained to you my reasons for the conduct upon which I have resolved; and am persuaded that the chief is the esteem which I have for you; and I have already confessed, while

speaking of a matter to which you wish to appear so indifferent, that we do not esteem long without beginning to love. You must construe this avowal as you please, but, on my side, I shall rest satisfied that you entertain similar sentiments towards me; and that thus, there is a fair prospect of our being happy together." He replied,

"I am not inconsiderate enough to dare flatter myself with respect to an affair which can hardly be possible; but, since you desire to amuse yourself with me, and desire that I should answer you, I am willing to do so. I will speak, then, as though I believed you to be serious in all that you have done me the honour to advance. Is it possible," he continued, "that you could desire to espouse a domestic of your cousin's? That you may not be deceived, I tell you there is nothing in the world that would induce me to give up my employment. I love the King so well, and am so much attached, by inclination, to his person, that no earthly consideration could detach me for a moment from his service. I fulfil all my duties near him with so much pleasure, that I candidly confess those duties will always be my first consideration: it is scarcely necessary," he added, "for me to protest that to evince my gratitude for the condescension you have shown me, will ever be my second." He

would have continued speaking, but I interrupted him. "What," said I, "you do not consider that this cousin-german is my master as well as yours? Instead of objecting to your being his servant, I can consider it only the more honourable to you; and, that you may know that my sentiments on the subject are in conformity with yours, I must tell you, so much do I prize the honour of being with the King, that if you had not such a charge, I would obtain even an inferior one, to present you." He replied, "You do not consider that I am not a Prince, and that a Prince alone is a proper alliance for you. I am merely a gentleman of good family; and that is not sufficient;" "I am contented," I made answer; "you are all that is required for me to make you the greatest seigneur in the kingdom. I have wealth and dignities to give you." He replied, "I have yet to remind you that, in a case of this kind, the parties ought to be acquainted with each other's disposition. Now, with our good and bad qualities, none can be so well acquainted as ourselves: you will permit me to tell you that I care little for conversation, while, as it would seem, you have a very great liking for it. Here, then, is a point on which our tastes differ. I remain shut up in my room for three or four hours a day, when I will allow no one to enter—not even

my valets: I think even I should beat them if they chanced to interrupt my meditations. The rest of the day, I am occupied about my duties near the King; and my desire is, for the future, to be so devoted to them, that, supposing I should marry, I fear that I should find scarcely any time to pass with a wife. I think you would not like a husband who took no part in your pleasures, nor any means to divert you; while, should you chance to be afflicted with anything like jealousy, the only consolation I should have, would be the little reason I had given you for annoyance, seeing that I now hate women as much as I used formerly to like them. This is so true that I cannot understand how any one can be so foolish as to be amused by them: I think even it would give me a world of trouble to re-accustom myself to their society. You think, perhaps, that if we were to marry, a higher office in the State, or the government of a province, might be conferred upon me, but to this my desires are totally opposed; I will never willingly relinquish my employment about his Majesty; and any occupation whatever that might withdraw me from his presence even for a day, would be hateful to me."

"You forget," I observed, "that I have told you that even a post inferior to yours, provided it brought you near the King, would

be as much to my taste as to your own." "But recollect," said he, "that marriage is not an engagement for a day; and it is imperative that you should reconsider what you have proposed. If you desire me to continue this figurative conversation, I must tell you, I am not certain that the *bizarreries* of which I have spoken might not greatly displease you; and I am still less certain that nothing else may tend to heighten your displeasure." "For a man who speaks but little," I replied, "you are saying a great deal to day. I must acquaint you that I find no fault in your manner, and as against yourself, perhaps, all that I can allege is, that you have been found extremely agreeable by rather too great a number of ladies. Now tell me, in your turn," I added, "if you see anything in me to displease you. I believe my teeth are not handsome; but this is a defect belonging to our race, and ought, therefore, to be less displeasing to you than to another. You love the elder branch of it, and those descended from the *cadets*, as you have perceived, do not display indifference towards you in return."

"I have told you of my faults," he replied; "in order to divert you, and you wish me to believe that you are not displeased; but I must be permitted to remark, that I look upon all this only as raillery, and am not silly enough to

regard it as anything but fable." I replied, with some chagrin, "I confess that your incredulity drives me to despair. The more I seek to persuade you of my sincerity, the less you will believe it."

He still maintained that he was neither visionary nor chimerical, and I think we might have remained all our lives, he saying "Yes," and I saying "No," had I not felt so benumbed by the cold that I was forced to go and warm myself. My ladies, who had remained all this time near a window, must have been frozen; and I doubt not were very angry with us both for causing them to suffer so intensely. Before he left, M. de Lauzun turned gracefully towards them, and said, "Mesdemoiselles, are you not warm? To me, the heat of the salon seems oppressive!" Yet I doubt if even this pleasantry afforded them much amusement.

In the evening, after the Queen had supped, M. de Lauzun came to me, and said, "Do you know, there are moments when I seek to persuade myself that all you have been telling me is not an illusion; but when I allow a thought of this kind to enter my head, I give myself up to a joy that would carry me far, if I did not recal myself by saying, 'This can never be!' Thus, one quarter of an hour I am as happy as man can be, and the next I am whispering to myself, 'To

what lengths will you carry your extravagance! Do you not see that this cannot be true?' It is in this manner I have passed my time since I left you; and now, in my incertitude, I have come to you to ask your decision. You perceive," he added, "that I am not led hither by chance; tell me, therefore, which of two epithets suits me the best—whether I am wise or foolish? But, rather than that you should divert yourself by giving a truthful answer, perhaps it will be better that you should not reply at all, allowing me to carry away the remembrance of a vision which will make me at one time the happiest of men, and at another, when dispelled by the return of my proper senses, leave me overwhelmed with grief."

We had, during some days, several such conversations, and in one of them, I gave him a description of my house at Eu, and told him of the beauty of this residence, and of the pleasure he would find in giving directions for what was needful to be done there. After listening for some time, he answered, he could fancy that a beautiful house and a fine estate were very agreeable *divertissemens*. "But," he added, "I have no pleasure in anything which does not enable me to be of service to the King; thus, if Eu were near Gisors, which is garrisoned by a brigade of my company, and which it is sometimes need-

ful I should visit, I could very well go and admire your château; but I should have relays on the road to carry me back to my duty." Thus did he ever speak of his infatuation for all that might concern the King. I am persuaded that never man felt so sincere an esteem or so great affection for another, as M. de Lauzun for the King. On some occasions, the former seemed even more cruel. He was continually declaring himself unworthy the honour I sought to confer upon him, save for the advice he gave me to consider well of what I was about to do; and that, if I found occasion to repent of what I had said, there was still time to put an end to the affair, as nothing was determined, and no one knew of my intentions; that it would be too late to repent when it should be concluded; and that, before I mentioned the matter to the King, it behoved me seriously to think of the advice he gave me.

One day, when he was talking in this manner, I said, "Do you suppose the King knows nothing of the matter?" He assured me that he did not. Indeed, if, while the King passed, we were in conversation, he would say to me, "Let us separate; if the King sees us together, he may ask what we have been saying; and then we must tell an untruth, for neither you nor I dare

repeat the conversation we have had, and I should feel more embarrassed than you. I have never deceived him in the least, and should be grieved to find myself unable to reply to him if he should ask what it is that brings us so often together." "I have nothing to say in reference to the King," I answered, "but that I shall be as ingenuous as yourself."

He was so occupied with the fear of missing his Majesty when he went out, that it was quite troublesome to me: and I said to him sometimes, "If the King knew how little you felt interested in your own advancement, and the little regard you have for any slight civility you might offer me, compared with your solicitude respecting him, he would be perfectly satisfied; for he would know that you would never neglect the most trifling affair of his, while you pay so little attention to a matter of so much importance to you as your marriage with myself." "When I would flatter myself that your proposition is sincere," he, one day, said, "I question myself as to how I can have attracted your notice; and I can come to only one conclusion on the subject.

"All that can have pleased you in my conduct must be the great attachment I have displayed towards the King, the respect, and, if I may say so, the real tenderness I have for him

—this alone can have attracted you. I have no other merit than this, and there is nothing which could give you so sensible a pleasure. I believe I could have taken no surer method of interesting you than to devote myself to the service of his Majesty; and if I could be simple enough to persuade myself that what you have proposed might happen, I should be desirous of employing all that you might give me in the service of the King; for it is for this purpose only that I covet wealth; indeed, I have sometimes gone so far as to say to myself, 'if this affair succeed soon, I shall have wherewithal to put my company in good condition for the review which takes place in March;' and I sometimes revolve in my mind the mounting the four brigades, one on horses from Spain, another on barbs, the third on cravattes, (a sort of troop-horse,) and the fourth on good coursers of about one hundred pistoles each. I fancy, also, that the guards would look well in great coats, the sleeves laced with gold and silver."

He was charmed to find that I approved of all he said, and that I even went beyond him in anticipations of this kind, and he gave me to understand that he was no further interested in the fortune I proposed to give him, than as it

would enable him to do as he had said; and, perhaps to give me a yet greater relish for projects of the kind, he said, "The King will think, '*Ma cousine* takes as much pleasure as himself in all these things.'"

CHAPTER IV.

MADEMOISELLE ENTRÉATS THE KING'S PERMISSION TO ESPOUSE M. DE LAUZUN—IMMENSE EXCITEMENT AND INTRIGUE AT COURT—MADEMOISELLE HARANGUES THE KING IN COUNCIL THEREUPON—HIS MAJESTY ACCORDS PERMISSION; AND WITHDRAWS IT.

THESE discussions over, I renewed my entreaty that M. de Lauzun would approve of my writing to the King, to give him notice of my intention to marry, and to pray his sanction thereto, and his permission to choose a person with whom I seemed to have a prospect of being happy. But he put me off from day to day, without giving his consent; so that, in the end, after having extorted it, and even shown some vexation at the delays he occasioned in an affair which he must have known gave me much inquietude, I wrote my letter with so much precipitation, from

fear lest he might change his mind, that I had not either the time or the patience to take a copy of it, nor even, I believe, to read it. I had this affair so much at heart, that I was always occupied with it. I remember only the substance of my letter, and I shall here repeat the most essential parts of it:

"Your Majesty will be surprised at the request I am about to make—that you will approve of my marrying. I consider myself, Sire, by my birth, and by the honour I have of being your cousin-german, so much above almost every one else, that it seems to me I need not desire any adventitious grandeur. When we unite ourselves with foreigners, we neither know the humour nor the merit of the people with whom we are to pass our lives; it is, therefore, difficult to believe that, under such circumstances, our condition can be happy. Mine, Sire, is very much so, from the honour I have of being near your Majesty—an honour of which the state I desire to assume will not deprive me.

"It is, Sire, with reference to Monsieur de Lauzun that I am speaking: he has great merit, but his attachment to your Majesty has pleased me more than all, and has chiefly contributed to fix my choice upon him. Your Majesty will recollect how much I disapproved of the marriage

of my sister, and all that ambition led me to say upon the occasion. I now humbly supplicate that this may be forgotten; and, should your Majesty suppose that it is a feeling equally transient which leads me now to speak in a manner so different, I must entreat you to believe that I have well considered the step I wish to take; nor should I have made this proposition to your Majesty, did I not believe that on your approval of it the happiness of my life depends.

"I entreat of your Majesty, as the greatest favour you could possibly do me, to grant me this permission. The honour that Monsieur de Lauzun has of being Captain in the guards, renders him not unworthy of me. Monsieur le Prince de Condé, who was killed at the battle of Jarnac, was colonel of the infantry before this charge became an office attached to the Crown; and there are besides, Sire, many other examples, without speaking of those of women. Madame la Princesse de la Roche sur Yon, wife to a prince of the blood, was *dame d'honneur* to the Queen; and, Sire, I hold it a great honour to be surintendante of the Queen's household. I do not know whether your Majesty is aware of it, but, when Madame la Comtesse de Soissons was believed to be in danger, it was my intention to request permission to purchase her place, in case

Madame de Carignan did not take it. I mention this to your Majesty, to show that I consider that the more we possess of greatness, the more worthy are we of being your domestics; and, as every post about your Majesty is honourable, I am very glad that Monsieur de Lauzun happens to fill one."

This is the essence of my letter, only that it was longer, and the language more earnest. After having written it, I sent it to Monsieur de Lauzun, who returned me word that it was expressed exactly in the terms he would have wished. I am very sorry I have burnt this letter; for he so strongly expressed his approval of it, that I have reason to regret the regular habit I had of throwing into the fire every letter that he wrote to me.

When he returned my dispatch, I gave it to Bontems, to carry to the King. His Majesty returned me a very polite reply; saying that he was a little astonished, that he begged me to do nothing lightly, but to think well; and that he would restrain me in nothing, for that he loved me, and would give me marks of his affection whenever he should find the opportunity. I have forgotten to state that, at the end of my letter, I begged the King to send me a reply, but not to speak to me of the affair, for that I would be the

first to allude to it. The day that I wrote and obtained the answer, I received the Ambassadors from Holland, who were newly arrived. I had told Monsieur de Lauzun, that, as he spoke to me every day at the Queen's, it was ridiculous that he did not come to visit me at the Luxembourg; and, reminded by the crowd I had on account of these ambassadors, he came; but kept almost out of sight. After the Ambassadors had left, I arose and went near the fire. M. de Lauzun and Monsieur de Longueville, who had come together, approached, and I went into my cabinet, calling the former, and telling him that I wished him to see it. When we were alone, I showed him the reply of the King, and betrayed to him the vexation I felt that his Majesty had not immediately told me that he approved my proposition. He replied, "How could you expect him to send you a more obliging reply? You desire an alliance that is not suited to you: he is aware of it, and he gives you his opinion. He begs you to reflect; and, in conclusion, he assures you of his friendship. It seems to me that you ought to be satisfied with his wish to make you think for yourself; and you know very well the manner in which I have ever spoken of the affair. I must go now," he concluded; "it would not be right for me to make you a longer visit."

The day after I received the King's reply, I went to dine at the Tuileries, and remained there some hours, but without daring to say a word. I affected to speak to Monsieur de Lauzun before his Majesty; he looked at us with a gracious air, and it seemed to me that we might have been satisfied: I asked M. de Lauzun, when he went out, if he had not remarked it. He replied, "I do not know what to think: his Majesty has not said a word concerning your letter, and I dare not speak to him about it." I made answer, "Why do you always deceive me? I am quite assured that he has spoken to you! I am delighted at it, and cannot understand why you should make a mystery of it." He pretended to be annoyed, and continued to protest that the King had not spoken to him—that he did not know whether he approved of the design, and that there were moments when he hoped he did not.

Madame de Nogent (his sister) came every evening to see me at the Luxembourg; and, as I often forgot to say all I wished to M. de Lauzun, I wrote and sent it by her; and the next day she brought me his reply. We had kept the affair so secret that none even of his particular friends knew of it; and so careful was I not to speak of it to any one, that I felt uneasy at being with those who, on the strength of their suspicions, might have

talked imprudently. When not with M. de Lauzun, therefore, I preferred being alone. I was more frequently than ever at the Queen's; and when I returned home at night, I spoke to none of those about me, and almost immediately retired. "If only one of my domestics fail to speak of you with proper respect when our affair is declared," said I to Monsieur de Lauzun, "I will send the whole of them away, and have a new household." He replied, "That will not be right; you must pardon them the first *mouvement*, because they will have reason to be sorry. Those who behave properly, I must entreat you to take care of; for the others, you can give them their congé at the end of their quarter."

One day, on returning from sermon, M. de Lauzun said to my equerry, "I have a word to say to Mademoiselle;" he then took me by the hand, and told me, in a low voice, that Guilloire knew of our affair, and had given notice of it to Monsieur de Louvois; adding, "When I can speak to you without witnesses, I will tell you more of it." I told him I was about to follow the Queen to the Carmelites; and it was settled that I should see him on my return. I cannot express the uneasiness I felt, nor the impatience I had to be better informed. Upon my return, he said, "Guilloire has told Monsieur de Louvois that he does not

know whether it is with the sanction of the King that Mademoiselle wishes to marry Monsieur de Lauzun; but that he informs him of it that he may know how to act." I replied: "If you approve of it, I will dismiss him instantly." "Take care what you do," he said; "I merely tell you this that you may take precautions."

"I have long mistrusted Guilloire," I continued, "but I will make no changes until this matter is concluded, when you can select your own people." He replied, "You ought not to delay speaking to the King. I advise you to remain until the Queen retires, so that you may choose your opportunity."

"If you would teach me my lesson," said I, "you would do me a great kindness."

"Then," he rejoined, "if you will be ruled by me, you will say, 'Sire, the most short-lived follies are generally the least hurtful. I come to thank your Majesty for the honour you did me in reminding me of the reflections which I ought to make; and to tell you that they have entirely changed my sentiments, and that I think no more of the affair I mentioned to you." "What!" I exclaimed, "do you wish me to say this to the King?" "I wish nothing," he replied; "If you speak to him, do it from the impulse of your own heart, and not according to my advice; I desire

nothing more, if you please, than that you will let me speak when you have spoken."

The King played that night until two o'clock; and as the Queen retired, she said to me, "You must have affairs *bien pressées* to mention to the King, that you remain so late." I replied, "An affair of the greatest importance to me will probably be spoken of to-morrow at his council." The King arrived, and found me in the Queen's *ruelle*. "What! cousin," cried he, "you are here? Do you not know that it is two o'clock?" "I wish to speak to your Majesty," I replied. He came between the two doors, and said, "I must lean against the wall; I am tired." I asked if he would not be seated? "No," he answered; "I am doing very well.

My heart beat so violently, that at first I could only repeat two or three times, "Sire,—sire!" but at last I said, "I have come to tell you, that the resolution which I had the honour to communicate to your Majesty remains unaltered. The more I examine the affair, the more I feel persuaded that I can never be happy unless I am permitted to carry out my design."

"Sire, the esteem which your Majesty showed for M. de Lauzun, in giving him a place near your person, first gave rise to mine for him; I have wherewithal to raise him above any foreign

Prince, and the honour he has of being your subject and your servant, induces me to prefer him to the most powerful sovereigns of Europe. It is, in fact, your Majesty who exalts him, and not me; all that I have is yours. I therefore do nothing for him; it is your Majesty who will make his fortune, and the happiness of my life. There was a time when I could not have believed it would be so; but everything changes. Nevertheless, in this affair I do nothing inconsistent with my honour, or against my conscience. Two interpretations may be put upon everything that happens in this life; but when I shall have received your Majesty's approbation, and when my past life, and the reasons which induced me to wish to lead one of more tranquillity, are considered, I do not think an ill construction can be given to the conduct I am desirous of pursuing. It can affect nothing but my own ambition; and I find my recompence in contributing to the advancement of a man whose merit is so extraordinary as that of Monsieur de Lauzun."

"After your having blamed so much the marriage of your sister De Guise," replied the King, "I confess I was surprised on seeing your letter; not that I perceive the difference between a *grand seigneur* of my kingdom, like Monsieur de Lauzun, owing already so much to his birth, and

his position, compared with a foreign Prince; nevertheless, I must advise you to think well of this affair before you carry it further, for it is not one of those which should be lightly entered on. I do not offer you advice; you are of an age to judge for yourself. I should be sorry to constrain you in any way; nothing should induce me to contribute to the advancement of Monsieur de Lauzun if it militated against your interest; nor would I injure him by any unnecessary opposition. However you may be situated, I shall always love and esteem you; and you will never find me changed in this respect. I neither advise you, nor forbid you to proceed in this affair; but I beg you to reflect before it is concluded. I have, however, something to suggest; you should keep secret your intention until you have resolved. Many suspect it, and it has even been mentioned to me by the ministry. Monsieur de Lauzun has his enemies; therefore, take your measures accordingly." I replied, "If, Sire, your Majesty is with us, no one can do us any hurt." He then embraced me tenderly, and I retired.

Two days after this, we went to Versailles, where Madame de la Vallière said to Madame de Nogent, at the Queen's, "We must congratulate you upon this affair of your brother's." She re-

plied, that she knew nothing of it; this she repeated to me, and I told it to Monsieur de Lauzun, who was very angry with her, saying to me, "I am going to send my sister back to Nogent; she is a tattler, and does nothing but embarrass and obstruct my affairs by an injudicious zeal in respect to them." I replied, that I could not consent to her leaving. He said, that I spoilt her, and begged that she might return; but, for this time, I told him, I was determined to be the mistress.

Shortly after this, Madame de Nogent came to me, from Monsieur de Lauzun, to say, that he begged I would consent to his retaining his apartment at the Louvre, even after our affair should be concluded, as he wished to remain near the King. I agreed to it; and, in the evening, I begged to know why he had caused this compliment to be paid me? He answered, "Because I did not dare ask you myself; to any one but you such a proposal might have a *méchant* appearance. I know," he continued, "That it is your desire I should still remain about the King; you are aware that I have to be every night at his *coucher*, which is not till two o'clock, and that I rise at eight in the morning to be in readiness to attend upon him; the distance between the Tuileries and the Luxembourg would militate

against the regular performance of this duty; therefore, I must remain at the Louvre, and spend with you only those hours of the day during which I am not required to be near his Majesty." "You are aware that I go every day to the Tuileries," I replied, "so that, when the Queen is at prayers, I can come and pay you a visit." "Will that be correct?" he asked; "would not such a thing be talked of?" "No," I replied; and he professed such continual apprehension of being found wanting in propriety, that I confess to having often felt tempted to put an end to the affair. We then agreed, that the Dukes de Créqui and de Montauzier should be requested to supplicate the King that our marriage might take place. When the resolution was taken, I asked him why we might not go ourselves? He replied, that it was more respectful to act in the manner agreed on.

A morning or two after, Monsieur de Lauzun came to me, and said, "Go early to the Tuileries, for the gentlemen appointed are to have an audience of the King to-day." After the Queen had remained a moment in the circle, she went into her cabinet, when M. de Lauzun came to tell me that the gentlemen were with the King; that he had called them to the council; and that, soon after they had entered, he had caused

Monsieur to be sent for. I was obliged, at the moment, to follow the Queen to the Franciscans; but, during the sermon there, they sent to tell me that Monsieur de Montauzier wished to see me. I found him in the parlour. He said that he had come to thank me for the honour I had done him, and to render me an account of the result of his mission.

The King having heard him, had replied, that I had already spoken to him of the affair, and that he had advised me, as a father might have done; but that, since I was resolved, he could not withhold his consent: he had agreed to my sister's marriage with Monsieur de Guise, and he, therefore, could not restrain me from espousing Monsieur de Lauzun. Monsieur then made some angry observations on the difference of rank; but the King told him that he perceived none: that if he, (Monsieur,) out of the regard he had for foreigners, were disposed to observe any, it was of little moment; and that, for his part, he should support, in preference, the nobles of his own kingdom. To this Monsieur replied, "Say that you are obliged to support what you have done; it is you who wish this business to succeed." The King then spoke with much kindness and courtesy of me and of M. de Lauzun; and he even extended his praises to the Grand Seigneurs of France. The

ministers said nothing; and, the King having given his sanction to my proposal, he had come to inform me of it. M. de Montauzier then added, "The thing is settled, and I advise you to delay no longer: if you take my advice, you will be married to-night." I replied, that he was right, and begged he would give the same advice to Monsieur de Lauzun.

Guitri came a moment after, and made me a recital similar to that of M. de Montauzier. He told me, also, that Monsieur de Lauzun begged me to mention the matter to the Queen when the *Salut* was finished; so, as soon as she had reached her chamber, I requested permission to say a few words, and, throwing myself at her knees, I continued, "I doubt not your Majesty will be surprised to hear that I have resolved to marry." "Assuredly," replied she, rather angrily: "what induces you to do so? Are you not happy?" "I am not the first, Madame," said I, "who, at such an age as mine, has married. Your Majesty is aware that others have done well to marry; why, therefore, do you desire that I should be the only one to remain single?" She demanded the name of my intended. "Monsieur de Lauzun," I replied: "he is not a Prince, Madame; but, excepting those of the blood, there is not a greater Seigneur in the kingdom, and he

is in nothing beneath a foreign Prince, who, in this kingdom, could take only such rank as his Majesty should be pleased to allow him." "I very much disapprove of it, *ma cousine*," she rejoined; "and the King will never consent to it." "Pardon me, Madame," said I, "the King does not wish to control me, and everything is settled." "You would do much better not to marry at all," she answered, "and to keep your money for my son D'Anjou." "Ah, Madame!" I replied, "what does your Majesty tell me?" I was ashamed for her, and only out of respect refrained from adding more. She then arose, and we both went to the Louvre to see Monsieur le Dauphin.

At the Louvre, I saw Monsieur de Lauzun, who gave me his hand. I told him what the Queen had said, and what I had learned concerning Monsieur. He observed, "Neither you nor I have merited this treatment; nevertheless, we must continue to render them the respect we owe; and I must testify to the King my gratitude for the kindness he has shown in giving you permission to make me the greatest seigneur and the happiest man in his kingdom." I then mentioned to him the advice of Monsieur de Montauzier. He answered, "That he must go and thank the King for the great favour he had shown him; that he should play with him as

usual; and that he should leave it to his Majesty to fix the time for our espousal. "I must not permit all this to turn my head," he added; "but must rather learn to bear it with moderation. I will not even receive any visits. You will oblige me by naming the hour to-morrow at which I can have the honour of seeing you at the Luxembourg; and I think that you also had better see as few people as possible." I replied, "That we should do wrong in acting differently from others under similar circumstances." He then went to play with the King, and I returned to the Luxembourg. There I found numbers waiting to see me; some appearing astonished, others pleased. I had crowds of company during the whole evening.

The next day, among others, came Monsieur de Lauzun, remaining, however, behind every one, until I chanced to see him. When he was pointed out to me, I went towards him, and he made me the most profound reverence he had ever done in his life. The Archbishop of Rheims approached me, and said, "You will never do me the injustice of choosing any other person than myself to marry you?" "The Archbishop of Paris has already offered," I replied, thanking him, at the same time, for his politeness.

I learnt that the Queen had spoken to the

King, with much bitterness, against myself and Monsieur de Lauzun, which had made him very angry with her, and that she had been weeping the whole night. They told me, also, that Monsieur had quarrelled with M. de Montauzier, because he had said that I did right in elevating an honest man; and that the King had heard of these *emportemens*, and was very sorry.

I went to the Queen's, but her Majesty did not even condescend to look at me. Monsieur de Montauzier sent for Monsieur de Lauzun, to acquaint him, in my presence, that Monsieur had told the King that I had said it was his Majesty who had advised me to espouse M. de Lauzun, and that hereupon the King was very angry, not knowing whether to believe that I had said so or not. I assured Monsieur de Montauzier that he would do me a great kindness by going at once to the Council, and asking the King if I might speak with him. He did so; his Majesty sent for me, and, in the presence of all the ministers, I addressed him thus;

" Sire, it is reported to me that Monsieur has told your Majesty that it is you who have advised me to this marriage with Monsieur de Lauzun; I therefore come to assure you, that those who have originated this report are guilty of a falsehood; for there is no one in the world who

will dare to tell me that I have ever said anything of the kind. Monsieur de Lauzun, Sire, is unhappy enough in having displeased Monsieur; but I must repeat to your Majesty, and to Monsieur, that what has been reported is entirely false. I protest that I have never spoken to any one of the reasons why I do, or do not marry. I esteem Monsieur de Lauzun, as I have had the honour of explaining to your Majesty, and had hoped to lead with him a life of tranquillity. You were pleased to advise me to consider well the step I was about to take, and having done so, the result was, that I commissioned Messieurs the Dukes de Montauzier and de Créqui to entreat your Majesty's approval of my design. You have been so good as to say that you would not control me, and I fear that this alone it is which has led our enemies to endeavour to give your Majesty an ill opinion of me. I rely, however, on your Majesty's consideration, and on your regard for truth and justice."

The King replied, that he was convinced I had never said that which had been reported; that he was satisfied with me; and that, since I was resolved to marry, he trusted I should be happy. The ministers, after the Council was over, said that nothing could have been more to the purpose, or more eloquent than my address.

Shortly afterwards, Rocheford asked when we intended to marry? to which we replied, that we did not know. He made answer, "If you will be ruled by me you will not delay it; you had better marry to-day than defer it until to-morrow." "You seem very happy," he added. "If you could view yourselves in a mirror, you would there see the picture of joy." I replied, "That I should have the vexation of seeing more in my own countenance than in that of Monsieur de Lauzun." "What!" he exclaimed, "he is insensible to the happiness awaiting him!" "Mademoiselle is jesting," said Monsieur de Lauzun; "believe me, my head is not yet turned by the extent of my good fortune." M. le Duc de Richelieu, and many others, came to offer their congratulations—among them, Guitri, who asked whether we intended to be married in the Queen's chapel. Monsieur de Lauzun replied, "Mademoiselle has only to command; she knows well that I shall do as she pleases." "You have only to say," I rejoined, "what you wish in respect to it. There are too many persons opposed to our design to allow of our amusing ourselves by observing needless formalities; I am willing, therefore, that the ceremony shall take place whenever you wish it."

The next morning I awoke late, having passed a bad night. They told me that Monsieur de

Montauzier and Monsieur de Lauzun were waiting in my ante-room. I did not wish them to see me *mal coeffée*, so I prepared in great haste for their reception. Monsieur de Montauzier said, "I am come to scold you; Monsieur de Lauzun tells me that it is on your account that your affair does not proceed." "He has forgotten," I replied, "what I have told him of your advising that we should be married on Monday; and his answer—that if we were, the King would say that he was evidently intoxicated with his good fortune, and that I was in a mighty hurry to be married." He must be aware, I added, that I did not wish for delay, as I left everything to his decision; and that my opinion was, that since we had the King's consent, we need say no more about the affair until we had become Monsieur and Madame de Montpensier.

During this conversation, Monsieur de Lauzun was occupied in looking at the miniature pictures in the *ruelle* of my bed. Monsieur de Montauzier, observing this, went towards him, and cried, in an angry tone, "What! are you occupied with pictures, instead of thinking of your marriage, and of losing no more time?" He replied, "That he had begged Monsieur de Boucherat to attend, in order to confer with my men of busi-

ness, and to prepare the marriage-contract." I observed, that he need not wait for my people; that he had only to get the contract made by whomsoever he pleased; for that nothing could be more easy, since I made over to him all I had; and, since he had spoken to Monsieur de Lorme, who was a very honest man, clever, and one of his friends, I asked him why he had not directed him alone to attend and to do what was required? For the very reason, he replied, that M. de Lorme was too much his friend. He had therefore chosen Monsieur de Boucherat, who, he heard, had been employed by me, and whom he looked upon as one of my people; he, himself, being so overpowered with a sense of his obligations to me, that he should never forgive himself if he allowed me to act in such a matter without the assistance of advisers who were devoted to my interests.

To this I answered, that as Monsieur Colbert had offered to arrange the affair, he had only to allow him to do so. He observed, Monsieur Colbert was a minister, and the world would imagine that he acted by the orders of his master: that he had perfect confidence in my advisers, and desired that I should act with perfect freedom. Monsieur de Montauzier heard

all this, but made no remark. I could not but see great disinterestedness and good sense in what was said; nor, however desirous of doing so, could I refuse my acquiescence. Monsieur de Montauzier then asked me, where we intended to be married. I replied, at Eu, or at St. Fargeau. These, M. de Lauzun begged me to consider, were distant three days' journey; that he had rather, if I pleased, a place were selected, whence he might return the next day to attend the King as usual. After a moment, he asked if I had any dislike to Conflans, a pretty house belonging to Monsieur de Richelieu, and, on my offering some objection, and Monsieur de Lauzun replying that it was sufficient that M. de Richelieu was his friend, Monsieur de Montauzier observed that, in the end, we should quarrel. "We are not young," said M. de Lauzun; "Mademoiselle is opiniated, and I am not very docile: it is as well that we should know each other's faults, so that we may not hereafter have to complain of being deceived." Finally, it was agreed that we should go to Conflans.

As soon as M. de Montauzier had left us, Monsieur de Lauzun said, that he must ask pardon for having opposed my wishes, and that he should be inconsolable if any person but Monsieur de Montauzier had known of it.

I answered, that we had matters of more urgency than this little difference to attend to, and that it could be only in jest that he spoke of it. He then left me, saying, as he went away, that he begged me to see no one that evening, so that he might visit me with greater freedom. But a crowd of people came to see me, among them Monsieur de Louvois and the other ministers; and, in order to get rid of them, I ordered my coach, took a turn in the garden, and, on my return, left word at my door that I had gone to town.

In the evening, shortly after the arrival of Monsieur de Lauzun, came Monsieur de Boucherat. I took him into my cabinet, where my own advisers were already busy. One of them addressed Monsieur de Lauzun as 'Monseigneur.' He observed, "This man is laughing at me; I have a mind to run away;" but I begged he would stay and sup with me, saying it would give me great pleasure. He replied, that he was not so ill-advised as to presume to take the liberty of eating with me; for, should our affair be broken off, he should be inconsolable at having committed an action for which I might be blamed. "They shall never have to reproach me," he added, "with having failed to render you the respect which I owe you." So, after a thousand

protestations, it was settled that we should be married the next day, at Conflans, and he took leave. Soon after, he sent me word that Monsieur de Richelieu had let him know that he could not lend us his house, in consequence of Madame de Richelieu's connexion with the Queen; and, he added, he was not sorry for it, as I had always shown a repugnance to go there.

On the Thursday I arose early; but, at ten o'clock, Madame de Nogent came to tell me that they had not yet finished the contract; and that it was therefore necessary that we should put off our marriage until the next day. I replied, that we would wait until the evening; for that I would not be married on a Friday. This delay gave me so great uneasiness, that it seemed to foreshadow what was about to happen to us. In the evening, Monsieur de Lauzun came to the Luxembourg. He was more negligently dressed than usual; for he was so occupied with the annoyances he experienced, that the care he kept to hide them from me took from him all thought of attention to himself. He entreated, I would express an intention of going to the Carmelites, in order to get rid of the troublesome people who surrounded me; and, instead of so doing, to return by the garden door, as he had a great desire to speak with me alone.

On returning to my chamber, I found some ladies there, who, perceiving that we wished to speak of affairs, left us together. I desired M. de Lauzun to be seated; but he excused himself, entreating that I would allow him to disobey me. He then said, that he was ever in fear that I might repent of the steps I had taken: that perhaps, even at the moment he spoke, I might not wish to conclude the affair; that it was an engagement for life, and that he begged as a favour that I would reconsider of it; that the world, instead of condemning my repentance, would approve of it extremely; and that, as regarded himself, he should at least have the consolation of not having given me cause of complaint, while he should remain to his last moment grateful for the good intentions I had entertained towards him. He continued, "Even if before the priest you chance to feel the least distaste to the affair, from my heart I entreat you to break it off." "And," I replied, "I must entreat you, Monsieur, not to hold such language as this, unless you yourself, from the little regard you have for me, desire to put an end to it." He answered, "I feel as I ought in reference to it; I have said nothing to you but what I ought to say." "What!" I asked, "do you not love me?" "I will not say," he replied, "until we leave the church: I

would rather die than let you know, till then, what are my feelings towards you."

We now resolved on our further proceedings; it was agreed that I should confess the next day, and set out at four o'clock, so as to reach Charenton, the residence of the Maréchale de Créqui, by six; while he, on his part, should confess to the *Pères de la doctrine Chretienne;* also, that Monsieur Colbert should show the marriage-contract to the King, the Queen, and to Monsieur le Dauphin; but that Monsieur and my other relations need not be considered, on account of the animosity they had displayed. We heard of several things which the Archbishop of Rheims had said, and we determined thereupon that he should not marry us, but that we would have the Curé of Charenton. I observed, "As you are an extraordinary man in everything, if you will be guided by me, when mass is concluded, and we are married, you will take your coach and proceed to attend at the *coucher* of the King." He began to laugh, and would not promise to follow my counsel. After having talked for some time, he went away, and I began to shed tears, for what reason I know not. He also had been very sorrowful, and one might have thought it a presentiment of what was about to happen. All the ladies present laughed at me.

At about eight o'clock, when I had only Madame de Nogent with me, they came to tell me that a messenger from the King desired to speak with me. He brought the King's command that I should come to him immediately. I asked if his Majesty were at cards? The messenger answered, No: he was at Madame de Montespan's, but had given orders to be informed the moment I arrived. Ordering my coach to be prepared immediately, I called Madame de Nogent, to tell her I was in despair, and certain my marriage with her brother was to be forbidden. She could only answer, in the greatest affliction, "Ah! where is Monsieur de Lauzun?"

I set out in the greatest agitation. As I passed *la Croix du tiroir*, the orderly who had spoken to me, came to say that the King desired I would go into his chamber through his closet; a precaution which appeared to me to augur no good. On arriving at the palace, I left Madame de Nogent in the coach, and went into the King's closet, where Rochford requested me to wait for a few moments. I perceived that he took into the King's chamber some one whom he did not wish me to see; after which he desired me to enter, shutting the door after me. I found the King alone; he appeared very *triste*, and said, "I am wretched at what I have to tell you; but

it is reported, and believed, in the world, that you are sacrificed to make the fortune of Monsieur de Lauzun. This would prejudice me in foreign countries; I therefore cannot permit the affair to be concluded. I confess that you have reason to complain of me. I cannot even take it ill if you are very angry."

"Ah, sire!" I exclaimed, "what is it you tell me? I cannot believe that you will have the cruelty to hinder the conclusion of an affair, with which nobody in the world but myself can have anything to do. I know well, that I have never failed in the respect I owe your Majesty, and I feel it even more certain that Monsieur de Lauzun would not disobey your orders, even for his life. I implore your Majesty," said I, throwing myself at his feet, "not to forbid me to marry him. I have already assured your Majesty I shall find neither rest nor peace, nor care any longer for my own welfare, if I am prevented from passing the rest of my life with a man who inspires me every day with new affection. Kill me, I entreat you," I exclaimed, "rather than leave me in the condition to which your prohibition will reduce me! I entreat you to kill me, rather than prevent my marrying Monsieur de Lauzun!"

I threw myself at the feet of the King while

making this entreaty; he fell on his knees to embrace me, and thus we remained for near three quarters of an hour, our cheeks one against the other; not a word being spoken during the whole time, but his Majesty weeping on one side, and I drowned in tears on the other. At length, "Why did you give me time to consider of the matter?" said the King. "You ought to have permitted no delay." "*Hélas*, Sire!" I replied, "your Majesty has never broken your word to anybody in the world; how could I believe that you would begin with myself and Monsieur de Lauzun?—and on an occasion where it would not be done but by great violence? Sire," I continued, "if you take Monsieur de Lauzun from me, I shall be but too happy to die at your feet. I have never loved any one but him, and he has merited the tenderness I have for him by his conduct towards me, and by the faithful attachment he has for your Majesty. It is my life that I ask of you; I implore of you to allow of my union with one of the best men in your kingdom, whom I love above all other, and who is most entirely and earnestly devoted to your Majesty."

Much more I added, in the violence of my grief, but, hearing a noise on the side of the room towards the Queen's apartment, I ex-

claimed, "To whom do you sacrifice me? Can it be Monsieur le Prince? Is it possible that, with the obligations he is under to me, he can desire to witness my affliction? If it be so, your Majesty must have a horror of his ingratitude. I have saved his life; and he would now take mine, by tearing from me one whose only offence can be that of wishing to depend entirely on yourself, and to acknowledge you only as his master."

"Do not distress yourself, *ma cousine*," said the King, "your obedience, in an affair like this, will oblige me to seek the means of allaying your grief, by the ready accordance I shall give to all that can afford you pleasure." "Nothing will give me pleasure," I made answer, "but my marriage with Monsieur de Lauzun. I know not," I added, "what other Sovereigns will think of your Majesty, for receding from your royal word once given." "They will think that you had engaged yourself too hastily," replied the King, "and that I had made you sensible of the injustice you were about to do yourself." "Do not so believe," said I; "they will put quite another construction on the matter, and it cannot fail to be disadvantageous to your affairs, to have it said that your solemn word has been broken. I ask pardon of your Majesty, if I can-

not restrain myself from saying that this conduct is beneath the dignity of a King. I implore you to listen to reason upon the subject, and to show some pity to my tears."

The King raised his voice in reply, after the manner in which he had been heard to say, that Kings ought to satisfy the people, but I interrupted him; exclaiming, "I see that you are about to sacrifice yourself; but those who persuade you to this are scoffing at you." "It is late," he replied; "you have nothing more to say to me; and I shall not alter my determination." He then embraced me, shedding tears the while. "Ah," I exclaimed, "you are weeping from compassion; you are the master of my fate, you have pity on me—yet you have not the resolution to refuse to others the sacrifice demanded of you. Ah, sire! your Majesty is destroying me, and doing to yourself the greatest injustice in the world!"

I withdrew, and left the palace, to hurry home, and weep.

CHAPTER V.

LOUIS XIV. ENDEAVOURS TO CONSOLE MADEMOISELLE FOR THE LOSS OF HER LOVER—SHE REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED—THE PRINCESS OF CONDÉ IMPRISONED—MADAME DE LA VALLIÈRE TAKES REFUGE IN A CONVENT—THE DUKE OF YORK IS PROPOSED FOR MADEMOISELLE, AND REJECTED—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM INTERCEDES FOR HER LOVER.

A MOMENT after my arrival, Messieurs de Montauzier, Créqui, Guitri, and Monsieur de Lauzun, entered my chamber. When I saw them, I began to exclaim, with all my force, that I cared for nothing; for that if I could not live with Monsieur de Lauzun, I wished to die. Monsieur de Montauzier replied, "The King has commanded us to bring M. de Lauzun to thank you very humbly for the honour you have intended him; and to assure you, from his Majesty, that he is satisfied with you both. It has gratified him to perceive, amidst all

your grief and perplexities, a perfect submission to his will; and this it is which induces him to give you proofs of his friendship. Hence, he declares, that he will always show you the same consideration, and will act towards Monsieur de Lauzun in a manner that will be perfectly satisfactory to you."

Thus far I had only replied to him by my tears; but here I observed, "It is all nothing. I shall never be satisfied unless he gives my hand to M. de Lauzun. Separated from him, I shall never know peace or happiness more." Then, turning towards him, I added, "And you! how can you reconcile yourself to a position like mine? How can you summon strength to sustain your own?" He said, with marked reserve in his manner, "If you will take my advice, go to-morrow, dine with the King, and thank him for having broken off an affair of which you would have repented in a very few days." I replied, "I shall not follow your advice. Nothing is left me but grief and tears; and these, I hope, will soon terminate my sufferings, for I cannot long support them." I said to the gentlemen, "You will allow me to speak to him alone?" And I took him to my *ruelle*, where we had the sad consolation of mingling our tears and sighs.

Although I was persuaded that he supported

himself by the strength of his mind, yet I could not conceal my feelings on perceiving that he conducted himself so very courageously. He could not, however, utter a single word; and, at length, I exclaimed, "What! am I never to see you more? If so, I shall die—die of despair." Still he only replied to me by his tears, and we returned to the gentlemen, to whom I did not venture to say a syllable more. The instant they were gone, I threw myself on my bed, where I remained for several hours without speaking, and almost in a state of insensibility.

When they next spoke to me of Monsieur de Lauzun, I exclaimed, "Where is he?" And as I saw no one but his intimate friends, I adjured them to take every care of him. Monsieur de Créqui came to see me, and told me that the King had resolved to pay me a visit. I entreated that his Majesty would defer it until the ensuing day. He came, however, when I requested that none might be present at our interview but Messieurs de Créqui and de Rochefort. On his entering, I burst into a fresh passion of tears. He embraced me, and for a long while held his cheek soothingly against mine. I said, "How can you embrace me! You are like the apes, who suffocate their children in their caresses." He entreated me to compose myself;

assuring me that he would conduct himself towards me in such a manner as would drive all my enemies to despair. "Believe me," he continued, "when I say, that I esteem you, and approve of all that you wished to do; and I can only regret the mischievous reports which have been spread, and which compelled me to act as I have done." I replied, "That everything in the world, even life itself, had become indifferent to me. That I wished for nothing; had no hope unconnected with the question I had at heart." I added, with all the emphasis of real grief, "if your Majesty will not grant this, you will be responsible to God for having killed me." He declared that he would do wonders for Monsieur de Lauzun; and I made answer, that I was seriously affected by his kindness; but that all he promised, and the great things expected by M. de Lauzun, were nothing to me—mere words; while the woes I felt were indeed a sad reality. "Yes, sire," I exclaimed; "the same people who have induced you to retract your royal word, will easily find means of changing your present good intentions. As for myself, I shall never change; and, if I cannot speak to your Majesty incessantly of M. de Lauzun, I entreat you to bear in mind that I shall never more see your Majesty, for I look upon my attachment as a blessing, of

which you have deprived me, and which you are bound in conscience to restore to me." I then added, that I had been told that he had said that all this was "only a mere whim, that would have a three days, run like any other tertian (fever), and would pass off in the same manner." Upon this, his Majesty called on the gentlemen present, to assure me that this was an idle "invention of the enemy." When he was about to depart, I conjured him to believe, that the respect I entertained for him, and the tenderness I had for Monsieur de Lauzun, would never be extinguished in my heart, except with life.

The King next sent me word, by Monsieur de Créqui, that the Queen was desirous of coming to see me, and that I was to let him know if a visit from Monsieur would give me pain; for that if he came, he would say nothing that should distress me. When the latter arrived, I was in my bed; his conversation ran on nothing but perfumes, to all which I had little to reply. My mother-in-law and sister de Guise, wished also to observe the ceremony of an interview, but I declined receiving their attention. I sent to entreat Madame de Montespan to come and see me; and I begged her to interest herself in representing to the King all the weighty considerations I had already explained to him. She

promised me, very kindly, that she would do as I desired.

Madame la Duchesse de la Vallière had likewise paid me a visit, during the three first days of the rejoicings at Monsieur de Lauzun's intended marriage with me. She had told me that my proceeding was worthy of a great Princess, and that she sensibly felt it such, both for me and Monsieur de Lauzun, who was one of her friends. She came again when the affair was broken off, to say that I was very much to be pitied; adding, that when a person of my rank had taken the step which I had done, and not succeeded, they were indeed worthy of commiseration. That Monsieur de Lauzun had nothing to complain of, since the King was about to give him preferment, and more wealth even than I would have given him; as this also was conferred without marrying, he could not but think himself happy. These observations seemed to me so weak and futile, that I did not trouble myself to answer them.

Many of my friends came daily to visit me; and as I now neither slept nor drank, and took scarcely any nourishment, I became much attenuated. All the while I was alone, if any particular friend of M. de Lauzun entered, I began to weep, as if I had been at the confessional.

Sometimes I consoled myself by reflecting that every event in life had its remedy before death. I therefore sought to preserve myself, in the hope my submission, and that of M. de Lauzun, might touch the King, as soon as his Majesty should be acquitted by the public, according to the rumour circulated by our enemies, of having wished to sacrifice me to recompense his favourite. The grief I felt, and which all France had witnessed, must suffice, I thought, to show that I alone was most interested in promoting this affair. Still these reflections did not console me; they merely tended to reconcile me, in some degree, to live in the hope that the King would relent, and make us happy at last. No grief could equal what I felt, yet how little did I dream that I had not yet approached the termination of my sufferings.

M. de Lauzun now sent me word, that he was very desirous I should go to Court; that I did wrong in remaining so long away from the King. I had reasoned upon the subject in a very different manner; having thought it more respectful not to present myself before his Majesty, that my grief might not seem to reproach him with what he had done. In the first place, I had positively stated when I left him, that I never would again make my appearance at Court; and he had strongly exhorted me not to form such a resolu-

tion. After having long reflected on the subject, I determined to return to the Tuileries on Christmas eve. Upon my arrival there, I found that the King had gone to mass. The Queen soon afterwards returned, and she inquired anxiously concerning my health. I could not speak; and, in passing the spot where the King had last conversed with me, the recollection of all I had gone through in that place, caused such a violent affection of the heart, that I could with difficulty support myself.

When we joined the King in the gallery, at the second turn of the promenade I took with him, I began to weep in such a manner that I was compelled to retire to a window, so as not to afford amusement to those present. When the King had finished his walk, he returned alone to me, and said, "I can hardly express the sorrow I feel to see you thus. It grieves me extremely. I know that it is I who have caused these tears to flow; I do not condemn, for I think that you have just reason to shed them. What shall I say to console you?" And I saw with pleasure that he wept nearly as much as I did. I had before requested him to inform me in what manner I was to conduct myself towards M. de Lauzun; for that it would be a great grief to me should he forbid me to see him. He had replied, that he

did not forbid me; that M. de Lauzun ought never to forget the honour I intended to have done him; that he should blame him did he not testify this gratitude, and feel for me all his life a faithful attachment. "You cannot do better," he added, "than take his advice in every affair; for you cannot ask it of a more honest, upright man. This will explain to you my wishes in regard to your conduct towards him."

On returning from the gallery: the King observed, as he seated himself at table, "Your health will not permit you to come with us to-morrow to Versailles?" I replied, that my health indeed did not permit it. I was melted to tears as I paced his apartment, and found that there was no one there. As I passed the *Salle des Gardes*, many of the officers shed tears when they saw me; and when I arrived at the Luxembourg, I was constrained to unlace and to throw myself on the bed, being no longer able to sustain myself.

In the evening M. de Lauzun came to see me; he was *tres-ajusté*, and entered my room with a joyous air. As there was no one present but La Maréchale de Créqui and my young ladies, I began to weep when I saw him, and my passionate grief so overcame me that they feared I should have been suffocated. He did everything he could to maintain his gay air and manner; but

the power failed him, and he could not restrain his tears. We retired to a window to converse; and I then confessed how delighted I was to see him; but as the reflection of all the cruelty that had been inflicted on us passed through my mind, I felt as if I should lose my reason. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "would that, as life is so full of changes, the King would change, and have compassion, and permit us to marry." "What!" he replied, "can you still think and talk of that? He has made up his mind; he will never change his opinion;" and he then left me.

On New Year's Day, I repaired to the Tuileries, to accompany the King and Queen to the Jesuits', in the Rue St. Antoine. I arrived the moment they were about to seat themselves at table. The King asked me if I had dined? I replied that I had. And, as the violins began to play, I retired into the Queen's chamber, that I might listen to them. I was no sooner there, than I perceived M. de Lauzun and M. de Guitri. I pushed the door to, and began to weep; concealing myself from view, that they might not see me. The former followed me, however, and my tears redoubled. Upon that he said, "If you continue in this state of mind, I will never put myself in the way of being where you are; I will remain shut up in my chamber." But as he uttered

this, tears filled his eyes, and it was his turn now to shun my presence.

When the King returned from dinner, I did all in my power to preserve my composure; but tears, alas, had become as my sorrowful repast, and rushed from my eyes involuntarily. Every time I saw M. de Lauzun, it was the same: I could not refrain from weeping bitterly.

How strange it appeared to me now that there should be ballets all the winter! stranger, that I never missed one, in the performance of my duty to the Queen!—a duty which was thus discharged with more *éclat*, inasmuch as she did not insist upon my attendance. I was accustomed to place myself by the side of her chair, with my hair dressed low, that it might the better conceal my tears; and with no other occupation than that of waiting for M. de Lauzun, who rarely came until the evening was nearly concluded. He usually placed himself opposite to where I was seated. This was what constituted my pleasure. I found none where he was not present. I was delighted when I had the opportunity of speaking to him; and, as he affected to laugh at me on account of my tears, and threatened not to come near me more, the fear of giving him displeasure had such terrors for me, that I ventured not even to shed a tear when he was by.

The King now purposed to pass two or three

days at Vincennes; where there were to be balls and plays at night, and in the morning the excitement of the chase. The first day every one wore full dress; the next *les habits de chasse;* and the third, appeared *en masque.* This variety of attire afforded much occupation for the ladies and gentlemen. I humbly begged the King to dispense with my attendance, for that I was not in a state to enjoy these amusements. But he replied, that he could by no means consent to such an arrangement; forbidding me even to visit Eu, whither I had hoped to have escaped from these noisy pleasures. M. de Lauzun came to beg I would consent to do as the King wished me; and requested that I would appear more richly adorned than the other ladies, for that it was remarked that I neglected my toilette. It was indispensable that I should appear as I had been in the habit of doing before our affair. I replied that formerly I had some desire to please *un petit homme*, who did not wish that I should think of him more. Upon which he replied, "*A-propos*, they have told me that you have been making some pretty revelations to the King regarding this man. If you will tell me what you stated, I shall consider it a great kindness; for although I cannot persuade myself that all you related is true, I shall be very happy to hear you give me some account of it."

Thus would he laugh and jest with me in the most agreeable manner, making me forget my grief, only to renew it the more when debarred his society. As I always directed my conduct by his wishes, I endeavoured to adapt my taste to that of other ladies in the prevailing mode. The only real pleasure I derived from it was to see him attending places of fashionable resort, himself so negligently attired that I could not refrain from laughing at him—taking my revenge by observing, that I was sorry to see the slovenly manner in which he appeared; for that those who saw him so dressed must condemn my taste. From respect to me, therefore, I begged him to make himself a little neater, if not more like other people. He began to laugh, and replied, that nothing suited him better than merely to think of dress as keeping out the cold. I danced a courante with the Duc de Villeroi, at the same time feeling so great a desire to weep, that I stopped short in the middle of the room. The King rose to come to my assistance, and put his hat before me, so that the company might not see my tears—saying aloud, "*Ma cousine* has the vapours." M. de Lauzun wished it to appear that he took no notice of what was passing; nevertheless, his embarrassment was so evident, that every one remarked it. On the day of the masque, wishing to look like other

people, he appeared for one moment dressed as a pilgrim: leaving the room without making himself known, and changing this dress, he returned, and, standing behind Madame de Coussol, who was near me, I had a great deal of conversation with him.

A fearful accident happened at the house of the Prince. Madame his wife had been much neglected since the death of the Cardinal de Richelieu. This had become more marked after the marriage of M. le Duc; when she was not even allowed to see any one. One day a young man, who had been her footman, and to whom she had been in the habit of making presents, entered her room and demanded money. This was accompanied by a manner which showed him prepared to take it, or to make her give it him. A gentleman, who was a sort of page to M. le Duc, resented this usage, either taking him for a robber, or annoyed to see him fail in respect towards the Princess. The reason was never rightly understood; but they rushed, sword in hand, against each other; and the Princess going to separate them, received a deep wound.

The noise all this occasioned attracted the inmates of the house; but the footman and the gentleman both escaped. The Abbé Lainé, hearing that one of them was concealed in the Luxembourg, came to ask my permission to take

him. But he was not there; and they captured him afterwards in the city. A process was commenced; and when the Princess had recovered of her wound, the Prince ordered her to be conducted to Châteauroux, one of her houses, where she was long a prisoner. She had merely the privilege of walking in the court, guarded by the people placed by the Prince near her person. M. le Duc was accused of advising his father to adopt this harsh mode of treatment towards his mother. At all events, he is very happy, they say, at finding a pretext to put her in a place where the expense is so much less than it would be, were she to live in the world.

On the first day of Easter, the Court took its departure for Versailles. There had been a ball at the Tuileries, at which neither Madame de Montespan nor the Duchesse de la Vallière* had appeared. On the day of the journey, the reason

* The King's affection for Mademoiselle de la Vallière still continued, yet subject to frequent infidelities. Still the mildness of her temper, the goodness of her character, captivated his esteem, and he still loved her with a sincere passion. At length, she perceived, with grief at heart, that Madame de Montespan was gaining the ascendancy. Yet she suffered under this discovery with her usual mildness, and supported the mortification of witnessing the triumphs of her rival, without uttering one complaint. She felt herself happy in knowing she was respected, and in the privilege of still being near one whose love for her was gone.

was discovered. The latter, discontented with the other, had thrown herself into the convent of Sainte Marie de Chaillot, to which place the King sent M. de Lauzun and Colbert, and the latter brought her back with him. The King and Madame de Montespan never ceased weeping in the coach; and I did the same, but for a very different reason.

When Madame de la Vallière arrived, these tears ceased. Every one approved of what she had done; and some even declared that it was a proof of great weakness to return; for that she ought to have remained, or, at least, to have arranged matters properly before she returned. Many said, that though the King appeared so much affected, he would have been rejoiced if she had remained, and never troubled him more. Others spoke differently of this retreat, and of the motives of those whom they accused of advising her to it. The whole was to me a matter of perfect indifference; I had not the slightest curiosity to learn the particulars; I knew too well that in such cases everybody reasons, and forms conclusions, according to his own mode of thinking; and that most of them are very wide of the mark after all is said and done.

Soon after Easter, M. de Lauzun sent to inform me that the King had done him the honour of presenting him with the government

of Berri. In the evening, I saw him at the Queen's, and, approaching him to pay my compliments, I said, softly, "I shall never be satisfied with anything the King does for you, unless it is to give me to you. With the exception of this, I shall feel myself quite indifferent to all your advancement." He replied that my wish was too obliging, that he could not reply to it but by a prostration at my feet, and yet that we were not in a place where he could venture to do so. He, nevertheless, begged me to appreciate the kindness of the King in having given him this government. I was taken ill at Paris shortly after this announcement. He sent to inquire after me every day. I was touched by it, but not pleased with the regularity of it. I should have been delighted had he only come himself.

The court set out on a journey to Flanders. Although I was far from recovered, I did not hesitate to follow, and I again became ill at Chantilly. My feet, my hands, and my cheeks became inflamed; but my medical men declared it was nothing more than excessive sorrow and deep-seated grief. M. de Lauzun became extremely uneasy on my account; and although he would not betray it, from apprehension of afflicting me, I could not fail to perceive it. We remained at Chantilly (where a tragical accident now occurred) for some time. The Maitre d'Hôtel, who had

the reputation of being a sensible man, killed himself because the Prince was angry at the non-arrival of a course in exact time for the King's supper.

The Duchess of York being dead, and a report having spread that I was about to marry the Duke, M. de Lauzun repaired one evening to see me. I took him into my cabinet; and he said, "I come to tell you, that if you desire to marry the Duke of York, I will entreat the King to send me to England to-morrow, to negotiate the marriage. I desire nothing so much as your aggrandizement; and shall never be satisfied if anything is neglected towards its accomplishment. I am not a man capable of half measures: I burn to render you entire service; and I should be an ungrateful, dishonest person did I neglect such an occasion as now presents itself." He then supplicated me to tell him sincerely what I thought, and to feel persuaded, that he would execute my orders with the utmost fidelity. I replied, "Then what I think of is, nothing but you; and I am only occupied in finding an opportunity to speak to the King, and of telling him, that after all that has passed, he need have no fear that the public, or certain individuals, could believe that he had sacrificed me in permitting me to marry you. I am persuaded that he will feel what I have to say to him. This,

sir," I repeated, "is what I am thinking of." He threw himself at my feet, where he remained a long time without uttering a word. I was tempted to raise him, but having subdued the wish, I retired to a corner of my cabinet, he still remaining, in the middle of the room, on his knees. "Here," he said, "is where I would pass my life, to inquire only what you would have me do? But I am not fortunate enough for this; I ought not to think of anything which it behoves the King to decide. I have, therefore, nothing to desire—but death, death!" I began to weep bitterly, and he arose and went away.

While at Châtillon, word was sent the King, that the Duc d'Anjou was very ill. I feared that his malady was of a dangerous character. At the beginning of the winter, he had evinced symptoms of measles, which the medical men had treated in an improper manner. His nurse informed me, that it was hazardous to come near him. I wished to state this to the Queen; suspecting that if the measles had struck in, there was little hope for the child. I saw that the Queen had reason to fear and to weep.

On returning from the promenade with her, she passed by the apartment of Madame de Montespan, when the King informed us, from the window, that we must set out the next day, to be near his son; his illness gave him much

uneasiness. We slept at Quenoi, where we were again informed of M. d'Anjou's extreme danger. The King appeared much grieved; and, as we expected to hear of his death every moment, he would not remain at St. Germain when we arrived, and Versailles was not furnished; so he resolved to sleep at Maisons, where he sent M. de Lauzun to see if there was room to accommodate the whole Court. He returned to say, that there was room for everybody.

The next morning I heard that M. de Condom was arrived, whom I doubted not had brought news of his death. This was soon confirmed by a court fool, whom the Queen had named Tricomoni, and who came into my room, and said, "*Vous autres grand Seigneurs* die as well as meaner sort of people. They have arrived to tell you that your nephew is dead." I dressed myself in haste to go to the Queen, whom I found very much afflicted. I begged M. de Lauzun to let me know when I could see the King. He took care to come and inform me; and I hastened to offer my condolence. We shed tears together, for he was extremely grieved, and with reason; for this child was very pretty.

The time being arrived for my taking the waters at Forges, I went there. When M. de Lauzun came to take leave of me, I wept as usual; and as they talked of going to Fontaine-

bleau, where the air is very raw, I entreated him to take care of himself, and not go out in the fog, which was hazardous. He began to laugh, and humbly thanked me for the good lessons I was giving him in respect to his health. For me, I did nothing but cry.

After having finished my baths, I returned to Paris; where M. de Lauzun sent me word that I ought to dine at Versailles—to pay my court there until the evening, and then return to Paris to sleep; for that I should oblige the King by so doing; for his Majesty was about to return to St. Germain, whither I could repair likewise. Although this gave me considerable trouble, I did not fail to conform to his wishes, and made several journeys; going in the morning and returning at night. The last day of September the Court left for St. Germain; and I went to dine with the King, so that I might go in the coach with him, for I always reckoned the privilege of passing two hours with him as a real pleasure.

The Marquis de Bethune was sent from the Prince Palatine to negotiate the marriage of his daughter with Monsieur; and, as La Palatine had already arranged the affair with the agent of the Elector, the contract was settled with few people present—never was there a ceremony passed

over so lightly. The Princess Palatine went to fetch the new Madame, the Elector having accompanied her as far as Strasbourg. She was conveyed to Metz with a very indifferent equipage; where she found that which Monsieur had sent to escort her. She brought with her Le Père Jourdain, a Jesuit, to instruct her in our religion. One of the first clauses in the marriage was, that she should become a catholic. On the day she arrived at Metz, therefore, she abjured her heresy. On leaving, after her first confession, she was married by proxy. It seemed to many that she had effected much in one day. The Maréchal du Plessis married her, and immediately sent off a courier to Monsieur, with the intelligence; upon receiving it, Monsieur set out for Chalons to await her arrival, and escort her from that place.

The Court meanwhile repaired to Versailles, to pass a few days, and it was on our return to St. Germain that the Count d'Ayen informed me that they had asked him at Paris if M. de Lauzun were not arrested? I sent immediately to his apartments to inform him of what I had learnt; and they brought me back word that he had not yet returned from Paris. As I frequently went to his rooms, sometimes even when he was there, although I never saw him, all

tended to propagate the report already spread, that we were married. It was only my intimate friends who ventured to speak to me on the subject, but I would not condescend to reply to any questions of the kind, and left them to surmise what they pleased. Enough, that I was persuaded the King would never believe that either M. de Lauzun or myself had disobeyed the orders he had given us.

At that time, however, I felt a natural inquietude, without knowing the reason; and this induced me to go two or three times in the week from St. Germain to Paris. I arrived there one evening very late, and found that the King did not leave the palace the next day; and this was an occasion I never failed to take advantage of, for the pleasure it afforded me of being the best part of the day with him. In the morning, I saw M. de Lauzun, who appeared to me chagrined; and, as I was equally uneasy on my side without knowing why, I told him, on leaving dinner with the Queen, that I should return to Paris. He replied, that I must be extremely whimsical, as I was there only the night before. I replied, with deep emotion, that I knew neither where I was, nor what I did; for that I was so bewildered with grief, that I could not remain quiet anywhere. I quitted him, and continued to shed tears during the whole of my

journey. I arrived in Paris on the Monday evening, overpowered by feelings of wretchedness, which I could not repress.

On the ensuing Tuesday, I was informed that M. de Lauzun had arrived in Paris, and that he would return to St. Germain on Wednesday evening. I replied to those who brought me intelligence, that *I* should not leave until the Friday. As I was at table on Wednesday evening, some one came in and spoke softly to Madame de Nogent, who was supping with me. She left the table, and, as the other ladies did the same, I amused myself with talking to my attendants. Madame de Fiesque then entered, and said, "M. de Lauzun!" and conceiving that he had arrived, and entered my boudoir, I hurried as fast as I could, saying aloud, "This is so like him!" But the Comtesse de Fiesque interrupted me: "No, I told you that he was arrested!" "What!" I exclaimed, "Monsieur de Lauzun arrested!" And so great was my emotion, that I remained for half-an-hour without uttering a single word, and hardly perceiving that Madame de Nogent had fainted. I inquired who had brought tidings of it; and was told, that an hour after M. de Lauzun's arrival at St. Germain, M. de Rochefort had invited him to his chamber, and had then led him into that of the Captain of

the King's Guard. I cannot express the state I was in, for this information left me little doubt but that the account was correct. The excessive suffering which I underwent was known to God alone—to Him alone who vouchsafed also the power to support it.

I have stated that I returned to St. Germain the next day; and it will naturally be asked, how, in such a state of mind, I found strength. I was impelled, for M. de Lauzun's sake, to attempt it. I set off, and reached it the same evening; only seeing the King when he came to supper. I looked at him with tears in my eyes, while he appeared sad and embarrassed in my presence. I thought it most prudent, therefore, to say nothing to him; and I learnt the next day that this forbearance had pleased him. When he rejoined the ladies of the Court, he told them that I had behaved very prudently, and very obligingly towards him.

It was on the twenty-fifth of November, 1671, the day of the fête of St. Catherine, that M. de Lauzun was arrested—a day as remarkable and as grievous to me as the first of December in the year before. May it please God to grant me a third of a different kind, that I may forget the woes and sufferings inflicted on me by the two preceding. I ought to thank him that I ever

survived them—only by means of his grace was I supported. The next day, the King repaired to Versailles, and, the day after, to Villers-Cotterets, to see Monsieur and Madame, who had arrived there. He returned charmed with her good qualities, and told us that she possessed *esprit*, and that her figure was better than that of the late Madame. She only retained with her one of her old *gouvernantes*, two young ladies, and a German page. The *gouvernante* returned in a few days, and one of the ladies, who was very pretty, about a year afterwards. Some declared that she had left the Court to be married in her own country; others affirmed that Monsieur was in love with her, and Madame had become jealous of her. The day of Madame's arrival, there was a *ballet*, of several acts. I was advised to attend, but my mind was pre-occupied — my thoughts were with M. de Lauzun. It was then the recollection of having seen him at such parties, penetrated me with grief. I reverted to all he must suffer in having displeased the King, for whom I knew he had so tender a friendship. The snow and the coldness of the weather gave me much uneasiness, joined to great incertitude as to the place to which they had conveyed him. The victim of a thousand cares and griefs, the pleasures of others around served only

to give them an additional pang. Surely, I thought, the King ought to consider the sacrifice I am making, in assisting at amusements which would have driven me to despair, had I not hoped that my presence might inspire him with compassion for M. de Lauzun! These were the only motives that made me so regularly attend to my duties. Although I had loved the King most devotedly, I only retired to my own residence to weep over my sufferings and those of M. de Lauzun. I felt no consolation except in talking to those who felt a friendship and attachment for him, and who, like myself, could scarcely support their grief.

After the fête was terminated, I went to Paris; where I learnt that D'Artagnan, with a company of musqueteers, had taken M. de Lauzun to Pignerol. In the carriage with him was one of D'Artagnan's nephews, who was an officer in the regiment of guards, and Maupertuis, who never left him. All this was confirmed by his nephew, upon his return. When I first saw him, I was pleased to perceive that he never took his eyes off me; and, from this, concluded that M. de Lauzun had been speaking of me, and that he must understand all the anxiety I expressed to hear what he had to say. I was so full of these thoughts, that when the supper was ended, the

King had rejoined the ladies, and the Queen was amusing herself talking before her mirror, I again accosted him at the door. "How little," I observed, "have I attended to the music during supper; how much more happy should I have been to hear you talk about *him*, for I remarked all the while that you were looking towards me. He then told me that he had left M. de Lauzun at Pignerol, in good health. Had I been capable of feeling joy, such good tidings must have produced it; but I was very indisposed, and should have returned to St. Germain, had not my impatience to converse with D'Artagnan detained me.

We met another evening at Versailles; and as we were walking in the salon, after supper, I complained to him that I felt very unwell, that I supposed it was the extreme heat, requesting him to open the balcony, that I might take the air. He hastened to execute my orders, and followed me there. I then begged him to come to me the next day, at six in the evening, when I would see him alone. I inquired if M. de Lauzun had felt indisposed on his journey. He replied that he had not, and no one could assure me of that better than himself, as he had been continually with him, and had even slept in his chamber. I could not refrain from asking

whether he had spoken of me. He replied, "Yes, Mademoiselle, very often. And next to the grief he felt in having displeased the King, I am persuaded that your Royal Highness occasioned him the greatest anxiety." I made answer, "You have said enough; you shall tell me more to-morrow evening."

It appeared a long interval even till next day; and I was continually haunted with the fear, that, when the hour came, he might be prevented by some engagement he could not dispense with. He came, nevertheless, precisely at six o'clock; and when he had made his compliments, remarked that, before the misfortune of M. de Lauzun, he had scarcely known him at all. He had always looked upon him, from his retiring manner, as a proud man, who despised everybody: instead of being intimate, he had purposely kept himself apart from him. When it was purposed, therefore, that he should take this journey with him, he felt very sorry. He then related, that, for the first four or five hours, M. de Lauzun had merely looked at him without speaking. He had appeared overcome with grief; and, in passing before Petit-Bourg, he sighed deeply, observing mournfully, that this house brought vividly to mind the difference between his first position and his present one; for he knew that it belonged to

me. Tears had then filled his eyes; and he dwelt upon the obligations he owed me for the kindness I had ever shown him, even wishing to overwhelm him with wealth and with honours. His heart was penetrated with gratitude, yet he was miserable in having displeased the King. His sole consolation was, that he had done nothing against the fidelity which he owed him, and he still loved him with an inconceivable tenderness. If he had been so unhappy as to fail in any circumstance, he should be inconsolable, for he knew well that I should then be the first never to pardon him. Happily, neither by word nor deed, had he rendered himself unworthy the sentiments of esteem I had shown him. He was more unhappy than guilty, and his innocence only rendered him the more sensible of his position. He pronounced these last words in a manner so touching, that Maupertuis and himself both began to weep; from that moment they had become friends; and D'Artagnan now declared, he had never known before a man of so much mind, or whose heart and soul were so superior. He went on to inform me that M. de Lauzun had then relapsed into silence; but he could not describe to me his gentle and polite manner;—certainly no one could show greater patience, fortitude, and resignation. He had asked him whether the talking of

Maupertuis and his nephew fatigued him, adding, that if so, he would prevent them; but he had replied that, on the contrary, he was very glad to converse with them; and that in all these conversations he had found some opportunity of mentioning my name. He concluded, by saying, how happy he should be if he could banish his anxiety respecting the King and Mademoiselle. Nothing, he said, pained him, but the misfortune of having displeased his royal master, and being separated both from him and from me. I saw, by this account, that it was M. de Lauzun's desire that his friend should inform me how much he thought of me. This made me so happy, that I begged him to repeat the same, over and over again. Indeed, I saw plainly by the precision with which he repeated the conversation, that it must have been his intention I should know the extreme uneasiness he felt on my account.

A few days after the return of Artagnan, the King put into the hands of one of his friends some money which he had found in M. de Lauzun's casket, and other trifles of little value. His Majesty then set out for the campaign in Holland. He was extremely fortunate; for every day he carried one or two places, which, up to this time, held a high character for invincibility.

I had forgotten to mention that, before his departure, one evening at supper, speaking of a horse, he observed that it had belonged ——; and without concluding the sentence, looked towards me, coloured, and stopped short. Every one saw the reason he hesitated to mention M. de Lauzun's name—from fear of giving me pain.

The rapid successes attending the King's arms alarmed the people of Holland and the adjacent States, who applied for aid to the King of England. The Dukes of Monmouth and Buckingham were accordingly sent to make proposals of peace to the French King. These, although very advantageous, he conceived that it was his policy to reject. His Grace of Buckingham, who was a great friend of M. de Lauzun, touched by his misfortunes, accounts of which had reached England, represented to the King the high regard he entertained for him, and dwelt with much emphasis on the fidelity he had evinced for the royal service. The King replied, that he had particular reasons for placing him where he was. The Duke asked, rather warmly, was it possible that a man who had shown his Majesty such personal attachment should so be lost? The King replied, that he was not lost; but that it was not yet time to remit his punishment. His place at Court, and his company of guards,

were now given to M. de Luxembourg. I heard this while going to mass, for every one was talking of it, in an under-voice. I had next day notwithstanding, to dine with the King, although my eyes were full of tears. I rather wished that he should see me weeping, persuaded that he ought to know I could not be insensible to all that had happened—not that it was the loss of rank or place which distressed me, but I was struck with grief to see so much meanness—such bitterness in the mind of his Majesty.

The King commenced the campaign early. We accompanied him as far as Courtrai. The enemy were taken by surprise, and showed great anxiety respecting his next movements. No finer troops were to be seen, and they amounted to upwards of forty thousand men. Having beaten up the Spanish quarters, and scoured their territories, he hastened to invest Maestricht. The Queen and all the Court had repaired to Tournai. The place was carried in eleven days; for the King attacked in so vigorous a manner, that he succeeded in great part by the sudden alarm which he created; their courage failed, and they surrendered.

After the taking of Maestricht, the King desired the Queen to repair to Amiens, where she received these accounts. The day that she left

Tournai, while dining between that place and Douai, her Majesty was hardly seated at table, when she saw Madame de Montespan* pass in one of the King's calashes, with four of the *gardes-du-corps*, who had been sent from the army to follow her. We pursued our route to Amiens without resting on the road; and on our arrival, the Queen, who appeared extremely annoyed and low spirited, was taken so ill, that they sent to Paris for medical men to consult with those of the court.

After visiting several other places, we returned to Nanci, where we remained some days. It was reported we were to make a journey to Franche-

* The triumphs of Madame de Montespan were blazoned forth in these journeys made with the King. The movements of the army were concerted in the midst of pleasure—of one continued festival, attended with the most magnificent accommodations. The King usually made his expeditions on horseback; the Queen, Madame, her sister-in-law, and Madame de Montespan, followed in magnificent coaches. These were attended by many others; and when Madame de Montespan went alone, she had four of the King's gardes-du-corps to attend her carriage; the Dauphin followed with his suite, and Mademoiselle with hers. This was before the fatal affair of her marriage, when she partook in peace of all these pleasures, and saw with complacency her lover a favourite with the King, riding at the head of his company of guards. —*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Comté; two days afterwards it was to Flanders; never were roads, weather, or resting places, more trying to the temper. While at Laon, holding ourselves in readiness to continue our route, the King all at once changed his mind, and sent word that we were to return to Paris, which gave great joy to the whole court.

During this journey, Madame de Guise had remained in Paris, and had frequent opportunities of seeing the Ambassadress from England. Through her, she sought to arrange her marriage with the Duke of York; but all her endeavours were useless. Upon his return, one day, the King told us that the Duke of York had sent him word he did not object to marry any one in France, with the exception of Madame de Guise. After some negotiation with Mademoiselle de Wirtemberg, the King turned his thoughts to a marriage for him with the Princess de Modena; she came through Paris, and the King and Queen went to see her. Mademoiselle, my sister, and myself, also went to pay her a visit. She appeared to me very uncivil. I remarked this from her air; for, as regarded her attention to ourselves, our rank was so marked, that she could not well fail in anything. She then appeared neither handsome nor ugly: very thin and very yellow. I hear that she is now

extremely agreeable, has grown fat, and become very beautiful.

When Monsieur d'Artagnan returned from conducting M. de Lauzun to Pignerol, he told the King and M. de Louvois that he had begged him humbly to entreat his Majesty neither to let Madame de Nogent nor her husband meddle in his affairs, nor touch the little money he had left, the jewels, or plate, all which were very inconsiderable. It was said that they found, among other things, a quantity of ladies' portraits, set round with an inferior sort of diamonds. If I had had any curiosity, I might have seen these portraits; but I cared for them so little, that I have even forgotten the names of the originals.

When M. de Lauzun was first imprisoned, no one could divine the cause; and his friends, and those interested in his behalf, were so astounded by his misfortune, that they scarcely knew what steps to take. The King's favours had excited a great deal of jealousy, and many reasons were assigned for his disgrace. It was supposed also that Madame de Montespan had changed in her feelings of friendship towards him. Yet it could not be supposed that my affair, which was in no way disagreeable to the King, could have been so in any way to her. I always was of opinion it was our ill fortune; for

I never could believe that it was from any misconduct on his part. A little while after the breaking off of our marriage, the King wished to make him Duke, and Maréschal of France; but he declined the honour, saying that nothing would console him for what he had given up—nothing repair his loss; he thanked the King, but repeated, that he wished for nothing. This was approved of by few, and blamed by many; for there were several who envied him. In truth, nothing could have been more blameless than this conduct; nevertheless, it served as a pretext for their traducing him, by insinuating that he carried himself with too much pride. And certainly it seemed to me, from the noble conduct he had pursued throughout the whole of our affair, that he had reason to be so. It was said that he used often to quarrel with Madame de Montespan: if so it never came to my knowledge; and I think I should have been aware of it.

I often saw Baraille, a faithful friend of M. de Lauzun's, and we worked together to obtain his liberty. No one was informed of the measures I took to effect this object, nor is this the place to explain them. Never was a friend more faithful than Baraille, nor one who knew better how to manage a person so difficult to govern as myself. But who can tolerate the meanness, and low vin-

dictive feelings of people, whose example corrupts a court! Even on the day the King broke off our marriage, when M. de Lauzun played all the evening with the greatest tranquillity, "He thinks not of you," it was whispered on all sides loud enough for me to hear, while he was not present to defend himself. I cannot understand how my heart was able to support itself against such heartless cruelty. Baraille alone came to my relief. The state that I was in was anything but happy; yet I continued to pay my court with the greatest ease, and when I found occasion to speak of M. de Lauzun before the King, or to hold any conversation that might bring him to his memory, I was delighted. I also continued to take journeys with the Court; and during these I saw Madame de Montespan* very often. But she paid me very little attention; never going anywhere but with the King:

* Madame de Montespan held her position with a splendour and a sway which contrasted strangely with the modesty of La Vallière. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and to this she added a *naïveté*, a refinement and wit, distinguished as the style of the Mortemars, of whose house she was. She wrote with ease and grace, which makes it appear a fabricated story that she was obliged to employ Madame Scarron to write her letters to the King; and that, owing to this circumstance, she became her rival.—*Ed.*

she was even less frequently with the Queen. When she came, or I went to see her, she did not fail to behave herself towards me as usual; that is, taking much interest in everything that concerned me. Her accouchement took place with Mademoiselle de Nantes, at Tournay, at the time the Queen remained there, during the siege of Maestricht. She lodged in the citadel; and I was told the very day of her confinement, by one of the officers who was in garrison. Monsieur du Maine was born some years before; one child was born, also, who died, and whom nobody ever saw. There had been placed near them Madame Scarron, a woman of much sense and amiability; she lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, near the Carmelites, where these children were.

CHAPTER VI.

FINAL RETIREMENT OF MADAME DE LA VALLIÈRE — MARRIAGE OF THE DAUPHIN—PALACE PLOTS—MADEMOISELLE PURCHASES HER LOVER'S LIBERTY—M. DE LAUZUN PROVES LESS GRATEFUL THAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED; AND OCCASIONS GREAT ANXIETY, IN VARIOUS QUARTERS, BY THE ECCENTRICITY OF HIS PROCEEDINGS.

As Madame de la Vallière had never been on such friendly terms with me as Madame de Montespan, I forget more readily that which concerns her.* Since her return to Court from the con-

* In 1675, with all hope of a return to her worldly love flown, she became a Carmelite, giving herself up to God, wearing horsehair, walking barefoot, and fasting rigidly; and amid the choir at night a new and sweet voice was heard, and she who had been accustomed to splendour, luxury, and pleasure, was now known only as Louise, sister of the order of Mercy. Her world was dead, and she became dead to the world herself. When it was made known to her that her son, the Duke de Vernandois, was

vent of Chaillot, where she had only remained for twelve hours, she had led a much more retired life than formerly; and in the modest style of her dress, gave one the idea of a person whose desire was to retire altogether. I ought to have stated that she had borne to the King two boys. One died from the effects of terror at a clap of thunder, which proved that he would never have been a great captain. He was very pretty, with a lovely figure, though a little lame. She danced well, rode with infinite grace, her habit being very becoming to her, the *just-au-corps* hiding her throat, which was thin. She had a very expressive countenance, but connoisseurs pronounced that she had little sense, maintaining that the letter she had written the King, when she went to St. Marie, was in the style of M. de Lauzun, who had dictated it for her. Her hope was that this retreat would revive the King's love. Some declared that she desired to reside in a house, where she could have lived regularly and brought up her children. But they considered her too young, and the King did not approve it. She was possessed of wealth, with many jewels, and much furniture—a temptation for many to have taken

dead, she said, "I ought to lament his birth still more than his death." Her daughter, married to the Prince de Conti, was, of all the King's children, the one that most resembled him.—*Ed.*

advantage of it. After the King had ceased to love her, there was a rumour that Monsieur de Longueville was enamoured of her, but it soon ceased; and they did say even that she had a great desire to marry M. de Lauzun. But I believe it was her enemies who raised these reports, for he had a heart too well regulated to marry the mistress of another—even of the King; and, after what had happened, could they say worse of him than they did? Madame de la Vallière had the idea of retiring to Chaillot, and her incertitude did not please the King, who wished that her retreat should be creditable to his children. At last, she placed herself in the Carmelites—retiring there one day when the King set out on a journey. She first heard mass with the King, got into his coach, and went to the Carmelites, and took the habit while the Court was away. I had wished her good-bye at Madame de Montespan's, where she had supped, the night before. At the end of the year she made her profession, at which the Queen was present, and I had the honour of accompanying her. From that time, she was no longer talked of. She became an excellent nun, and passed presently as having an abundance of sense. Grace often does more than nature; and the effects of the one are of more advantage to us than the other.

M. de Lauzun thought to have escaped by making a hole in his chimney: he had got outside the citadel, and had only one more door to pass. A sentinel at the magazine challenged, stopped, and took him back to his room, where he was now more strictly guarded. Monsieur Fouquet was at Pignerol, so that they often saw each other, and ate together. At one time, he even saw Madame Fouquet, who had permission to go and see her husband, with Mademoiselle, her daughter. Baraille had also permission to go and remain for eight days; but St. Mars was always present with them. Yet M. de Lauzun found means to secrete a letter in the cloth before the chimney, to which Baraille replied. After this he was very cheerful. St. Mars said, "This is as it ought to be." He found means to converse with Baraille, and to make him understand all he wished, without St. Mars perceiving it. The latter said to Baraille, "You see that his prison has turned his head—he talks in a manner that we cannot understand." You may suppose that he spoke a great deal of me, and that Baraille forgot nothing by which he might engage me more deeply in his interests. M. de Lauzun complained of his arm, saying that he had lost the use of it, and requested to have a surgeon. This was represented to the King and to M. de Louvois, by Baraille, who

permitted him to have one. The physician said, that it could only be cured by taking the waters of Bourbon.

The affairs of Monsieur de Lauzun made me forget others of the same period of time. The King married Mademoiselle, the daughter of Monsieur, to the King of Spain (Charles II.) I need not repeat the detail of all the ceremony, as it is given elsewhere. I will only observe, that Monsieur would much rather she had married Monsieur le Dauphin. I said to Monsieur, "Do not bring your daughter so often here; it will give her a disgust for all other matches, and if she does not marry the Dauphin, it will embitter the rest of her life."

A Grandee of Spain, called the Duke de Pastranne, who talked much at random, it is supposed, contributed to her unhappiness and her tragical end. I heard from some ladies who had stood near him at a ball, that they never heard him praise the Queen, who was very beautiful, and who danced *à merveille*, but that he said in Spanish, and which was repeated afterwards, that there was not a woman in France worth anything, be she whom she might; but that he had found some extremely willing. It was the Comte de Mauselle, however, who was the cause of her death; though I know nothing certain, further than that she died, and that I was very sorry

for it. She wrote to me very often, and expressed towards me much affection.*

The winter after this, they talked much of Monseigneur's marrying. One day, as the King was conversing at the Queen's before dinner, as he was in the habit of doing, he held a portrait in his hand, which he affixed to the tapestry, and observed, "Here is the Princess of Bavaria." He had shown it to Monseigneur at Madame de Montespan's, who was very pleased with it. The King said, "Although not handsome, she is not

* The unhappy fate, as it was believed, of Henrietta of England, was afterwards thought to be that of her daughter. She died suddenly in 1689, at the same age as her mother. It was well understood that the Austrian ministers of Charles II., King of Spain, were disposed to be rid of her, fearing that her love for her country might prevent the King, her husband, from declaring for the allies against it. It was even said that there was sent to her from Versailles what was thought a counter poison, but that this did not arrive until after her death. Another report of the day was, that the King of France had said at supper, "The Queen of Spain is dead; poisoned by eating an eel-pie." It was not very likely that a monarch, always so reserved in his conversation, however well informed, should have made use of so imprudent an expression. He had once said to this young princess, "I make you Queen of Spain: what could I do more, even for my daughter?" "Ah, sire!" she replied, "but how much more you might do for your *niece*." Her love for the Dauphin was very evident.—*Ed.*

displeasing; and is a person of much worth." Every one approved of this choice.

While at Versailles, during Easter, Madame de Montespan, to the surprise of all, took her departure. The King appeared extremely afflicted at this retreat. He declined taking the sacrament, and we saw little of him that day. When we came to the Queen's, he had his eyes red, as though he had been weeping—there were various opinions as to this retreat. I went to Paris and saw her in the house where her children were. Madame de Maintenon, who had bought an estate which gave her this name, was with her. I asked her if she did not intend to return? She burst out laughing, but said nothing. She came back soon afterwards.

We went to meet Madame la Dauphine* as far as Chalons; the King proceeding to Vitry-le-François, where she slept. The Queen was very sorry that the King should see her before she did. Livry returned to Chalons, to inform the Queen of the hour at which she was to set out the next morning. She asked him what she was like? He replied, that the first *coup-de-œil* was not favourable. The Queen did not go far from

* Princess of Bavaria, wife to the Dauphin, who, on her first appearance, added a new lustre and vivacity to the court, although Madame de Montespan still continued to attract the principal attention.—*Ed.*

Chalons. On our meeting the King, he descended from the coach, and presented Madame la Dauphine to the Queen. She was dressed in a white brocade, with white ribbons in her hair, which was a dark black. The cold had given her a colour. She had a very fine figure; but Livry was right in observing that the first glance was not striking. She began to converse fluently, and seemed not at all embarrassed. On arriving at Chalons, they led Madame la Dauphine into her chamber. She wished to confess before her marriage (the first ceremony had been performed at Munich) and some embarrassment was occasioned by there being no one who understood German. A canon was found at last, who said he had never confessed any one before, except a soldier, who had been wounded at a siege. I think he must have been as much embarrassed as Madame la Dauphine. The King, the Queen, and all the Princesses attended *la coucher* after supper, when the Queen presented the *chemise*. The next day we went to her room, and led her to the cathedral. After dinner, the presents were brought in, which we had arranged at Madame de Montespan's. There were precious stones, and all sorts of pretty *bijoux*, and quantities of everything that can be imagined; for Madame de Montespan understood these things better than anybody. When she displayed them, she

observed, "Madame la Dauphine, you shall present them—it will be a pleasure. As soon as she had looked at them, she said, "Shut them up!" and offered them to no one —not even to the Queen, who would have been very glad to have had them, and who had remarked, when she was shown the present, "Mine were not half so handsome, although I was a more distinguished person. They did not think so much of me as they have done of her." The Queen always had an idea that she was slighted, and this made her jealous of everybody. Above all, when she dined, she did not wish any one to eat; and was continually remarking, "They will eat all and leave me nothing." The King used to laugh at her.

When Baraille returned from Pignerol, he saw Madame de Montespan, who had expressed a wish to serve M. de Lauzun, should she find the opportunity. She had never appeared to me to bear him any ill will; but, as she was a woman of infinite wit, she always spoke and acted on the impulse of the moment. Baraille came to St. Germain, and conversed a long time with us, yet he never visited her except in the evening, which gave the affair an appearance of mystery.

Monseigneur was taken ill during the time that Madame la Dauphine was studying a ballet. The Queen spent all the day in his chamber,

admitting no one else; for in the state he was, every one would have been in the way. Madame de Montespan was made Surintendante of the household of the Queen, in the place of the Comtesse de Soissons,* who left France, owing to having mixed herself up with some political affair. There was a little *histoire de galanterie* talked of about this period. One night the King did not return to bed until four o'clock. The Queen had sent to know the reason, and whether he

* Several persons having made a revenue by the curiosity of the ignorant in regard to astrology, foretelling the future, raising the devil, &c., the State took it up, and a *Burning Court* was instituted, where charges for sorcery and compacts with the devil were gravely, formally, and judicially litigated. La Reynie, one of the presidents of this court, summoned the Duchesse de Bouillon, and asked her if she had ever seen the devil? She replied, "I see him now. He is very ugly—very *mechant*—and sits under the disguise of a councillor of state." Le Sage, La Voisin, La Vigoureux, and other accomplices were thrown into prison, being accused of having vended a certain poison, which they denominated *the powder of succession;* and they informed against all those who had been to consult them. The Comtesse de Soissons was one of the number. The King had the condescension to say to her, that if she knew herself guilty, he would advise her to retire. She replied that she was perfectly innocent, but should not choose to be examined before a court of justice. She then went to Brussels, where she died in exile. If she was wrongfully accused, Prince Eugene, her son, fully avenged her by his victories.

was at Madame de Montespan's; but the reply was, that he was not there. Everybody inquired into the matter, and soon found out all about it. The lady's name was repeated, and it was rumoured that the King, in some fit of spleen against the Queen, told her also; and that every time the lady wished his Majesty to come and see her (for having a husband, she was obliged to take these precautions) she wore pendants of emeralds in her ears on dining or supping at the royal table.

I went every day to Madame de Montespan, who appeared to regret the fate of M. de Lauzun. I believe her object then was, to bring me to the point to which I have since come. She would often observe, "Think of everything you can to please the King, that he may grant you that which you have so much at heart." By throwing out hints of that nature, she led me to see plainly that she thought of my wealth. I recollect even that Pertuis, who was a great friend of M. de Lauzun, said to me one day, "If you could only lead them to hope that you would give your wealth to M. du Maine!" I hinted this to Baraille, who saw plainly their design, though he said little on so delicate a subject. He knew well that it was the only chance of bringing about his friend's liberty. He could not foresee what was to happen,

or he would neither have advised nor allowed me to do it; for, after having had so good an opinion of M. de Lauzun, he never could have supposed that he knew him so little. My only consolation is, that the King, who is more clear-sighted than I, knew him no better. Since Madame de Montespan had had her children near her, I often saw them, both at her and their own residence. They brought them to me; and, as they were very pretty, I amused myself a great deal with them; for I was always fond of children, and Monsieur du Maine had a beautiful countenance and much good sense. From having had convulsions while cutting his teeth, he had become lame, one leg being weaker than the other; and they had taken every measure to remedy the defect. Before he was acknowledged as the King's son, Madame de Maintenon had taken him into Holland to see a man whom they said knew how to make the crooked straight. But as God alone can perform this miracle, he came back even more lame than he went, after enduring much suffering. After this, he went twice to Barège, from whence he wrote often, even to me; for they were desirous he should make the most of the natural affection he had for me. In the end, I resolved to make him my heir, provided the King would recall M. de Lauzun, and give his consent that I should marry him.

I disclosed this intention to Baraille, begging him to go to Madame de Montespan, and to propose it from me. He did so; and it was received as may be imagined. The next day, I went to see her, when she thanked me, and said, that as my interests were dearer to her than her own, she would not speak of it to the King till we had adopted those measures which might lead to the accomplishment of my wishes. She praised me for the constancy with which I had persevered in making M. de Lauzun's fortune—remarking that great princes and princesses sometimes forgot those whom they once valued; a trait which she did not at all admire. She added, that, doubtless, my desire was to please the King; and by giving such great wealth to M. du Maine, whom the King loved so tenderly, I should engage his Majesty to do everything I wished.

The next day, she informed me that the King, in the letters he had written to the ambassadors in every foreign country, had unfortunately pledged himself never to consent to my marriage—a refinement of malice, the work also of the enemies of M. de Lauzun. Still, she observed, the aspect of affairs might change. I expressed my gratification at everything she said, supposing that she was perfectly sincere.

Baraille now came oftener to St. Germain

than usual. Having spoken to him several times upon the business, I thought it enough merely to let my wishes be known in an affair of such moment. It was for them to acknowledge their obligations to me by the performance of that which I so much desired. Madame de Montespan again remarked, "Your wish is, that M. de Lauzun should be set free, and you make your proposition to me; but it is useless to address it to me, unless you allow me to speak of it to the King. We must inform him of it, or he will never guess it. I entreated that she would take it all upon herself. And she replied, "I must explain to the King the views you entertain for Monsieur du Maine, and your desire to give his Majesty pleasure. By this you will be united more closely to him, without saying a word of M. de Lauzun. He may, perhaps, be as desirous as yourself of setting him free; but you know how many people hate and fear him. They are always on the alert to speak ill of him the moment they perceive that the King displays the slightest feeling of compassion for him. But as soon as he can say, 'My cousin has proposed those measures—I can refuse her nothing'—you will be able to arrange matters with him; and no one will know that M. de Lauzun is to be set at liberty, until the order is sent to that effect. Should not you be very

happy to have a secret affair to arrange with the King, which would be known all of a sudden, without any one having suspected it? I must confess to you the very idea of such a thing gives me a great deal of pleasure."

I consented that she should speak to the King; and we resolved that, the next day, when he went to the Queen, we should contrive that he might take me into the little cabinet. All took place exactly as we could have wished: when we had entered, his Majesty began by observing, "Madame de Montespan has apprised me of the good intentions you entertain towards the Duke du Maine. I feel it, as I ought, as a mark of your friendship for me. This alone can have dictated it; for he is yet a child—can have no claim to anything, though I hope some day he will prove an honest man, and render himself worthy the honour you desire to do him. For myself, I can only assure you that I shall neglect no opportunity of showing you marks of my friendship." Madame de Montespan was delighted that I had taken this step; and thought of it no further than to induce me to take a still more decided one. At that time, I could dwell on nothing but these promises; she flattered me, and I had no greater pleasure than in being with her; her conversation was charming, and it

was enhanced by the care which she took to give me pleasure. She came to see me oftener than usual; we went to the promenade together. The King talked to me much more than was his custom, but said not one word of M. de Lauzun. I would then press her to speak of him; but she always replied, "We must have patience." The Duke du Maine returned. She went to meet him. First he went to the King's, and then she brought him to me. As he had much good sense, she informed him of the affair, thinking him capable of keeping the secret. He gave me a thousand thanks, and came to visit me with great regularity.

[illegible] kept it secret. They had then [illegible] with it to reconcile it with Madame de Montespan, which created a great deal of [illegible]. They examined some papers which were in chests, among others a little [illegible] on which Madame was very pretty in which [illegible] Montespan [illegible] which [illegible] in the [illegible] Madame de Maintenon [illegible] which [illegible] with [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

that I should make a donation of Dombes and of the Comté of Eu. He first spoke to me of it, and then she herself. I replied, "That it was by will I intended to convey my property: that my health was too good for me to think of it at present, and that it was sufficient to have promised, without saying any more about it." She made answer, it was the King's pleasure that it should be thus arranged. Monsieur Colbert mixed himself up with the affair. She spoke to me of nothing but agreeable things—not so to Baraille. To him she said, "We must not play fast and loose with the King—it is no jest; when once we make him a promise we must keep it." I replied, "I wish M. de Lauzun to be set at liberty; and I doubt whether he will be, when I have done all that is required of me." These conversations filled me with uneasiness, and made me pass wretched nights. When Baraille had last visited Pignerol, M. de Lauzun observed, "If he does not bring an order for my release, I will willingly sacrifice my commission for it." I sent him information that I was about to transmit my wealth to M. du Maine, to effect his liberation. He thanked me, and even gave his consent that I should dispose of the Comté of Eu, although I had given it to him by a contract of sale, during the time that he was in prison.

was enhanced by the care which she took to give me pleasure. She came to see me oftener than usual: we went to the promenade together. The King talked to me much more than was his custom, but said not one word of M. de Lauzun. I would then press her to speak of him; but she always replied, "We must have patience." The Duke du Maine returned. She went to meet him. First he went to the King's, and then she brought him to me. As he had much good sense, they informed him of the affair, thinking him capable of keeping the secret. He gave me a thousand thanks, and came to visit me with great regularity.

Monseigneur began to recover. They had then lotteries either at his residence or with Madame de Montespan, which created a great deal of remark. There remained some bijoux which were not drawn; among others a little gold cup, set with diamonds, which was very pretty for placing on the toilet. Madame de Montespan perceiving that I wished to have it, sent it me in the evening by Monsieur du Maine. All these little attentions please: when we have to deal with one already infatuated, it is very easy by such trifles to amuse, and, by little and little, to draw them into the snare we have spread.

Madame de Montespan proposed to Baraille

that I should make a donation of Dombes and of the Comté of Eu. He first spoke to me of it, and then she herself. I replied, "That it was by will I intended to convey my property: that my health was too good for me to think of it at present, and that it was sufficient to have promised, without saying any more about it." She made answer, it was the King's pleasure that it should be thus arranged. Monsieur Colbert mixed himself up with the affair. She spoke to me of nothing but agreeable things—not so to Baraille. To him she said, "We must not play fast and loose with the King—it is no jest; when once we make him a promise we must keep it." I replied, "I wish M. de Lauzun to be set at liberty; and I doubt whether he will be, when I have done all that is required of me." These conversations filled me with uneasiness, and made me pass wretched nights. When Baraille had last visited Pignerol, M. de Lauzun observed, "If he does not bring an order for my release, I will willingly sacrifice my commission for it." I sent him information that I was about to transmit my wealth to M. du Maine, to effect his liberation. He thanked me, and even gave his consent that I should dispose of the Comté of Eu, although I had given it to him by a contract of sale, during the time that he was in prison.

After a great deal of desultory discussion on the subject, it was made known to Baraille, that if I did not execute what I had promised, I should be sent to the Bastile. This threat terrified me exceedingly; I consented to what they wished, and made a donation of the sovereignty of Dombes, and a contract of sale for the Comté of Eu, like that which I had made for Monsieur de Lauzun. These acts took place at Madame de Montespan's, who spoke for Monsieur du Maine, having a commission to do so from the King. After all was signed, she thanked me a thousand times—adding, "I cannot resist saying that you will be the most happy person in the world, and see all your jealous enemies disconcerted. Just reflect: you are first cousin to the King, who has always loved and considered you as his sister. This concession will increase his friendship and confidence, and bind you more closely together, while his ambition will be to show all the world the high consideration in which he holds you." I listened to this with pleasure; the incense had mounted to my head, and I was like one possessed. As soon as I reached my chamber, I let fall my looking-glass, one of thick rock crystal. I said to Baraille: "I am terrified; perhaps it is an

omen, and I shall repent of what I have done." He only laughed at me.

I had all my life felt a great wish to have a house near Paris: I had often been looking for one; however pretty those which I saw, there was always something to find fault with. At last, I was told of one, about two leagues from Paris, in a village named Choisi, upon the banks of the Seine. I went thither with all haste, and found the situation to my taste, though it had little as an edifice to recommend it. I bought it for forty thousand pounds. I took Le Nautre to look at it. He told the King that I had chosen the vilest situation possible; for that the river was only to be seen through a dormer-window. On going to Court, some days afterwards, perfectly infatuated with my house, the King gave me great pleasure by asking me a thousand questions. After listening to all I had to say, he repeated to me all that Le Nautre had said. I therefore employed Gabriel, a very good architect, who closely followed my instructions. There was a grand terrace, which reached from one end of the garden to the other. Monsieur had told me that when we have not more than a hundred acres, we ought not to give it the name of a park: I had, however, that number, without reckoning

the courts and the buildings. As I had taken my house that I might go there in the summer, I so arranged it, that the river could be seen even at its lowest ebb; even from my bed I could see it and the boats gliding up and down. There were shady walks, and the most agreeable of all was, I contrived that the river should be seen from every part of the house, and through the vistas at the end of these shady walks. I had also a beautiful orangery, a pleasant garden, with three fountains—everything, in short, according with the beauty of the house, which had the appearance of grandeur, although not extensive. There was a tolerably good gallery; also a beautiful chapel painted by La Fosse, one of the best painters of the time, after Le Brun: a cabinet, in which all the conquests of the King were painted in miniature by Vander Meulen, one of the most clever painters in that style. Round a wall hung portraits of all my relations. Each of these had the name placed at the bottom, so that if any one was so unpardonably ignorant as not to know them, they had merely to refer to the explanation. The portraits of the King were all taken while he was quite young. The conquests of the King, sieges, and battles, furnished subjects the names of which were all written, so

that each might be known. The King might be recognised throughout, for the portraits were admirably painted: that over the chimney-piece represented him on horseback. It was a question whether the cabinet was not too small, for there were many representations of great exploits to be added. But I found other places for these, so that I might everywhere have the delight of seeing the glorious actions he had performed, and which he continued to perform during life. There was a billiard-room, in which were also more portraits.

It may be perceived by the long account I have entered upon, that I loved this place, as my own work. I had done everything for it, and every one talked to me about it. Madame de Montespan said, whenever I was with her, "The King will only think for the future of all the *agrémens* he can invent to surprise you; he will make you a thousand presents of the most beautiful things. He will cause to be painted that part of Choisi which is not yet finished; you will always find on your return from your journeys something new—a chamber painted, a fountain, a room furnished, statues—in short, he will follow his own taste, as at Versailles." These stories ended there.

On the day I signed my donation, the King merely spoke to me on the *passade*, saying, I dare

say you are very happy, as well as myself. At supper, he looked at me very agreeably, and talked to me a great deal. This promised well. The next day he came to Madame de Montespan's, where I was, and said, "I am delighted that this affair is concluded: you will never repent it; and I shall think only how to show you marks of my gratitude. We shall be more than ever united, and in a friendship which nothing can ever ruffle. When my brother and the Prince know of it, they will not be greatly pleased; but fear nothing, I will manage between you." Then he said everything that was tender, agreeable, and grateful. I was delighted, and thought myself at the very height of all my desires.

The whole of that week they kept me at Madame de Montespan's to partake *media nox* (a meal just after midnight), and this gave rise to some remarks. The Comtesse de Fiesque observed, some days afterwards, that it was reported I had given all my wealth to M. du Maine. This I denied strongly: but continued to converse frequently with Madame de Montespan of poor M. de Lauzun, while she expressed the same interest in his regaining his liberty. One day she observed, "I must not flatter you: the King will never consent to your marrying M. de Lauzun in the way you desire, or that he should

be called M. de Montpensier. He will make him a Duke; and if you will marry him, he will not appear to know it; but blame those who inform him of it, and that will do equally well." "What!" I replied, "live with me as my husband, without being publicly acknowledged as such? What would the world not say and think?" "Nothing," she rejoined, "but what is proper. Your conscience will not reproach you, while their respect for the King, and consideration for yourself, will prevent people saying anything; and believe me, you will thus be a thousand times happier. M. de Lauzun will love you all the better; for mystery will add to this love, and we can often go to the promenade together." Thus did she make projects for new pleasures, the only idea being to amuse me; and this was but too easy, for she was so witty and agreeable that I had great pleasure in her society. Nevertheless, I was very impatient at the length of time taken in setting M. de Lauzun at liberty. I did not speak of it to the King, for it seemed to me that what I had sacrificed to procure it, must serve as a continual remembrance; that every time he saw M. du Maine, his presence ought to have recalled it to his recollection. It was about this time that he began to visit Madame de Maintenon. She had an apartment under that of the King.

One day, when I was wholly unoccupied, Madame de Montespan sent to ask if I would take a promenade, as the weather was so beautiful. I returned her a reply in the negative. She again sent to beg I would come to her, as she had something to communicate. I replied that I would attend her. The King inquired of me what it was. I told him; and he replied, "Go to her, she has something to say to you." My heart beat, for I conjectured it was something concerning M. de Lauzun. On entering, she said, "You have not been in haste to come. The King has desired me to tell you that he will allow M. de Lauzun to leave Pignerol, to go to Bourbon." "What!" I exclaimed, "will he not be at liberty to return hither, after all that I have done?" She replied, "I know little about that. The King leaves the choice to you to select whom you please to guard him; he wishes it still to have the appearance of an imprisonment." I began to weep, and she said, "You are really very difficult to please. Whatever you have, you still wish for more." Baraille came, and we went to walk in the *Val*, which is a garden at the end of the St. Germain park. When we had reached it, she said: "The King has told me to inform you that he does not wish you to think of marrying M. de Lauzun." I began to weep again, and declared that I had

only made the donation on this condition; and that this had been understood in everything I conceded. She replied, "I have promised you nothing." But she had received her reward, and therefore, bore without replying everything it pleased me to say. The promenade lasted a long time, and though she never liked to walk much, she gave me her company without complaining.

The King came to supper, and I thanked him very humbly for having granted me the liberty of M. de Lauzun; but the favour, I added, would not be complete, so long as he should be deprived of the honour of seeing and of being near his Majesty. It was this he most desired, without which his liberty would be as nothing. It was then determined that as Monsieur de Lauzun had had some quarrel with St. Mars during his imprisonment, Monsieur de Maupertuis should set out post with four musqueteers, as a guard to escort him. Baraille was delighted, and they set out immediately. M. de Lauzun was well pleased to see them arrive. I strongly advised him to see no one at Bourbon, to show that he thought of nothing but of being again with the King, and that everything else was indifferent to him. He wrote wonders, but failed to perform them.

On the eve of St. John, I paid a visit to Ver-

sailles, going straight to Madame de Montespan's. She observed, "You will be greatly astonished at the news of the day: M. de Luxembourg has been sent for, to be in attendance on the King." When I heard it, I said all that I was bound to say: for who would have thought, after every thing that had happened, that the King would ever have placed him near his person? I was excessively grieved at hearing this, for I had always reckoned on M. de Lauzun's returning to office, and he had depended on it also. As the season for Bourbon was past, they gave me the choice of two or three places for him, and I selected the Citadel de Chalons-sur-Soane, as being nearer and more agreeable than the others. He was very angry on being sent there; and when he heard of the return of M. de Luxembourg, he was in despair. He conducted himself as badly at Chalons as he had done at Bourbon; sending to beg all those who went to or came from Paris to come and see him. For myself, I set out to take the waters at Eu, and occupied myself entirely in efforts to set him at liberty.

Madame de Montespan began to press me to declare the donation I had made, the time for this formality having expired; but I would consent to nothing until M. de Lauzun should return. Nay, I flew into a violent passion, although

we had parted very good friends. The King permitted me to give some of my wealth to M. de Lauzun; but he, instead of being satisfied, complained that I had given him so little that it was hardly worth accepting. Still I thanked the King for his goodness in permitting me to give him forty thousand pounds a year. After this, the King wrote to me, begging me to declare what I had done for the Duke du Maine, with such *empressemens*, and in words so tender, that I could no longer excuse myself. This news, once divulged, appeared in all the Gazettes. Some admired what I had done—others blamed me.

I received letters from M. de Lauzun, who was at Amboise, strongly pressing his return. He said that the air of the place was killing him—that he could not understand why it was chosen—that he was weary of it, for he saw no one; and that if God did not help him, he should be worse off than at Pignerol. I spoke of all this to Madame de Montespan and M. Colbert, who merely replied that I must have patience. Everything he did was known, and his conduct pronounced absurd. The Marquise d'Alluye had been sent to Amboise (her husband was the governor). M. de Lauzun never left their house, yet, at the same time, he wrote to me that he never saw her, for that she was insupportable to him. Many from

Paris, who had houses in that part of the country, saw him constantly with La Marquise. He gave himself great airs of gallantry with women, and in his whole conversation turned everything into ridicule. The King at length consented to his return, and to see him but for once: he might live in Paris, or where he liked, so that it was apart from the Court. This was a great favour; but fearing that he would not conduct himself well, I had much rather that he had not returned. All the Court came to congratulate me. M. de la Feuillade spoke to me plainly and sincerely. He said, "Every one is coming to you to rejoice over the return of M. de Lauzun; but, for me, I fear that his position will become worse, unless all is well managed. If he does right, after his interview with the King, he will at once, without seeing you, go to St. Fargeau, there to await the time when it shall please the King to recall him to his former position near him. He ought to indulge in no real pleasure until this takes place; for it is to be feared that the King has not altogether pardoned him. If you are of my opinion, so much the better for you: if you are not, so much the worse." I replied, "I am, and I will write to him directly," which I did, and sent my letter by a courier. The answer he returned was, that when once at liberty, after a long imprisonment,

we are glad to enjoy ourselves; and that to go into the country without company was a thing he could not submit to. His reply did not please me at all; neither did he travel so quickly as it was his duty to have done; he declared, however, that his health was so weakened by confinement, that he could not act as others might do in such circumstances.

The King went to dine at Versailles the day that he arrived, and desired Madame de Montespan to inform me that I need not go unless I liked; that I might remain, and even see M. de Lauzun before his interview with himself, as, perhaps, I should be glad to converse with him. To which I replied that, "It would be extremely absurd in me to act in this manner; every one would laugh at me, and with good reason." So I went to dine at Versailles: the King was in excellent humour. We played at Trou-Madame for jewels and other things. I won a good deal, and we remained so late that we returned by torchlight. When I arrived at Madame de Montespan's, whither M. de Lauzun had repaired, after seeing the King, I saw him drest in an old *just-au-corps à brevet*, which he had worn before his imprisonment—too short, and quite in tatters, and an old peruke. He threw himself at my feet, and warmly thanked me. This he did with in-

finite grace. Madame de Montespan then led us into her cabinet, saying, we should be glad to talk together. I remained some time there, and then returned to my residence.

He was with me, next morning, at nine o'clock, and told me that he could not have been better received. It was to me he owed the obligation; he never could have arrived at such favour but through me, from whom he had received everything. He then made me some very gracious speeches, which he had good reason to do. I did not say a word, I was so much astonished. Baraille remained with us the whole time. A servant came to inform me that meat was served, and I was obliged to go. Madame la Dauphine and Madame came towards me, and said, that they had closely observed M. de Lauzun, and that they found him perfectly *bien fait* — that he pleased them very much, and a thousand other flattering things—adding, that all he had said to them was with *un tour agréable*, and an air *distingué*. I told them that he was very much altered, for that he had suffered a great deal, independently of his imprisonment, which, in itself, was enough to account for it. Indeed, he had been in such confusion, that no opinion should be passed on what he said—they, therefore, did him full justice in speaking so well of him as they did.

He appeared to me charmed with the manner in which they had treated him: the King did not say a word.

In the morning, I made inquiries whether he had departed soon after he left my chamber? They told me, no; but that he had gone to Monsieur de Louvois, and from thence to Monsieur Colbert. I met Madame de Maintenon the next day at the Queen's, and asked her if she thought M. de Lauzun much changed? She replied, "He did not do me the honour of coming to see me." I said, "It was because the King was with you." She made answer, "He might have come when the King had left, but he went to M. de Louvois instead: he is more prompt at seeking out people of that class."

She did not seem pleased with him, which made me feel very sorry. I told Madame de Montespan what I thought: she said, "Let him alone; he knows what he is about; and I am much afraid that he will not always do that which you tell him; therefore, give yourself no anxiety, I entreat you. I asked her what the King had said, and whether he was pleased with him. She replied, "He appeared to me to be so, and to have found him in no way changed in his flattering manners; he threw himself ten times over at his feet—in short, he seemed just

the same." "Still, I am surprised," I said, "he should have remained so long at M. de Louvois'." "What! are you still harping on that?" she exclaimed; "how can such a circumstance surprise you? In such times as these, we must not be surprised at anything."

Two days after this conversation, the same lady took occasion to observe, "Every one is astonished that you do not go to Paris: you might go without its being remarked." I remained, however, four days at St. Germain, after M. de Lauzun's return, and then went to Choisi, without sending him word of my departure. He followed me the next day, with Baraille. The first observation he made was, "I am surprised to see the Queen always dressed with coloured ribbons in her hair." "You must think it, then, stranger," was my reply, "that I, who am older than she, should wear them also?" He made no answer: and I explained, that my rank obliged me to wear them for a longer period than other people; but that I did not do so in the country, or when *en robe de chambre.* I saw by this that the spirit of cavil and criticism, before peculiar to him, was not in the least changed.

It was beautiful weather, and we walked out together. He was in an excellent humour. "At five o'clock," he observed, "I must not fail to

keep an appointment I have made to meet M. Colbert, whom I have not yet seen, at seven. I reproached him for not having done this sooner, and for staying three hours with M. de Louvois. He replied, "I was there only a quarter of an hour; and, as he is not one of my friends, it is better to keep on terms with him." I then charged him with not going to see Madame de Maintenon, when he made answer, "It is, I fear, too late for me to venture to call on her." When he left me, he observed, "I am quite in despair at having to go — I am enchanted with Choisy; and I shall have the honour of returning to you at eight o'clock." However, he sent Baraille to make his excuses; stating that he was fatigued, having been unaccustomed to walking—indeed, that he was quite overcome, and had gone to bed. I asked Baraille if all this were true? He replied, that he believed so.

The next time I saw M. de Lauzun, it was at the Luxembourg: several people were there; and I said very little to him. After he was gone, I remarked to his friend, Madame de Langlée, "You must have been very glad to see M. de Lauzun again?" She replied that I might readily believe that every day since his arrival he had dined and supped with her; on

the evening he had been with me, she added, he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming, 'I shall die, if Mademoiselle remains here, and makes me walk as much as she has done to-day. Yes, I shall die.' "He could not stir," she continued; "and at supper they brought him some stewed fruit, with which he was obliged to be served with a fork, for he could not move his arms." This conversation and visit surprised me not a little, I confess, after what had passed. She then said, "We shall meet him to-night at supper, at Madame de Louvois'; I will take care to tame him, for he seems to me very savage." "It will be a great charity," I replied; "I do not think you will have much trouble." Upon this, I changed my intention of going to St. Germain; so after mass, I said that I had *un peu de vapeurs*, and that I should not leave until the next day. He came; and I told him I felt ill, and that my intention was to remain. "You do wrong," he replied; "it is two days since you left. What will be said to keep you here?" "They may say what they will," I replied. "I have done quite enough to emancipate myself from any restraint of this kind. I see that in this world we are only laughed at by those for whom we do too much, and that they become tired of us. Never-

theless, it matters not." He looked confused; and I asked, "By the way, how are you to-day? You went to bed early last night, on your return from M. Colbert's; at least, so Baraille came from you to tell me." "Certainly, I was in bed by nine o'clock." "You rose again, then, to go to Madame de Langlée's, for you were there at ten." "What a story! Pray tell them not to say such things." "It was Madame de Langlée herself who told me—the fatigue you complained of, and the delight you felt that I was going to-day!" He was extremely embarrassed; and I continued, "You have been to M. Colbert, and did this fatigue you? for you are under obligations to him."

"How long is this pleasantry to last?" he inquired. "As long as it pleases me," I replied; "I have a right to say all I wish, and you are under obligations which compel you to listen." The Comtesse de Fiesque was with me; he called her, and this changed the conversation. He then asked to see my jewels: I produced them, and they seemed to amuse him; but he appeared to me very impatient to be off. He remarked, more than once, that he was no longer fitted for the court, for he could neither walk nor hold himself upright.

The next day, I left for St. Germain, to his

great satisfaction. I learnt that in the journey he had made from Lyons to Chalons, he had complained every day, in an outrageous manner, to those who guarded him. He had also quarrelled a great deal with Maupertuis, who had borne his ill humour very patiently. I thanked him when he arrived, for having said nothing about it to the King. I went sometimes to Paris, remaining, however, not long. M. de Lauzun came, for a moment, in the morning, to see me, and in the evening to play. He was still pressing me to speak to the King concerning his being near his Majesty's person. I made most earnest solicitations to M. Colbert respecting this. His reply was, "Let me alone; I will take the right moment. Entreat M. de Lauzun to control himself." He was now always lamenting over his woes, exclaiming that they would kill him: nevertheless, he appeared wonderfully well, considering all things.

Passion-week arrived, and I repaired from St. Germain to Paris; Madame de Montespan being with me. We returned on the Tuesday. M. de Lauzun called as I was returning from mass; he observed that he had just been with Madame de Montespan, and that she was coming to dine there. She arrived a moment afterwards. She exclaimed, on seeing me, "We must attend *Ténèbres*, with the monks of Chaillot; and we

will walk, if it is fine." I consented, and she turned towards M. de Lauzun, and asked him to accompany us. She was in high good humour, and M. de Lauzun the same; so we set out together. We found *Ténèbres* commenced; when, all of a sudden, he took umbrage at Madame de Montespan, who left us to repair to the gardens; but the monks saying she could not enter without me, I went also.

We walked for two hours, in intensely cold weather, Madame de Montespan observing repeatedly that we should reach St. Germain in very good time. M. de Lauzun complained that he should die. He threw himself into a passion, and declared that he had become the most miserable man in the world since I had meddled with his affairs; that if he had been set at liberty without my interfering, as he was on the point of being, he should have recovered his post; but that now he was a wretched man. Madame de Montespan observed, "What are you talking about? What a humour you are in! You would never have come out at all but for Mademoiselle. No one would have thought of you, but for her." She was as angry with him as I was. All of a sudden she began to laugh, and turning towards me, she said, "When gentlemen have been long in prison, they believe all that they have been dream-

ing about. We must pardon M. de Lauzun these dreams—here he will soon return to his senses."

Baraille now became very anxious that everything should be settled. His wish was to retire, when no longer required for M. de Lauzun's service. "I have done all I could," he said, "and executed the orders of Mademoiselle; I wish now to withdraw from the world." . I opposed this design, entreating him still to remain near M. de Lauzun; but he only promised that he would remain in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, where he lodged, and that he would come to me if I sent for him, and to Choisy whenever I commanded him. M. de Lauzun had sometimes remarked, when speaking of my affairs, "It seems to me, that you ought to hold a council every week, and do me the honour of calling me to it." I replied, "You are a very odd man of business; but though it is true I have great confidence in you, it would be ridiculous to act in any other manner than I have been accustomed to do."

M. Colbert, who was charged with the arrangement of M. de Lauzun's affairs—in other words, to see what price he could get for his place—was at length fortunate enough to conclude a bargain. The next day I met the gentleman with Baraille, in the gardens, and said, "Your

affairs are now concluded, and you will have plenty of money." He began to protest to Heaven that he knew not what to do; and that he would willingly throw all his assignments in the river, as he liked his place much better. I replied, "You have not a good memory, or you have concealed from me the state of your affairs; for you have often told me that, during your imprisonment, you had no correspondence; and that you did not know why more care was not taken to save your place. Yet, when you came from attendance on the King the last time, you declared that you were tired of it; that your legs were quite galled with such incessant riding on horseback, after a calash." He flew into a passion, and vowed that none but an idle person could repeat such rumours. I replied, "Then I am that idle person, for it was to me that you said it." This drove him almost distracted, though nobody knew who it was with, or what it was for. He was only finally appeased when speaking of the attachment he had for the King, dwelling on the tenderness and friendship he felt for him, and his distress whenever he thought of estrangement. "Such violence and folly," I observed, "are not the best method of recovering your position;" and I continued reading him a severe lecture, of which he stood in need, and

which he received better than might have been expected.

On my return to St. Germain, I found a letter from Baraille, stating why he had taken his departure. No one knew whither he was gone; and M. de Lauzun had set out in search of him. In the letter, he begged my pardon for retiring without taking leave of me; but reminded me that he had always said that, as soon as he was no longer of service, he should leave, and he found that it was time to think of his salvation. When he should be less occupied, he added, with affairs of this world, he should pray, without ceasing, that I might be as great in Heaven as I had been upon earth. I could not read this most touching letter, nor can I think of it now, indeed, without weeping. I went to Madame de Montespan with tears in my eyes: she took me to her cabinet, where I sobbed aloud. She felt for my grief, knowing the loss I had sustained; and said, "We must find out where he is, and get a *lettre de cachet*, to bring him back." I went up stairs, after having dried my tears, and avoided speaking to those who might notice my grief, from the fear of a new burst of passion.

When his Majesty first saw me in this state, he asked, "What is the matter? Your eyes

look as if you had been weeping floods." I replied, that I humbly entreated him not to speak to me, from apprehension that I might weep again; and that Madame de Montespan would tell him the occasion of my tears. He said no more to me on the subject.

The next day, Madame de Montespan approved of the desire I had to go to Paris, observing, that the King would send to know where Baraille was, and, therefore, I had better be there. At Paris, I learnt that M. de Lauzun had followed him to Notre Dame des Vertus, greatly to Baraille's surprise. They had both wept bitterly; but finding him determined not to return, M. de Lauzun had slept there, hoping to prevail upon him at last. In this he began to think he had succeeded. They slept in the same room; but in the morning, Baraille had stolen a march on his friend while he was asleep, and no one knew whither he had gone. I learnt, also, that M. de Lauzun had placed a bag of a thousand pistoles on his bed, and that this was sent back, even before he arrived at home. All this was very afflicting, and we lamented it together. The next day I returned to St. Germain.

One day, when I had been expecting M. de Lauzun at Choisy, and he had sent excuses, some of my people declared that they had seen his coach

at Madame de la Fayette's door, with that of Madame de Montespan. I sent to Versailles, to clear up this mystery. The next day Lauzun arrived at Choisy, while I was at dinner; and said, "I was yesterday in bed all day—never leaving home." I replied, "Then we must rejoice at your sudden recovery. Madame de Montespan was yesterday at Paris, and two of my people saw her at Madame de la Fayette's. I have sent a page to know what it all means." At this he began to look very angry.

On arriving at Versailles, the next day, I went to Madame de Montespan. She told me, that it was M. de Lauzun's wish to command the army in Italy; and that he might be very serviceable to the King in that country. He was a great friend of Madame de Savoy: who, though it was not openly declared, wished to manage a marriage for her son with the Infanta of Portugal—more that she might remain mistress of Savoy than for his advantage. Many men would prefer being Duke of Savoy to being King of Portugal; and *le petit homme* was of this opinion, and would not go.

The ambassador, however, came from Turin to conduct him: but he began to reproach his mother for her motives, in wishing to be rid of him, ex-

pressing himself in words neither respectful nor tender. She sent, therefore, to the King for troops, 'to defend her against the Spaniards,' whom she had offended. Being known to M. de Lauzun, she considered her success insured, should he be restored to favour. She had, therefore, written to Madame de la Fayette, and even to Madame de Montespan, though the latter would not receive her letter.

The next day, meeting Monsieur Colbert as I returned from mass, I said, "Is M. de Lauzun always to remain as at present?" He replied, "He does not conduct himself well, either towards the King or towards yourself; and this displeases his Majesty." When I saw him, I repeated what M. Colbert had said. He became angry, and did all he could to make me so; for he had little consideration for me, even after all I had done for him. "You are never contented," I said; "the day you were so ill at Paris, when you did not leave your bed, you were at Madame de la Fayette's, importuning Madame de Montespan, who told you she had the headache." "Ah, I had forgotten," he replied, "I arose in the evening, and, passing the door by chance, saw Madame de Montespan's coach, upon which I entered." "And did you talk of no-

thing?" "No: she was ill." "But did she not give you the letter she had written in reply to Madame de Savoy?" "What letter?" "Ah, you wish to carry it on slily!" "*Eh bien!* Is she wrong, if she wishes me to command her troops; and will it not be an advantage to me? But how can it be done? how can a man who never sees the King go and command his armies?"

"Ought you not to do everything you can to bring it about?" I replied, "Your Madame Royale has so much power, and is so great a lady, that there is no need for a mere demoiselle like me to meddle with anything where she is concerned—honoured and esteemed by all, and for whom the King has that consideration that he will refuse her nothing. You would not believe me were I to add, that both you and she are deceiving yourselves." When he saw that I was aware of his designs, and began to reproach him with his conduct, he said, "You have not sufficient interest to obtain for me that which I hope from the King; she will finish what you have begun; and, as you have left it undone, if you have the consideration you profess for me, you ought to feel really obliged." I answered bluntly, "I have done, and would still do for you, more than any other person; but if by your own bad

conduct you have spoiled all, you must take matters upon yourself, for most willingly shall I cease to interest myself in your affairs." We separated thus.

The next day he returned, with a softened and subdued air, and a most flattering manner. But as for his proceedings, he seemed to me very covetous and selfish; I could not have believed it, nor could others, who knew him before his imprisonment: he was so violent at times, that he threw everything out of the window. His assumed and imposing manner was now seen through. He ought never to have shown himself, except in his prosperity: his imprisonment, instead of having corrected his faults, had only helped to exaggerate them, until he was no longer master of himself.

One day, he began to rail at some of his people, for not having prevented my purchasing Choisy, and going to such an expense. They were astonished: and one of them even observed, "You placed me with Mademoiselle as an honest man, and I should have been a rogue, had I entertained any views but those of serving her agreeably to her own pleasure: I should have been an officious meddler to have given her advice of that kind." He then asked, "Where is the money for the chain of pearls

which Madame de Nogent told me she sold for forty thousand pounds?" "You had better ask Mademoiselle," they replied; "she did what she pleased with the money." He had asked me, the day he saw my jewels, whether he had not formerly seen a chain of pearls. I replied, that he had, and that I had sold it to build Choisy. One day, when we were walking there, he observed, "What a useless building is this! A small house, where one might have come and eaten a fricasseed chicken, is all that was necessary. These buildings must have cost a vast sum, and what is the use of them?" Some one observed, that the place was not too good for me: whereupon he began to protest, that it was very easy for those to whom it cost nothing to say so. I told him, that I had done nothing without the advice of M. Colbert. "But did you not pay for it?" he asked,—"As far as I am concerned, I have reason to say, you would have employed your money better in giving it to me." I replied, quietly, "I have given you sufficient, and done enough to satisfy you; I have also given a great deal to redeem your bad conduct." He was in the habit of playing very high, and when he lost he came to me to complain. One day, when I was looking over my jewels, to find

two diamonds of the same size, one of my people observed that perhaps I should find one among those that Baraille had kept for M. de Lauzun. I did not wish to take them; but Baraille pressed me, and at length I did so. They were worth two hundred pounds each. When he returned, I said, "I wish to give you your diamonds, to serve for buttons to your sleeves." They were very beautiful, and the four worth about a thousand pistoles. He took them, and placing them in his sleeves, showed them to the ladies who formed our party at cards. The next day, he observed, "Every one thinks them vile, and that they are not worth what you say." Some one observed, that they were worth more; he had, therefore, better take the thousand pistoles, and choose according to his taste. He replied, "I have found some very fine, but I want two hundred pistoles more." I would not give him these; and, some days afterwards, speaking of precious stones, he said to Madame de Palaiseau, who sat near him: "I have sold the diamonds that Mademoiselle gave me, to enable me to live—I have not a sous." Never was anything like the manner in which he talked. Every day it became more ridiculous, and more annoying.

He now went about in a hired coach; saying

he would not have one of his own until he was a Duke, and could use the ducal mantle with his arms. It is true they had promised me that he should be made one, but his manners did not advance his affairs: every one laughed at him. Madame de Fouquet forbade him to come to her house; upon which he told her that he would marry her daughter upon his becoming a Duke; but that until then, he would marry nobody. She did not fall into the snare; but placed her daughter in a convent.

The time came for my taking the waters. While dining at Choisy, M. de Lauzun expressed his regret that the King forbade him to go with me to Eu, which he should have been most happy to have done. I wrote to Madame de Montespan; who, in reply, said it was false, for that the King was well pleased that he should follow me and pay his court wherever I was. He was then in despair at having no equipage, as if in Paris one could not find in a moment everything one wanted. I set out: and he promised me that he would follow the moment he was able. It was three weeks before he came; during which time he wrote every day to mark his impatience, making all sorts of foolish excuses. He found the Château, which had an air

of grandeur, very much to his taste. I had, besides, furnished it in a very handsome manner. The next day I took a hunting excursion, when he galloped off; and, losing himself on the plain, did not return until nine o'clock in the evening, when I was ready to retire. I arose early every morning to take the waters, and everybody came at this time to pay me their respects. He did not appear until eleven o'clock, just when I was going to mass; then he went to dinner, reposing afterwards; and often he would mount his horse, and not appear again until the hour I have named. During the seventeen days he was at Eu, I saw but little of him.

CHAPTER VII.

EFFECT OF TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT ON THE COUNT DE LAUZUN—DEATH OF THE QUEEN—MADAME DE MAINTENON—A RUNAWAY PRINCE—RETURN OF AN EXILE; A VICTIM TO COURT POLICY—MONMOUTH'S REBELLION—NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ — HIS DEATH—CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY—GENERAL SUMMARY.

I PASSED my winter, as usual, partly at Paris, and partly at Versailles. I had a dreadful cold; the Queen was similarly afflicted, and this was the beginning of her illness. M. de Lauzun came every evening to join my card-party; his chronic ill-humour being as annoying as ever. Although well accustomed to it, it was very trying, for I was naturally desirous to complete the work I had begun, after having done so much for him. The objects I had in view were to see him made a duke, and to obtain his restoration to Court. While Madame de Maintenon rose in the

royal favour, Madame de Montespan lost her ascendancy.* Nevertheless, habit is strong; the King visited her every day, before and after supper, and she had still the management of his children.

The Court next set out on an excursion to Compiègne, and afterwards into Germany. I

* Madame de Montespan at last ceased to please, and the haughty ill-temper of her grief could not reclaim an alienated heart. She still, as superintendent of the Queen's household, retained her place at court; and from her being the mother of his chidren, the King still made her the outward display of kindness and respect. But she was not to be so deceived. She knew her influence was at an end, and that another—the steady, yet gentle, Madame de Maintenon, was gradually and insidiously taking her place. In "Les Souvenirs" of Madame de Caylas, we have an opinion of this crisis, in the following words:—"Notwithstanding these infidelities of the King, I have often heard it said, that Madame de Montespan might have preserved her influence over him, had she not been so very ill-tempered, and depended too much on the ascendant she thought she had so firmly established. That turn of mind which cannot conquer an untoward disposition, is as little able again to lure back those affections it has once suffered to take wing. If mild dispositions bear long, once lost, the affection is irrecoverable. The King found a great solace in the temper and manners of Madame de Maintenon. In her he met with a companion ever gentle and modest, always mistress of her words, looks, and actions; reasonable in all things; and who to such rare qualities joined

did not accompany it, but remained at Choisy. These journeys gave extreme umbrage to M. de Lauzun, and drew upon me every moment his vindictive reproaches, when he should have offered only thanks: soon he never spoke, without inveighing against me. He once observed, that every one was surprised at the manner in

the charms of wit and conversation." Voltaire writes—"The King found himself at once divided between Madame de Montespan, whom he could not forsake, Mademoiselle Fontanges, whom he loved, and Madame de Maintenon, whose conversation was become necessary to his fatigued mind. These three rivals kept the whole court in suspense. There cannot be a greater proof that Louis really had a great mind, than that he never allowed these intrigues to influence public affairs." The youth and beauty of Mademoiselle de Fontanges, and the birth of a son, for some time conspired to prevent Madame de Maintenon from obtaining that place in the King's regard which she afterwards secured. Yet well did she perceive the power she was daily acquiring, and conducted herself with that subtle address that Louis, under the weight of business and of years, soon found her conversation and complacency indispensable to him. In this state of affairs she wrote to her cousin, Madame de Frontenac, "I always send him away dissatisfied, but never in despair." While her influence was increasing, that of Madame de Montespan was drawing to an end. The marriage of the grandson of the great Condé with her daughter, Mademoiselle de Nantes, was the last triumph she attained before retiring from court.—*Ed.*

which I treated him, and the little interest I took in his affairs. "Indeed," he added, "I ought to command here, like the Chevalier de Lorraine in the house of Monsieur; I would then see that you were better served, and that my equipage should be more suitable and costly. You ought to allow me to present every one to you, and in all money matters you should consult no one but myself, for I am much better fitted to render an account to your treasurer than any one of your household." I replied, that he was very much mistaken when he held such language to me—that I should become a laughing-stock were I to act so absurdly. Nay," I continued, "did not you yourself blame Monsieur for allowing himself to be thus governed? And would you wish me to commit the same fault? A pretty affair it would be, if, whenever I wanted money I had to send to *you* to ask for it!" On another occasion, he said, that remarks had been made at his being compelled to lodge with Rollinde, (one of my people,) as if hardly knowing where to lay his head. I ought, he said, to have furnished him a residence as soon as he came out of prison, and set up an equipage for him; neither of which had I done: he was, therefore, obliged, in order not to seem quite a beggar, to purchase himself a house in *L'Isle Notre Dame*:—that, if I did right,

I should curtail my number of pages and my establishment at Choisy, assigning him there a well-furnished apartment, which he might occupy at pleasure; ordering a table for him, to which he might invite his friends to partake of his hospitality—all which would have a good appearance. I ought also to place at his disposal a coach and six, to be appropriated solely for his use, whenever he occupied that apartment.

These observations were not all made on the same day, but at intervals of ill-humour: sometimes uttered by way of reproach—at others, as humble requests, or as an especial favour. Never for a single hour together was he the same man. To all these flights, I would reply, "You sadly deceive yourself: these are only idle fancies—it is impossible you should think thus! Do you look upon the King as a cipher? Do you really, believe he would suffer this? Upon my word you had better reflect a little more on what you say, and understand for good, that even if I wished to act so, *you* ought not to allow it, if you entertain that real affection which you ought for me." He did not answer a word.

Before my departure for Eu, I went to bid Monsieur Colbert adieu. We walked for an hour and a half up and down his cabinet, talking of M. de Lauzun. He observed, "He is growing

worse and worse: he knows not what he is doing, and he talks in a manner that would do him much injury were it more generally known." We then compared our observations on his conduct, and found that he had made the same statement to both of us. To his share, Monsieur Colbert had replied, "If Mademoiselle were capable of acting thus, the King would send you away, and not suffer her to enjoy her wealth, but would place some one to control her." He then said, "I pity you exceedingly, Mademoiselle, in having benefited a man who is so little grateful for what you have done, and who causes you only anxiety. God grant that he may change! but I fear he never will; and that you will be obliged to entreat the King to banish him, as earnestly as you have done already to bring about his return. You will find the difference: the one will be obtained much more readily than the other."

M. de Lauzun came to Eu a few days after my arrival. He often attended the hunt, and all that he did seemed to afford him more pleasure than it had done the year before. One day, when we were walking in the gallery, we held a long conversation respecting his return to Paris, and to the Court, and the ill offices which people rendered him. He was accused, he said, of having designs upon my wealth, while, in fact, he thought

nothing about it: if I would be guided by him, I should give it all to Madame Montespan, to go, after her death, to the Comte de Toulouse; she should then be called Madame de Montpensier, and no longer bear the name of *ce vilain homme*, every way so odious to him. She would give me a pension larger than my own fortune, he added, and I should no longer require any *gens d'affaires*, for that I should know the exact sum I had to receive, and that thus I should be very happy. I replied, "Neither the King nor Monsieur Colbert are immortal; who, then, is to guarantee my receiving this pension? If this were to happen, would it not be a great windfall for Madame de Montespan? I have given enough, and I will give no more; you offer me bad advice." He then called the Comtesse de Fiesque, and continued, "Comtesse, listen to what I have been suggesting to Mademoiselle, and say whether she ought not to do it." He then repeated all that I have stated; adding that I could not do better.

The Court was about to return; and nothing was talked of in the letters of those attached to it, but the pleasure they had enjoyed. One day, when M. de Lauzun was engaged in the chase, and I had received my usual letters, which made no mention of the Queen, I was about to retire to my

cabinet. Just as I was shutting the door, I heard some one behind me, and looking round, saw a page whom I had left in Paris. I asked him what was the matter; and he said, "Monsieur de Jarnac sends me to inform you that the Queen is dead." I took up my letters without opening them, and returned to the salon, where I found every one in tears. I despatched some one to find M. de Lauzun. He returned with the person I sent, and I ran to meet him at the top of the stairs; for when we are in trouble, we hardly know what we are about. I said, "Monsieur, who has told you the news?" He replied, "I know nothing about it." I then repeated it. He made answer, "People who are bold enough to talk such nonsense as this, ought to be put in prison! How dare they speak thus of the Queen?" He held forth for an hour in this manner, which surprised us greatly. In the end, we showed him the letters; and he was convinced that the Queen was mortal as well as others. When the page whom I had sent stopped him to tell him the news, he exclaimed, "I do not know what prevents me from running you through with my sword!" The poor boy was extremely frightened, and I quite astonished at this discourse.

The evening passed in lamentations; and the

next day, I set out for Paris. M. de Lauzun arrived there before me, and I found him, on my arrival, in mourning: nothing but the death of the Queen was spoken of. The next day, I went to Fontainebleau, and called on Madame de Montespan, who was at the promenade with Monsieur. They returned; and Monsieur would not let me take off my mantle, observing that it had a sweet smell. He related to me the manner of the Queen's death; and during the recital, drew forth a box of German scent, and said, "Smell this; I held it for two hours under the nostrils of the Queen, when she was dying." I would not take it. He then told me all that had been done, for his mind was continually occupied with ceremonials. I went up stairs, and entered the cabinet of the King, who appeared to be much concerned. We then had supper: the Queen had been dead eight days.

I remained some time at Fontainebleau, and then went to Choisy, to recruit myself—making my health an excuse for not attending the form of giving the *eau benite* with Madame, and of accompanying the corpse, which was a very long ceremony. The musqueteers who conducted it galloped over the plains of St. Denis, and the attendants in the coaches laughed aloud. After a brief seclusion, I returned to Fontainebleau, and

from thence to Paris, the day that Monseigneur and Madame also arrived there. We went to St. Denis together. When we entered the church, Madame and I joined our tears to those of the Queen's officers, who were weeping. This continued all the service, for the sight of the lighted chapel, where the Queen was lying in state, was very startling to persons who had been in the habit of seeing her every day. The reflections we made at St. Denis—the place where our fathers lie, and where we shall be interred with them—were of a mournful kind. The Queen was a good woman, and I loved her much; and I have nothing to reproach myself with but not having paid her more attention. If I had wished, I could have been her favourite: but I have invariably neglected to gain the ascendancy over people. I cannot rouse myself to action, except for great duties, and these I never neglected.

On the sixth of September, I heard of the death of Monsieur Colbert, at which I was much concerned. Fatigued with the sad ceremonials of death, which had also affected my spirits, I returned to Eu: the season for Paris was passing away, and pleasure was put a stop to by the death of her Majesty; nothing but this circumstance, and the mourning, caused her to be re-

membered, even for so short a time. Madame la Dauphine occupied her apartments.

When M. de Lauzun returned from the army, having been at the siege of Courtray, he passed Eu, where I was staying, without giving himself the trouble of coming to see me—merely sending me word from Paris, that he was surprised not to find me there. On my return, I found him at the Porte de Pontoise, whither he had come out to meet me. He now gave himself up to play more than ever; and was often at the President Robert's, where he met Madame le Brun. She was rather pretty, though not very young. He appeared to be in love with her, attending her with every possible assiduity; but it was said that she was merely making game of him. One day, Madame Montespan sent to say she wanted to speak with me; so we went together into the gallery, where I saw that she was in a very bad humour, without knowing either the reason, or for what she wanted me. She upbraided me for a thousand things of which I knew nothing; and as she often named M. de Lauzun, I thought he had been attempting to set us at variance. I went into the hall, where the King was playing at billiards. Madame de Maintenon was there, and said, "What is the matter? You seem quite

surprised." I replied, "It is nothing." "Where have you been?" "I have been walking in the gallery, with Madame de Montespan." "I see, then, how it is; she has been lecturing you: in that you share in common with your first cousin, the King; she often scolds him, and he has not boasted of it. I know you: you are exactly like him in everything."

The next day, Madame de Montespan treated me very coldly: for what reason I had no idea. M. de Lauzun wrote me a long letter, begging me to ask the King if he might serve as Aide-de-Camp near his person—promising he would do everything he could to please him; and adding, that if he desired to render him justice, he would allow him to serve as Lieutenant-General. He pressed on me the honour of managing this affair. I went to Madame de Maintenon, and said, "I know not on which side to turn; everybody reproaches me. Look at the letter which M. de Lauzun has written: you know whether I wish him to return or not, and whether or not they oppose me. I entreat you every day to interfere, and you refuse me." She replied, "Answer his letter, and show me what you have said." I went into my room and wrote, and then returned to her. I think I said that I had given him sufficient proofs that I wished for his elevation,

and to see him near the King; and, as I was not aware that it was owing to my conduct this was not accomplished, he had better consider whence the fault proceeded, that he might seek the remedy. Madame de Maintenon was pleased with what I had written. I then showed it to Madame de Montespan, who said, "All this is mere nonsense; it goes for nothing." She did not seem to me in a very good humour; yet I went to see her as usual, merely avoiding a *tête-à-tête* with her.

One night, before the departure of the King, she observed, "If M. de Lauzun begs to remain near the King, would you wish the King to drive him away, because you had not restored him to favour? Could the affair not be made up, merely because you had declined acting in the matter?" I was angry, and replied, that it seemed perfectly unwarrantable to talk in that manner to me: that she knew what I had already done, how I had begged Monsieur Colbert to interest himself, but to no effect, and how often she herself had refused me, telling me plainly that I should never have her consent. "Is it your wish," she asked, "I should tell the King you have no desire that M. de Lauzun should join the army?" "On the contrary," I replied, "I request that he may do so,

and that the King will grant it to my humble prayer." I could not understand the drift of what she said; neither can I understand it now. When I saw her again, she said, "I have spoken to the King in the manner you wished me; and I pity M. de Lauzun sincerely." After the King had dined, he said to me, "Madame de Montespan has spoken to me regarding M. de Lauzun, in a manner I do not understand. Would you consent to his going to the army, without your having entreated me to that effect? I should think this very absurd. I have my reasons for not seeing him. When I can do so, I shall be very glad on your account, and for the love I bear you, but not for his own sake. I will grant him nothing without your interference; it is time that he should learn that he owes everything to *you*. I hope you are satisfied?" I replied, "I ought to be so, with the goodness of your Majesty." The next day, I went to Paris, and was there a day without seeing M. de Lauzun. I met Madame de Montespan in the street, as she was leaving: our adieux were mutually cold. M. de Lauzun paid me a visit. I joined him with a sprightly air, and observed, "I suppose you are going to Lauzun, or to St. Fargeau, as you do not follow the King? It would be ridiculous for you to remain in Paris; and I should be very sorry

it should be supposed that I were the cause of your remaining." He replied, "I shall go; and, in bidding you adieu, I hope never to see you again." I made answer, "It would have been a happy thing had I never seen you—the farewell is better late than never." "You have ruined my fortune!" he exclaimed: "you have destroyed my reputation and my peace—you are the cause of my separation from the King—you have even requested that I should not go with him now!" "It is false," I retorted; "and the King will tell you so himself." He was in a violent passion, while I continued to maintain an air coldly indifferent. "Adieu, then," I said, and retired to my little sitting-room, where I remained for some time. On returning, I found him still in the place where I had left him. The ladies who were with me asked if I would not play? Upon this, I approached him, and observed, "*A-propos*, keep to your resolution, and take yourself off." He retired; and, going to Monsieur's, said, that I had driven him from my presence, and complained bitterly of my conduct. When I explained to Monsieur how the affair had happened, he declared that M. de Lauzun was in the wrong. The time he spent in Paris was invariably occupied in play: having lost his money, he took his departure. His equipage

was always in readiness; and I never could learn how it was all managed. He went to the siege of Luxembourg, which was the making of Le Maréchal de Créqui, one of his best friends, and to whom he was under much obligation. The Princes of Conti highly distinguished themselves at this siege. The eldest, who was at the head of a regiment, taking umbrage at something, formed the resolution of going into Hungary, and actually set off, without taking leave of the King. The Comte de Soissons, to whom he had disclosed his intention, informed his Majesty of it, who despatched a special messenger after him. He was overtaken at Lorraine, and brought back. One day, at table, I forget at whose house, he observed that, "those who had betrayed him were villains and scamps." M. le Comte de Soissons was there; and as it was whispered that it was he who had given information to the King, he looked a little confused; but those present put an end to the conversation, and the matter was made up.

I have already observed that many events took place which I have forgotten to mention, and not a few things by no means agreeable to repeat. I write neither to obtain praise for myself, nor for any commendation of my writing.

Madame de Montespan was now in the habit of coming to see me. She frequently gave

way to violent passion; and, finding me calm and indifferent, would exclaim, "I am extremely anxious to return your grand donation." I replied, "You will oblige me, madame, by not indulging that desire." "Yet what is it, after all," she exclaimed, "to that which the King has the power of giving him?" "The King is very powerful," I replied, "and he could present Monsieur du Maine with places and governments; nevertheless, five hundred thousand crowns of yearly income, *en souveraineté*, to a man to whom it may give a title, would require a great deal of purchase-money, and the King never would give it—besides, the dismembering of domains is never submitted to for bastards."

There is another affair which I had forgotten. Monsieur de Seignelay came often to see me; indeed, after the death of his father, he had a great deal of business to transact with me; and M. de Lauzun often found us closeted together. One day, he complained that he was not satisfied with him in respect to his commission in the guards, which he did not wish to lose. When M. de Seignelay came, I told him of the complaint that had been made. He replied, "M. de Lauzun wishes to pick a quarrel with me; he wants me to do impossibilities, that he may do just what he pleases. Had it not been for you, I should

long ere this have shut my door in his face; for he is a man extremely difficult to deal with, and in whom you can place no confidence: I am surprised you have not perceived this as well as others." I was very sorry to hear this account of him. He then expressed a wish to speak to him before me, that I might witness the confusion which he must betray; so I called M. de Lauzun, and observed, "I have been speaking of you to Monsieur de Seignelay, and find that you have been wrong in wishing him to do what is utterly out of his power. He is sufficiently my friend to show great kindness towards you, and you ought to feel obliged that he does not treat you as you deserve." He was extremely embarrassed; and Monsieur de Seignelay, with an air of haughty politeness, rejoined, "I know what is due to Mademoiselle; and, from consideration for her, you will find that I shall always conform to her wishes in regard to you." Scarcely had he left, before M. de Lauzun began to sneer at him; while I reproachfully told him that M. de Seignelay had only acted as he ought.

Madame de Noailles, who appeared to be one of M. de Lauzun's friends, likewise spoke of him very freely. One night she told me she had just seen him, and that he was vexed at being on bad terms with me; yet he could not, he said,

after all the tricks I had played him, continue to see me with honour. He had also told her that, on his return, Madame de Savoye had written to the King, to request that he might be ambassador extraordinary near her son, and command the army in that country; yet that I had declared, on hearing of this, that I would consent to no arrangement of the kind, and had entreated the King not to let him serve at Luxembourg; but he assured her that the thing was settled, as the King had given his promise. I could only reply to all this, as I had done before, that I did not understand it; that I had spoken to the King on the subject of his serving, and that he had refused me. "As for me," continued Madame de Noailles, "I told him that, with the obligations he owed to you, it would be difficult for him to justify himself to the world. 'When you complain of her,' I said, 'you will always be pronounced in the wrong.' You think, then," she added, "that this affair with Savoy is nothing but a dream? I will tell you what the Chancellor le Tellier said in regard to M. de Lauzun: 'Mademoiselle excites my pity! this man has used her ill; he shows very little gratitude.'" It was at the commencement that he had said this. After Lauzun had seen the King, he spoke of the project respecting Savoy to M.

de Louvois, observing, that Madame de Savoy passionately wished it, and that it was the only means for him (M. de Lauzun) to withdraw himself with honour. M. de Louvois had replied, "But how can you do this? You are to go at the cost of Mademoiselle; and yet the affair is undertaken without her participation. You are no sooner out of prison, than you ask for the command of the King's Army, without any title! What must the King say to such a proposition? "But I wish to serve," replied M. de Lauzun, "and I can remain no longer idle. I confess I am under obligation to Mademoiselle; but if I had had my own choice she should never have interfered with my affairs; neither shall she meddle any more now, if I can help it."

The Prince de Conti continued still desirous to withdraw into Germany. The King gave permission, both to him and to his brother; and they set out with a large equipage, many gentlemen of quality accompanying them. Their names and number excited great surprise in foreign countries, and they were well received wherever they passed. The Prince de Turenne went with them; he was out of favour with the Court, from which he had been exiled for speaking of Madame la Dauphine in a disobliging manner to Monseigneur. From that time the

latter lived less happily with his consort. During the journey, the Prince de Conti had much communication with Paris; he dispatched thither a page, called Merfit, who was stopped at Strasbourg, all the letters he carried being taken by Monsieur to the King. Among them were some from Madame la Princesse de Conti. A grand fête had been given at Sceaux by M. de Seignelay, at which the whole Court was present. One of the letters was from M. de Liancourt, the eldest son of Rochefoucault, to the Prince de Conti, in which he ridiculed every body, carrying his jests even so far as to remark upon the King and Madame de Maintenon. M. de la Rocheguyon had inserted a postscript, stating that his brother had left nothing for him to add, but that he approved and signed all he had said. There were several letters also from the Marquis d'Alincourt, full of reprehensible matter. The King informed the fathers of the young men of the contents of these letters; and their distress may well be conceived. It was to them, indeed, a great grief; M. de la Rocheguyon was exiled to his estates at Poitou; M. de Liancourt committed to prison, in a tower in the Isle de Ré; the Marquis d'Alincourt was also exiled to his estate. The affair made a great noise, and with reason. The

Princes de Conti returned, after having been present at a siege and a battle. History makes mention of their exploits; I merely state that they performed wonders. On their return, they were not well received at Court. Shortly after, the Princess de Conti fell ill of the smallpox; her husband took it, and died in a few days. She was in the utmost danger, and begged she might see the King, (who had shown great displeasure towards her since the disclosure of the letters,) saying, that she could not die happy unless he would condescend to pardon her. It was a long time before she again appeared; and when she did, she was very much changed.

The first day I went to Paris, I visited Montmartre. The Grand-Duchess (my sister) made many excuses for not having come to see me; saying that she never went out. The change I saw in her was enough to terrify one: yet she seemed to me extremely gay, and spoke of nothing but the delight she had in returning to France. I went from Paris to Versailles. The King asked me if I had seen my sister? "Yes, sire." "You find her much changed, do you not? —and a great talker." "It appears, sire, that that is the fashion in Italy." Monsieur observed to me, "Your sister talks *furieusement.* Her

curiosity seems to have no bounds; she pries into everything; yet she can do nothing—the Grand-Duke will not permit it."

Two or three days afterwards, she came in, just as the King had dined; she talked a great deal; the King very seldom answering her. "I recollect where your Majesty left me the last time," she said, "so that you can lead me from that point." It was to the labyrinth she alluded. The King replied, "I will take you there at the time of promenade." He then called me near him, but it was only to tell me to get at once into the calash. When we returned to the château, he said, "It is now six o'clock—at eight we must return to Montmartre, to take the ladies for their walk. They then played at *Hocca* (a game of chance), and after a collation, the King returned, and said to my sister, "What, are you here still? What will they say?" She began to laugh, and replied, "I do not come here every day; when I do, I must make the most of my time. It will be early enough if I reach home at midnight; it is the hour at which the nuns rise for matins; they will go to bed soon, and I shall awake them." The King and Monsieur first stared at each other, and then at me.

When I next saw Madame de Fiesque, I said, "Comtesse, I do not think my sister is

so well esteemed at Court as you gave me to understand; and I fear they will grow tired of her if she goes there too often." She one day met the Prince d'Harcourt, and made him escort her in his coach; which was thought to be very ridiculous when it was known. It was said she had paid a visit to France upon the strength of a horoscope, which declared that she would govern the King. There was nothing very terrible in this prediction, for her only desire in governing him was to place the Duke de Lorraine in a position to marry her; and this was chimerical enough for a woman with a husband and three children; but she said there were casuists at Rome who had declared that she never was married, as she had never given her consent. She had kept up a communication with M. de Lorraine to the time he married, and this with the participation of Madame de Guise. I cannot understand how any one with so much reputed good sense and virtue could lend herself to foster a delusion of such a kind. At the time when de Lorraine married she fell ill of the jaundice; and yet, after all, when he at length died, she affected not to regret him, but assumed, on that very day, an air of great gaiety.

As soon as Mademoiselle de Nantes (daughter to the King) had reached her tenth year, M.

le Prince began to think of marrying her to the Duke, his son. One evening, when they supped with the King, I was suffering from severe cold, and coughed very much. Mademoiselle de Bourbon (her sister), in whom it was not well judged to make a jest of it, began to laugh, as well as the Princess de Conti; and as often as I coughed, she laughed, and looked towards Monseigneur. The King saw that it gave me uneasiness, and said, "My son and the Princess de Conti are thinking of a man who afforded us much diversion on our last journey." I coughed again, and again they continued their laughter; so I left the table, and retired to the King's room, where I remained for a quarter of an hour, till my coughing fit was over. On my return, I observed, that I feared I had failed in respect, by remaining.

On leaving the table, Madame la Dauphine did not stay long in the room. I followed her, and said, "I think you must have noticed the laughing between the Princess de Conti and Mademoiselle de Bourbon?" "It appeared to me," she said, "very impertinent; and you must have perceived that the King did what he could to prevent it, but without succeeding."

Mademoiselle de Bourbon had something the matter with her right arm: it appeared shorter

than the other, and she could not use it readily. I think they said she had had the king's evil, and that the remedies they used had disabled it. I remarked to Madame de Montespan, that they would be a splendid couple if Monsieur du Maine should marry the little lady—one of them crippled in the legs, the other in an arm. She replied, that no one ever dreamed of such a thing. Madame de Montespan made known the aversion I had conceived for Mademoiselle de Bourbon, from her laughing at me, and the fear I had that they would marry her to the Duc du Maine. This she also repeated to the King. One day, when I was with Madame de Maintenon, he came, and spoke to me on the subject, observing, that I need not make myself uneasy, for that the Duc de Maine owed me too great obligation to marry without my consent. He added, that it was a pity I should think at all of such trifles, or take dislikes on so slight a foundation. I replied, that little, then, need be said about the matter; but that if Mlle. de Nantes did marry the Duc du Maine, I would never see either of them again." The King appeared extremely embarrassed, and I felt very angry, and quitted him rather abruptly, to mark my sense of this interference. I was informed afterwards, that Mademoiselle de Nantes was married. No one spoke to me of it

but Madame de Montespan, who mentioned it as she would any other news, in a letter; but it was not of the slightest consequence to me.

Since the death of the Prince de Conti, his brother had never left Chantilly, where he was staying with the Prince. It was a residence considered most advantageous for him, after what had occurred; he became, in fact, one of the best men in the world; and M. le Prince had a great esteem for him. On New Year's Day, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Bourbon, and M. le Prince de Conti, were presented with the *Cordons bleus*—De Conti dining at Versailles, and returning to Chantilly in the evening. Every one admired his firm and dignified deportment. M. de Lauzun behaved in his usual manner: playing high with Monsieur, and seeing less of Monseigneur than usual. The Grand Duchess slept sometimes at Versailles, and St. Germain, in hired apartments, for the King would not assign any for her use. She was beginning to be neglected, for he took little notice of her, and people began to find her society fatiguing; she talked a great deal and not at all agreeably, going into long details respecting her domestics, the horses she had bought, their names, genealogy, and exploits.

The Duchess de Bourbon (for so she was then

called) was seized with the small-pox at Fontainebleau. Madame de Montespan shut herself up with her daughter; and the Prince (Condé), who was at Chantilly, shut himself up also. The King went to pay him a visit, and desired to see him; but the Prince hastened to the door, and declared aloud that he must prevent him from entering. He shortly fell ill, and died the 11th of September, 1686. His death was a great loss to the State, in the then position of affairs; for he had served the King well, and it seemed that his head was as excellent as his heart. M. de Luxembourg, the greatest commander we possess at the present time, was his disciple, and had studied under him. The Prince wrote a long letter to the King, to ask pardon for anything he might ever have done to give his Majesty offence; and he died like a good Christian. Still, I could not but regret that he should have begged the King to consent to his wife's imprisonment at Châteauroux. I wished that he had not done so. I recollected our long friendship, and forgot all the vexation which his wife had caused me. I was myself ill at the time of the Prince's death, and M. de Lauzun came to my door every day to inquire how I was.

There had arisen, about this time, some commotion in England, in which the young Duke

of Monmouth had taken part. I should not here speak of it, had it not induced M. de Lauzun to ask permission to go to England, to find employment for his sword. This journey has been praised by some, and blamed by others; he did not seem much gratified on his return, though he had been in action, and brought back some booty. I was at Eu when he passed through Abbeville; and he sent a gentleman to present his compliments: I think he even wrote to me, but I deigned to return no answer. He had purchased a great many Chinese goods, and sent a quantity of very pretty things to Choisy; but it was not my wish to receive them. The gentleman spread them out on the tables: I could not well avoid going to see them, but I took care not to accept them. The Grand Duchess (my sister), one day, observed to me, "I have been ordered to try the waters of Forges for my sore throat; I have a great desire to go with you to Eu, to take them." It was during a promenade at Versailles that she made me this proposal. I replied, "I should be very happy to afford you this pleasure, but you must recollect that I have measures to keep with the Grand Duke, who has always been on very good terms with me." "Then I will go to Alençon," she said. "That is another thing," I replied. "Madame de Guise is differently situated with respect to him." She retorted

in anger, "While you affect these nice fastidious airs, all the world is laughing at you. I used no such affectation when I came here; I made the Duke believe what I pleased—that I wished to become a nun at the Hôpital de Poictiers—and yet I was laughing all the time at his credulity. Never have I kept my word in anything I promised him." She continued to ramble in this absurd manner, and evidently under much excitement. I listened with compassion, and permitted her to talk without interruption.

When I next met the King, I told him of what had passed. His Majesty observed, that I had done right, for that my sister was not quite herself, and the Grand Duke did not wish her to go beyond Montmartre. She fretted for some time at being thus crossed, but nothing further was said on the subject.

M. de Lauzun now spent his time in riotous obscurity — giving much occasion for censure, and often engaged in adventures which I heard related with grief.

CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF MADEMOISELLE'S HISTORY;

WITH REFLECTIONS, AND AN INQUIRY INTO THE EVIDENCE OF HER MARRIAGE WITH THE DUKE DE LAUZUN.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, which more firmly establishes the authenticity of the preceding memoirs than the abrupt manner in which they are concluded. We can none of us bring the narrative of our lives to the final act, scene, and exit. It is the biographer, the historian, for whom it is reserved to put the last stroke to the picture; to retouch its best features, and render it sufficiently attractive to invite the eye of posterity. In every record of her times, throughout the splendid age of Louis Quatorze, la Grande Mademoiselle is to be met with, occupying a conspicuous place, and shedding lustre on the annals of "La Belle France." In more voluminous

works, we trace the outline of those events she has so graphically depicted; and it may be observed, as was said of Goldsmith, she touched upon nothing which she did not adorn; she has evidently thrown aside the formality of authorship, and, in her confidential communications, treated only of those events and incidents which came most home to her own bosom. The mask of ceremony was no longer worn, and we find *La Grande Mademoiselle* a very woman at heart.

We possess, moreover, in this history, an interesting collection of authentic facts. The thread is carried on from one era of historical importance to another, introducing us even to the private society of those, who, by their deeds rather than the loftiness of their birth, have acquired a lasting renown. "True philosophy," says a writer of the period, "was not known until the present times; while in our arts, in our minds, in our manners, as well as in our government, a general revolution took place, which ought to serve as an eternal mark of the true glory of the age." We do not wonder that the Italians should have previously denominated all the Ultramontanes *barbarians*, if the usages we read of in these memoirs are to be taken as evidences of their improvement. Rather let us see, in the despotism of their King—the depravity of their princes—

the meanness of their courtiers, the evidence of the broad way—the wide gate, which brought them to destruction — leading them, step by step, not only to the subsequent revolution—that reign of terror—but in some degree palliating its excesses. Taken in this light, the work may serve as a solemn comment; serving to exemplify that oft-repeated, and as often disregarded, warning, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Let us, at the same time gleaning what we may from contemporary writers, follow Mademoiselle to the end of the chapter. To the glory, the pleasure, the grandeur, and the gallantry which occupied the first years of his government, Louis seemed desirous of adding the calmer delights of friendship. He knew not how difficult it is for a King to make a judicious selection. The two men in whom he placed the greatest confidence both abused his favour. The first of these was the Marquis de Vardes, who, in concert with the Count de Guiche and the Countess de Soissons, wrote to the Queen the forged letter in the name of the King of Spain, informing her of the King her husband's infidelities. The other—sometimes his rival, sometimes his confidant, and afterwards the victim of

his serious displeasure—was the Duc de Lauzun. It was supposed that his privately concluding his marriage with Mademoiselle, notwithstanding the solemn promise he had given his sovereign, brought on him his disgrace; yet, after much research amongst the *on-dits* of the day, we consider it still remains a question whether Mademoiselle *did* marry him or not; the contentious character of their latter days being, perhaps, the only substantial evidence. Neither is the exact cause of the King's displeasure known, or why this marriage should, in the first place, have been set aside. The many learned seem to have settled it their own way; leaning on the meaning of gone-by events, and on the scattered evidence of historical fact, they "bodied forth the forms of things unknown," to suit the exact measure of their respective faculties. It is our opinion that Mademoiselle and the Duc de Lauzun never were privately married. Let us examine, in the first place, what has been said of the public marriage which was projected. "Not satisfied with merely espousing Mademoiselle," writes a faithful narrator of the day, "the Count de Lauzun would have the ceremony celebrated with all the magnificence and parade of two crowned heads; by the long and vain preparations, however, that were making for it, he

afforded time to Monsieur to gain his point, and to prevail on the King to revoke the consent which he had already given to the marriage." Another writer remarks, "Mademoiselle, after having refused so many sovereigns, and after having conceived hopes of marrying Louis XIV., resolved, at the age of forty-three, to make the fortune of a private gentleman. She obtained permission"—for no heiress in France could marry without the licence of the king, and we believe it was formerly so in England—"to espouse Peguillin, of the Caumont family—Count de Lauzun, the last captain of the hundred gentlemen pensioners, and the first for whom the King created the post of Colonel-General of Dragoons."

There were, indeed, many examples of princesses who had married private gentlemen. The Roman emperors gave their daughters to senators. The daughters of the potentates of Asia, more powerful and more despotic than the kings of France, never marry any but the slaves of their fathers. Mademoiselle settled upon the Count de Lauzun all her fortune, estimated at twenty millions—four duchies, the sovereignty of Dombes, the comté of Eu, and the palace of Orleans, which was called the Luxembourg.

Such, then, it seems, was her love, that she

reserved nothing for herself, sacrificing everything to the fond idea of rendering the man whom she idolized richer than any king had ever made a subject. The contract was prepared; Lauzun was Duc de Montpensier only for a day—nothing was wanting but the signature—when the King, assailed by the representations of the princes, the ministers, and the enemies of the man, envious of him personally as well as of his prospects, retracted his promise, and forbade the union.

It was at one o'clock in the morning, just before his *coucher*, that Mademoiselle a second time asked the King's permission to follow out her wishes. She assured him that all the reflection he had recommended on the point, had only served to confirm her in an unshakable resolution. Vain was it for his Majesty to recal to her mind the anger she had shown upon the marriage of her sister, Madame de Guise; admitting, at the same time, that there was certainly a wide difference between a foreign prince and *un grand seigneur* of his kingdom, such as M. de Lauzun. "Still, I would not for anything," he added, "let it be considered in the world that I have contributed to his fortune at the expense of your interest; neither would I

injure him by opposing your wishes. There is one thing I entreat, namely, that you will act with your usual prudence." His extreme kindness of disposition then made itself apparent, and he added, "There is still a caution I wish to give you; it is, to keep your project a secret until the moment of its execution. Many persons will not believe it; the ministers have considered it their duty to speak to me on the subject; M. de Lauzun has many enemies." "Sire," she replied, yet with fear and trepidation in her voice, "if your Majesty is for us, who is there can do us any harm!" The King rose, and embracing her with a tender air, as she prepared to retire, said, "Believe me that I have reason for speaking to you as I have done; therefore, let me caution you to take your measures accordingly."

Had she but reflected on the importance of this advice, what sorrow had she not been spared! She would then have hastened on a marriage which, under the permission of the King, and the sanction of the church, nothing could have set aside. All other forms and ceremonies might have been attended to at leisure. But how suppose a monarch such as Louis should ever retract the promise he had given to his cousin, and his

favourite ! An unreasonable confidence that everything would be well, ruined all the hopes of the Princess. Instead of following the King's advice, she publicly declared to her whole household her approaching marriage. Then she sent the Dukes de Créqui and de Montauzier, the Maréchal d'Albret, and the Marquis de Guestry, to the Tuileries, to request officially the King's permission to her marriage with the Comte de Lauzun. The King made answer, that having given his consent to that of Mademoiselle d'Alençon, he had no reason to oppose that of her sister with the Comte de Lauzun. Monsieur then, in an angry tone, attempted to prove the difference of the rank; to which the King replied, "I see none. If, in your love for foreigners, you do, I cannot think the same: and besides, I am bound to support the nobility of my realm." The gentlemen then returned to the Luxembourg, to convey the happy news to Mademoiselle.

She then sent for Boucherat, her notary, to draw up a deed of gift of the whole of her wealth to M. de Lauzun. The notary, in surprise, repeated the order three times—"*Une donation totale !*" And, then, in most respectful terms ventured to represent that she had given up all

her wealth—not even reserving for herself the smallest sum to leave even as a gift—or a foundation. "Have no fears, M. Boucherat," she replied: "if I am liberal towards the unfortunate; Monsieur de Lauzun is prodigal. Besides, I shall never be more mistress of my fortune than when I have given it all to him. Draw up the deed according to my order."

It may well be believed, that the news of this marriage circulated quickly throughout Paris; and never was there a greater sensation caused, or an astonishment more general. A letter from Madame de Sévigné to her daughter will convey some idea of it.

"I am going to tell you," she writes, "a thing the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most astounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most great, the most little, the most rare, the most common, the most notorious, the most secret until to-day, the most brilliant, the most deserving of envy! A thing that we will scarcely believe in Paris: how will you ever credit it *en Province?* An event which takes place on Sunday; while those who witness it will hardly believe their eyes. I cannot tell you what it is, you must guess." After

some other *plaisanteries*, she continues: "*Eh bien!* I suppose, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre—can you guess whom? I defy you in four guesses—I defy you in six—I defy you in a hundred. You say it is very difficult to guess. Is it Madame de la Vallière? No. Is it Madamoiselle de Retz? No. You are *bien provinciale!* Ah! really we are very silly; you say, it is Mademoiselle de Créqui? No, indeed it is not. The end will be that I must tell you. Well, then, he marries at the Louvre, on Sunday, with the King's permission, Mademoiselle — La Grande Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur—Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henri IV.—Mademoiselle of Eu—Mademoiselle of Dombes—Mademoiselle de Montpensier—Mademoiselle d'Orleans—Mademoiselle, cousin-german to the King—Mademoiselle, the only match thought worthy of Monsieur!"

M. de Lauzun, the subject of all this happy raillery—of all this wonder of the great world—kept a serene countenance throughout the whole; a calm expression of joy — a noble humility —a dignity devoid of pride spread over his whole appearance — extorting the secret admiration of all. While the notary was finishing his work in a cabinet near Mademoiselle's cham-

ber, her *salon* was filled with an immense crowd. The contract being signed, the folding doors were thrown open, when Mademoiselle, with Monsieur de Lauzun, appeared, and said, "I present you Monsieur de Montpensier; and beg that for the future you will know him only by this name." The Maréchal de Bellefonds was the first to break the solemn silence which followed these words. He advanced towards Mademoiselle, and thanked her for the honour she conferred on the nobility of the kingdom; while Monsieur de Charost, captain of the *garde-du-corps*, exclaimed, that his post was now *sans prix!* for what would a man require more who was rich enough to pay for the honour of being the *Camarade* of the husband of Mademoiselle?

This tone of pleasantry was followed by all present. M. de Lauzun, with a gracious smile, kissed Mademoiselle's hand.

Etiquette required, the next day, that visits of ceremony should be paid to the new Duke; but his desire being to withdraw from this honour, he repaired to the Luxembourg at the usual hour, when Mademoiselle received her friends, and mixing with the crowd, he remained for some time before she perceived him. When she discovered he was there, she made him some tender reproaches on the excess of his respectful humility.

The next day was fixed for the marriage. Never-ending discussions upon etiquette had made Mademoiselle give up the intention of its being celebrated in the Queen's Chapel at the Louvre; and it was resolved that the ceremony should take place at the country-house of the Marquis de Créqui, near Charenton, that she might receive the nuptial benediction from the hands of the Bishop of Rheims. The solemn consent given by the King to this marriage with M. de Lauzun, had at first intimidated his enemies—struck, as they were, by so unheard-of an event. Far from thinking of succeeding against him now, several sought the means of cultivating his favour. But the interval of eight days, imprudently given to vain preparations, allowed his enemies to recover themselves. The active zeal of envy and of jealousy suggested the means of forming a league. They surrounded the Queen, Monsieur, and the Grand Condé; by the aid of these august names they reassured their minds, and confidently looked forward to the hour of vengeance.

The friends of M. de Lauzun were, nevertheless, aware of the danger: often and earnestly was the advice given to Mademoiselle to hasten her marriage. They even cautioned her not to let M. de Montpensier stir out unaccompanied; and Madame de Sévigné, on her knees, in the *ruelle* of

her bed, exclaimed, "Why give time for all the kingdom to pass its opinion? It is tempting God and the King thus to delay an affair in itself so extraordinary." Yet an invincible fatality rendered Mademoiselle deaf to the voice of friendship and of prudence. It is not in the bewilderment of success that we are disposed to listen to a sad presentiment. This carelessness of Mademoiselle gave time to the clever and wily Louvois to bring in play all his resources. This minister gained over the notary by reasons founded on the interest of Mademoiselle. He asked him for only four hours delay in completing the contract. With this the minister felt secure of hurling the thunder upon his enemy's head.

While Mademoiselle, therefore, was employing herself in the fond care of arranging M. de Montpensier's apartments, thinking of nothing but the approaching happy event, and foreboding not the deep-laid scheme that was already overshadowing her fond expectations—the royal family, the nobles, the ministers, gained over by Louvois, threw themselves at the feet of the King, and represented to him the discredit this misalliance would cast upon his reputation and his glory. Not only in France, they declared, but still more in foreign countries, would it prove injurious;

every one would believe that he had not hesitated to sacrifice his nearest relative, that he might aggrandize his favourite. To this, Monsieur, urged on by a personal jealousy, added, in an angry and severe tone, that to honour M. de Lauzun in allowing such a ceremony to take place at the Louvre, would be to offer an affront to Henri IV.!

Thus the snare was adroitly laid, advantage being taken of a distinguishing trait in the character of the King. Never was Monarch more guided by opinion than Louis XIV., or so scrupulously regardful of appearances; the public voice was to him a thing sacred. He could not stand up against the fear of being blamed; he allowed himself to retract his promise, forbade the marriage, and the momentary triumph of the new duke disappeared for ever.

And what was the occupation of Mademoiselle, while these enemies of her lover were already rejoicing in his fall? Shut in her cabinet, she was dreaming of all the honours to which her devotion would raise the man of her choice; all obstacles overcome, and only a few hours intervening before the happy moment would arrive when he would publicly pronounce the vow of being hers for ever. A messenger—a messenger from the King! The announcement

startled her: what was it? Suddenly these delicious reflections vanished. She held in her trembling hand an order that Mademoiselle should immediately repair to the Tuileries. She asked, falteringly, if the King were still at play? No; he had been closeted for two hours with the Prince de Condé.

On reaching his presence, the King begged her to be seated. His every look expressed embarrassment and sorrow. Mademoiselle waited with fear and trembling until he should break the silence.

At length, the King said, "I am quite in despair at what I have to announce to you: yet is it but too true: they reproach me with having sacrificed you to the friendship I have for M. de Lauzun. This accusation is injurious to my reputation, and it is therefore impossible that I can consent to the marriage being concluded." His Majesty was silent, awaiting a reply; but seeing that fear and consternation had rendered her mute, he continued, "I confess that you have reason to complain of me, and I must endure the pain of your supposing me in the wrong." "Ah, sire!" at length she exclaimed, "what do you tell me? No, I never can believe such cruelty on your part! Your Majesty esteems him too much to render him so

wretched. Alas—alas! if your Majesty treats him thus, the nobility of your realm are more happy than yourself, for they are at liberty to render service to those who show attachment to them! How can you abandon the man who is so devoted to you? How can you, after giving your permission to my espousing him, how can you retract your word? You have allowed yourself to be overcome, and you will remove my fears!" "And why have you been so slow in a matter of so much importance?" "Sire, I thought that neither time nor circumstance could ever make you retract your royal promise, which you have never yet violated." Then giving herself up to the most poignant grief, she threw herself at the King's feet, bathed in tears, begging of him to let her die there, if he persevered in so fatal a resolution. At the moment, she heard a noise in the cabinet adjoining. She perceived that she had been overheard, and guessing by whom, she exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with much quickness, "To whom do you sacrifice me, sire. Is it to the Prince? I took pity on his life, and he is now taking away mine!" Here tears stopped her utterance; while the King, not being able to raise her, and much overcome, fell on his knees by her side, and mixed his tears with hers. Mademoiselle seeing him thus subdued, recovered her-

self, that she might reseat the King, observing, as she did so, with a profound expression of hope, "You take pity on my grief? You are the master, and can bid it cease; and yet you sacrifice me to idle considerations!" "Ah, *ma cousine*, excuse me; kings are not exactly the masters of their own actions; they have to render an account of them to the public, who ever judge them severely." He then told her, as she has related, that she could not place her confidence in a more honourable man than M. de Lauzun; and she replied that, since he allowed her to retain him as her friend, she ought to feel less miserable.

The King had written to foreign Courts announcing this marriage. He wrote again to explain its being broken off. He had been blamed for having consented to the union; and he was now blamed for failing in his word.

Then, too, it was given out, that a secret match had taken place between Mademoiselle and the Count; but how does this agree with the statement made by herself, after his release from captivity, that he declared he would not marry until he should be created a duke? The report may have arisen from the words used by the King, in his first interview with him after his terrible reverse of fortune. M. de Lauzun spoke with a grave and sorrowful air, yet mixed with profound re-

spect. The King, afflicted with the course he had pursued, sought to soften it by instances of kindness; and using terms even less equivocal than those he had expressed to Mademoiselle, to show him how he might proceed without displeasing him: he said, "They are waiting for you at the Luxembourg: yes, *ma cousine*, who alone can console you." It is evident that the King grieved for the obligation he felt himself under of causing the misery of Mademoiselle and his favourite. His attentions were unremitting to her; he excused even the weakness of a fainting fit by explaining to the company, "*Ma cousine à des vapeurs*," while to Lauzun he sought to make compensation by overwhelming him with favours; yet, with a firm dignity, he declined them all; and even when named Maréchal of France, his reply was, "I have in no way merited this honour."

In the midst of all this, he was arrested, conveyed to the Castle of Pignerol, and kept there a prisoner for ten years. One of the reasons given for this sudden displeasure of the King, was the discovery of his private marriage. But the Duc de St. Simon, a courtier who has written his memoirs, gives another explanation of this sudden disgrace, which appears much more probable. Lauzun, he relates, had constantly solicited Madame de Montespan to use her influence with the

King to gain him the object of his ambition, which she had promised to do. Being somewhat doubtful of her sincerity, he bribed one of her *femmes de chambre* to conceal him where he might overhear a private conversation between the lady and the King. The opportunity soon presented itself, and he found himself alone with her and his sovereign—so near that the slightest movement or breathing might have betrayed him. His lucky star preserved him from this danger. He left the spot safe; but convinced of the favourite's duplicity and treacherous conduct towards himself.

Stung to the quick, M. de Lauzun took the first opportunity of asking her if she had spoken to the King in his behalf? She assured him that she had not failed to keep her word; and on the instant, with surprising quickness, invented a series of services she was about to render him, and the many things she had advanced to insure success. At first he was silent, for surprise had struck him dumb; but the indignation he felt at this base treachery soon burst forth; even making him forget that he spoke to a woman, and that woman the mistress of the King. He saw nothing but her audacious perfidy, and, forcibly grasping her hand, he repeated to her, word for word, her conversation with the King.

Then giving way to his lofty indignation, he overwhelmed her with bitter revilings—merited, it is true, yet soon most bitterly revenged. She was too much overcome to offer a reply; but, eluding his grasp, she hurried to her room, where an alarming fainting fit was the consequence. He was soon after arrested, and Mademoiselle threatened with perpetual exile if she dared to hazard one word in requesting his pardon.

M. de St. Mars, a creature of Louvois, caused to be prepared at Pignerol a chamber, dark and unwholesome, for the unfortunate Count's reception. He entered it with a wretched feeling: it seemed to him as a yawning tomb; and Hope, that last refuge of the destitute, abandoned him as he traced in large characters on the door of his prison that well known verse of Danté, supposed to be inscribed on the gates of the Inferno—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate."

At Pignerol, Lauzun found Fouquet, the disgraced minister, who had been tried, found guilty of embezzling the public money, and was imprisoned there for life. At that time, he had been in close confinement seven years. Shut out from all communication with the world, he was most anxious to be informed of everything that had passed at court since his detention; and,

finding means to visit each other's cells, he eagerly inquired of Lauzun all that had happened. The surintendent, on learning the history of Lauzun, for he had known him as a young man—a page about the court, the cadet of an illustrious house, with no pretence to fortune, listened with some surprise to his account of having been general in the dragoons, captain of the guards, and general of the Army. But when he entered upon the detail of his proposed marriage with Mademoiselle, and with the consent of the King—the manner in which it had been broken off, and the exceeding wealth that she had settled upon him, Fouquet's astonishment subsided into compassion; for he thought that confinement had turned the Count's head, and that he was mad. He was even afraid of being left alone with him, until, some time afterwards, he discovered his mistake. He forgot, at the moment, that no one offered a greater example of the vicissitudes of fortune than himself.

Mademoiselle grieved over this long captivity of Lauzun, spending her time in continual applications to the King and Madame de Montespan for her lover's pardon. She was a long time unsuccessful, until cupidity and ambition obtained what humanity refused; and, at the end of ten years, under the condition that he would renounce the court, she regained her lover's freedom.

And now we might believe him hastening to her arms, and expressing all the gratitude of his heart for the sacrifices she had made. But no: she finds him ungrateful, negligent, and a perfectly altered person. Absence had served to weaken whatever inclination he might once have felt for her—there was no further hope of her wealth, and the false heart stood confessed. She met him with her affections unchanged, in all their force; but she alone had preserved them. Yet that he had changed in his towards her never for a moment entered her mind. This confidence gave her some moments of happiness; for it was a reliance hard to be shaken—moments short and fugitive, to be followed by tears, and never-ending regret.

Surrounded by homage and by flattery, it was difficult to believe that her influence had ceased. Naturally proud and impetuous, her passionate accents of complaint were mixed with those of haughty reproach. But this conduct only rendered her less attractive in M. de Lauzun's eyes. Consumed by sorrow and by watching, enduring the torments of unrequited love, added to the vexation of seeing the person she so esteemed exiled from the court; finding him impatient under the short visits he paid her, and even seeking the slightest pretexts to abridge

these visits, she became the victim of disappointment, jealousy, and suspicion.

We are now approaching the point which seems to account for the sudden termination of her memoirs; and where it is evident that her mind, pained and irritated by present neglect, sought solace in referring to past events in its latter pages. She in vain tried to penetrate the mystery—the secret intercourse—which led her faithless lover to seek Madame de Montespan. She more than once affirms that she knows not what it is all about. That he played for high stakes with Monsieur at the Palais Royal she was but too well aware; but she knew, also, that he played with such confidence and skill that he gained considerable sums. When he lost, he came to her to replenish his purse. It was not much to be thankful for; but she was pleased to see him even on those terms.

Distracted by vain attempts to recover his lost position at court, and tormented with disappointment, the life of Lauzun seemed every day to become more insupportable. At length, he resolved to quit France—to banish himself for years, in the hope, perhaps, that by this voluntary exile, this strange resolution, the King might be touched. Fearing that Mademoiselle would throw some obstacle in the way, his

first care was to keep his design secret. His intention was to obtain the consent of his sovereign, and not to let her know of the plan until the moment of its being executed. To gain this consent, he assiduously courted Madame de Montespan — entreating her to use her influence with the King to allow him to repair to England; alleging, as a reason, that the only motive he had for so doing was to escape the pain of living near his sovereign without daring to approach him. The King at once gave his consent to the favour he solicited.

Now it was that he had to disclose his design to Mademoiselle; and her heart was divided between grief and resentment when she heard his unexpected determination. What a return was this for her love!—for the sacrifices she had made! She showered on him all the reproaches that despair could invent—that mortified pride could utter. Vain was it for him to tell her that he sensibly felt all she had done; but that his mortifications were too hard for him to continue to bear—adding; "If my determination offends you, let this exile to which I condemn myself, serve to wipe out my error and expiate my crime." Yet she knew too well the person she had to deal with to be readily taken in. She saw in all this arrangement nothing but a new

outrage offered to her feelings. No longer would she debase herself by seeking to retain a heart about to be lost to her for ever.

Acting upon the instigation of her wounded pride, she now not only insisted upon an eternal separation, but ordered him never more to have the audacity to appear in her presence. It is hardly necessary to add, that the order was obeyed, and she never saw him from that hour. Unhappy at court—unhappy at home—the victim of deep feeling and disappointed passion shrank away from her friends and disappeared from the world. It stands recorded on her tomb — "Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, fille ainée de Gaston de France, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, morte l'an 1693, agée de 66 ans."

On hearing of her death, M. de Lauzun ordered the whole of his household to be placed in mourning—consisting of a black livery, decorated with gold lace. He caused her portraits to be hung in his various rooms, and ever after spoke of her with much apparent regret. His reception at the English Court was highly grateful to his feelings. He was distinguished by the King and Queen, and loaded with favour and kindness. Here he saw, with deep-felt regret, the fearful and yawning gulf opening

for their ruin. A King of good and rare qualifications obstinately seeking, by his single will, and the advice of his confessor, to upset the established religion of his country.*

It seems that both the King and Queen, *cette belle et interessante Marie*, as M. de Lauzun styles her in his letters, deeply interested his feelings; and the Revolution soon bursting forth, he seems to have forgotten his own griefs in alleviating those of his illustrious friends. The danger augmented every moment—the army of William approached, and the King had not more than four hundred men devoted to his service. Lauzun saw the danger—saw that the royal pair would soon become the victims of what he called *une peuple fanatique*—and therefore urged their flight.

Abandoned by his family, betrayed by his ministers, denounced by his people, there was no other course left for the unfortunate James to take. "I will spare England the crime of destroying their King," he said, as he acceded to M. de Lauzun's proposal. "But the Queen must not be with me; my fears and anxiety for

* Madame de Maintenon herself admitted that the Jesuits were too hasty in their methods; whilst Père la Chaise confessed, whilst he praised their zeal, that he could not say so much for their prudence.—*Ed.*

her safety would be sure to betray the whole." The King then confided his beloved wife, Mary of Modena, and the Prince of Wales, to the care of Lauzun, who took a solemn oath to his Majesty, that he would abandon them only with his life. He then hastened the necessary preparations, and at midnight presented himself before a secret door, leading to the apartment of the Queen. He found her weeping in the arms of her husband. What a scene! What a separation! There was not a moment to lose. He took the little Prince of Wales in one arm, the Queen leaning on the other; and, by the assistance of his friend, St. Victor, reached the banks of the Thames, by Lambeth Palace, in safety. A boat was waiting to receive them, and in this they proceeded down the river, where a larger vessel was prepared, and in this they set sail for Calais.

History relates the noble manner in which Louis received the illustrious fugitives. Followed by a hundred coaches and six, he met them seven leagues from Paris, where, descending from his coach to receive the Queen and the little Prince, he mixed his tears with hers, assuring the Queen that she should be served and treated with every respect due to her rank, and that he hoped, by this respect and love, to make her forget her sorrows. After which he ascended

her coach, and placing her on his right-hand, he escorted her himself in this way to St. Germain.

On reaching this place, the Queen presented her preserver to the King. M. de Lauzun fell at his sovereign's feet. Louis raised him with kindness, and announced to him, that he promoted him to a duchy, in remembrance of this memorable event, and from that day he was to bear the title. A little while afterwards, he was restored to the *grande entrée*, and a residence given him in the palace of Versailles, and at Marly.*

* "The interest excited in France by the position of affairs in England, inspired the Count de Lauzun, and his friend St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the Channel, to offer their services to the distressed King and Queen of England, at the dark epoch of their misfortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years imprisonment for marrying a princess of the blood-royal, without the consent of Louis XIV. The Count, who had been for many years under the cloud of the royal displeasure, had frequently written by an express to Louis XIV., the particulars of his chivalrous achievement, stating that James had enjoined him to place his Queen and son in his Majesty's hands, but that he could not have that honour, not being permitted to enter his presence. Louis wrote a letter to him, with his own hand, inviting him to return to court."—"*Lives of the Queens of England*," *by Agnes Strickland.*

The Duc de Lauzun, thus restored to favour, continued to enjoy it until his death, highly valued by James the Second. It was at his Court, held at St. Germain, that he blended this favour with the charm of esteem and friendship. He received, from the King of England's own hands, in the church of Notre Dame, the Order of the Garter. The remainder of his chequered life was peaceful and happy. He continued at Court until the last few months of his life—a model, as he was considered, to grand seigneurs—and the envy of those who, in seeking to imitate him, discovered that they possessed neither his wit, his taste, nor his graceful manners. He died at the Convent aux Petits Augustins, at Paris, in 1725, and in the eighty-ninth year of his age, having survived *La Grande Mademoiselle* thirty-two years.

THE END.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden.

13, *Great Marlborough Street.*

MR. COLBURN'S
LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BURKE'S
HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY;
A GENEALOGICAL DICTIONARY
OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND:
A COMPANION TO ALL PEERAGES.

2 vols. royal 8vo. beautifully printed in double columns, 2*l.* 10*s.* bound.

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom as has never before been brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman.

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origins,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions."—*Bell's Messenger.*

"A work which contains curious information nowhere else to be found, and to which professional genealogists may refer with advantage."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution. As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it."—*Morning Post.*

WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS
OF THE REIGN OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND;

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES,
BY THE LATE LORD HOLLAND.

Second Edition, Revised, in 3 handsome 8vo, volumes with Portraits, price only 24*s.* bound (originally published in 4to, at 5*l.* 5*s.*).

The manuscript of these "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second" was found at Strawberry Hill on the death of Horace Walpole, along with that of the "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third," lately edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, in two chests, relative to which the author left written directions that they were not to be opened till a considerable period after his decease. That time having arrived, the seals were removed, and the nobleman to whom the Memoirs had been bequeathed (the Earl of Waldegrave), decided on giving them to the public; and that they might possess every possible advantage, it was arranged that they should appear under the editorial auspices of the late Lord Holland, whose intimate acquaintance with the period illustrated, family connexion with the most celebrated individuals of the time, and distinguished scholarship, appeared to point him out as, above all men, peculiarly fitted for the task of preparing them for the press.

Known as the son of the ablest minister the age produced (Sir Robert Walpole), and having many of his nearest friends and relatives members at different periods either of the government or of the opposition, it is impossible to imagine an individual more favourably circumstanced than Horace Walpole to record the stirring scenes and great events that made the reign of George II. so remarkable. But to these advantages must be added a talent in portraying the characteristics of his contemporaries, and a vivacity in describing the scenes in which they figured so conspicuously, in which he is without a rival. The result is a history which, with the veracity of a chronicle, affords equal entertainment with the most vivacious romance, and though sufficiently attractive in its own merits to all classes of readers, is essential to every library containing any portion of the Walpole Works and Correspondence.

"We are glad to see an octavo edition of this work. The publisher has conferred a boon on the public by the republication."—*Britannia.*

"Few historical works that have appeared can equal these volumes, either in amusement or instruction."—*Sunday Times.*

"Perhaps, without exception, the liveliest piece of historical gossip in any language. It is a valuable contribution to the history and philosophy of human nature."—*Daily News.*

"A work of greater interest than has been placed before the public for a considerable time. The Memoirs abound in matter which is both useful and amusing. The political portions of the work are of undoubted value and interest, and embody a considerable amount of very curious historical information, hitherto inaccessible even to the most determined and persevering student."—*Morning Post.*

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS,
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS, PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY.

To be completed in 12 vols., embellished with Portraits, and other Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, bound; either of which may be had separately.

Vols. I to XI., are now ready.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These volumes have the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of history."—*Times.*

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A most valuable and entertaining work. There is certainly no lady of our day who has devoted her pen to so beneficial a purpose as Miss Strickland. Nor is there any other whose works possess a deeper or more enduring interest. Miss Strickland is to our mind the first literary lady of the age."—*Chronicle.*

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum.*

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose. And, as we before remarked, the considerable number of new documents to which she has had access, and the curious nature of some of these documents, impart to her production a character of which it would be hard to determine whether the utility or the entertainment predominated."—*Morning Post.*

"This work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."—*Times.* (Third Notice.)

HISTORY OF

THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON

AT ST. HELENA.

BY GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON,

The Emperor's Companion in Exile, and Testamentary Executor,
Now first translated and published from the author's original manuscript.
4 vols. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. may be had separately to complete sets.

"General Count Montholon, Napoleon's companion in exile, and testamentary executor, has determined by detailed and honest statements, to bring every thing connected with this important event before the eyes of civilised Europe. We have read his volumes with intense interest and curiosity, and we are eager to acknowledge the general good sense, right feeling, and strong desire for impartiality that have signalised them. They contain innumerable passages of interest, amusement, and information."—*Court Journal.*

THE ONLY AUTHORISED ENGLISH EDITION.

Now in course of publication, embellished with portraits. The first six volumes may now be had bound in three, price 31*s.* 6*d.*

M. A. THIERS' HISTORY

OF

THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE

OF FRANCE, UNDER NAPOLEON.

A sequel to his History of the French Revolution. Translated, with the sanction and approval of the Author, by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq.

Having filled at different times, the high offices of Minister of the Interior, of Finance, of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, M. Thiers has enjoyed facilities beyond the reach of every other biographer of Napoleon, for procuring, from exclusive and authentic sources, the choicest materials for his present work. As guardian to the archives of the state, he had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few, and the publication of which cannot fail to produce a great sensation. From private sources, M. Thiers, it appears, has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes, which have never before appeared in print, and the accuracy and value of which may be inferred from the fact of these parties having been themselves eye-witnesses of, or actors in, the great events of the period.

*** To prevent disappointment, the public are requested to be particular in giving their orders for "Colburn's Authorised Edition, translated by D. Forbes Campbell."

THE

COURT AND TIMES OF JAMES I.,

ILLUSTRATED BY AUTHENTIC AND CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS, FROM VARIOUS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NUMEROUS NOTES, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA."

2 vols. 8vo.

It may be asserted with confidence that scarcely any similar publication can exceed these volumes in interest, or rival them in the extent and variety with which they illustrate contemporary history. They contain the Confidential Correspondence of the Reign of James I. written to and from the Principal Ministers of State, Ambassadors, and other persons either connected with the court, or occupying positions which afforded them means of obtaining the most secret information. Among these will be found, Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury; Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester; Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury; Henry, Earl of Northampton: William, Earl of Pembroke; Edward, Lord Wotton; Richard, Earl of Dorset; George Calvert, Baron Baltimore; Viscount Andover; Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey; Sir Clement Edmondes; Sir Isaac Wake; Sir Henry Fanshawe; Sir Thomas Edmondes; Sir John Throckmorton; and various other eminent diplomatists and statesmen.

Of the innumerable subjects on which the volumes afford information, it is scarcely possible to give an adequate idea, but among many others may be named, The Trial of Sir Walter Raleigh and his subsequent history—The Gunpowder Plot—The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—The Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset—The Rise of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and his Family—The Early History and Death of Henry, Prince of Wales—The Private Lives of Queen Anne of Denmark and Prince Charles—The Stories of Arabella Stuart and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia—The Visits of the King of Denmark and the Count Palatine of the Rhine—The Proceedings of the Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Courts of Law, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—The Court Masques and Entertainments—The Revels of the Inns of Court —The Theatres, &c.

In its illustrations of the Literary History of the time, the work is extremely rich, abounding in anecdotes of Ben Jonson, Carew, Wither, Daniel, the Killegrews, Sir Henry Saville, Sir Robert Cotton, Camden, the brothers Shirley the famous travellers, Bacon, Sir Julius Cæsar, Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and many scholars of note both at home and abroad. Added to these interesting features the work contains notices of almost every person of celebrity in the kingdom, so that there is scarcely a family whose members have figured in the history of this portion of the seventeenth century, that will not find in these volumes some reference to their ancestors.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN EVELYN.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

To be completed in 3 volumes, handsomely printed in post 8vo, with Illustrations.

DIARY AND MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA, CONSORT OF GEORGE I.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS.

Second Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait, 28s. bound.

"A work abounding in the romance of real life."—*Messenger.*

"A book of marvellous revelations, establishing beyond all doubt the perfect innocence of the beautiful, highly gifted, and inhumanly treated Sophia Dorothea."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

EDITED, WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY AGNES STRICKLAND;

New and Cheaper Edition with numerous Additions, uniform with Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait, &c., 21s. bound.

"No public or private library can be considered complete without this valuable work."—*Morning Post.*

"The best collection of authentic memorials relative to the Queen of Scots that has ever appeared."—*Morning Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART,

COMMONLY CALLED THE "YOUNG PRETENDER,"

WITH NOTICES OF THE REBELLION IN 1745.

BY C. L. KLOSE, ESQ.

Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait, 24s. bound.

"This work may justly claim the credit of being the fullest and most authentic narrative of this great era of English history."—*Messenger.*

MEMOIRS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF LADY JANE GREY.

BY SIR HARRIS NICHOLAS.

1 vol. 8vo, 8s. 6d. bound.

MEMOIRS OF
MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER;

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE, AND NIECE OF HENRIETTA MARIA OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED FROM THE FRENCH.

3 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait, 31*s.* 6*d.* bound.

This illustrious lady, who was generally styled "La Grande Mademoiselle," acquired a widely-spread and well-merited renown on account of the extraordinary nature of the enterprises in which she was so conspicuously engaged. She was related to the great Condé, and took a leading part in the events of the troublous times in which she lived—a part, indeed, fitted rather for a captain-general, than for one of her gentle sex and high station; but in which, however, she acquitted herself to admiration.

Imbued with the chivalrous spirit of the age, Mademoiselle de Montpensier joined the League of the Fronde, and it seems difficult to decide whether she or the illustrious Condé,—was the head, or as it has been termed "the soul," of that famous confederacy. By her connexion with it, she forfeited the Queenly crown of France, besides involving herself in many subsequent disasters. Nothing, however could deter her from pursuing what she conceived to be the line of her duty, and she never once faltered in her devotion to the cause which she had espoused.

After various remarkable adventures, Mademoiselle de Montpensier signalized herself in an especial manner during the last terrific struggle of her party—the Battle of St. Antoine. Reckless of danger, by her presence in the thickest of the fight, she animated the spirits of the devoted band of heroes under Condé, who so distinguished themselves on that occasion; and, by her courage and address, succeeded in rescuing them from the dangers by which they were environed.

The subsequent career of "La Grande Mademoiselle" assumes a more pacific character. She was no less distinguished in love than in war, having been importuned by a host of suitors, who aspired to the honour of her hand; and, at one time, her destiny seemed likely to be linked to that of her great warrior-relative, Condé. After rejecting the overtures of kings and princes,—among whom may be mentioned Charles the Second of England,—this Sovereign Princess finally fixed her affection upon the Cadet of a noble house—the Duke de Lauzun, the same who rendered such good service to the Queen of James the Second, and who was conspicuous alike by his birth and his courage. For him no sacrifice appeared too great to be made by her—no trial of strength and constancy of woman's love, too severe. Her adventures, indeed, may be said to combine the charm of romance with the authenticity of history.

MEMOIRS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE,

Comprising her Opinions, and Anecdotes of the most remarkable Persons of her Time.

Second Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo, with portraits, &c.

These memoirs must interest all classes of readers. Throughout the whole of the brilliant period of the life of her uncle, Mr. Pitt, Lady Hester Stanhope (who was the partner of his secret counsels) was drawn into daily intercourse with the most remarkable people of the age—statesmen, wits, diplomatists, men of letters and science, women of fashion and celebrity, and all the members of the royal family, with whom she was upon terms of familiar intimacy.

"These volumes are such as no one who takes them up can easily lay down."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE SEVEN YEARS' TRAVELS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE,

FORMING THE COMPLETION OF HER MEMOIRS.

3 vols. post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations.

"This work is intended to complete the 'Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope.' As the 'Memoirs' embraced a period of about fifteen years, in which were traced the causes which led to the 'decline and fall' of her Ladyship's somewhat visionary Empire in the East, the 'Travels' take up her history from the time she quitted England, and, by a faithful narrative of her extraordinary adventures, show the rise and growth of her Oriental greatness. A distinct line may at once be drawn between this and all other books of travels in the East—for it boasts of a heroine who marches at the head of Arab tribes through the Syrian Desert—who calls Governors of Cities to her aid while she excavates the earth in search of hidden treasures—who sends Generals with their troops to carry fire and sword into the fearful passes of a mountainous country to avenge the death of a murdered traveller—and who then goes defenceless and unprotected to sit down a sojourner in the midst of them."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MAXIMS AND OPINIONS;

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

Second Edition, in 8vo, with Portrait, 12*s.* bound.

"The best book that has been published respecting the Duke of Wellington."—*Times.*

MISS BURNEY'S DIARY.

VOLS. VI. AND VII., COMPLETING THE WORK.

THE DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," &c.

Including the period of her residence at the Court of Queen Charlotte.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"Madame d'Arblay lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. All those whom we have been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Her Diary is written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. It ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. The account which she gives of the king's illness will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portions of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"This publication will take its place in the libraries beside Walpole and Boswell."—*Literary Gazette.*

"In our minds, this delightful Diary has been the most agreeable variety of the season. Miss Burney's first volume ought to be placed beside Boswell's 'Life,' to which it forms an excellent supplement."—*Times.*

"A work unequalled in literary and social value by any thing else of a similar kind in the language."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"This work may be considered a kind of supplement to Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is a beautiful picture of society as it existed in manners, taste, and literature, in the early period of the reign of George the Third, drawn by a pencil as vivid and brilliant as that of any of the celebrated persons who composed the circle."—*Messenger.*

"Miss Burney's Diary, sparkling with wit, teeming with lively anecdote, and delectable gossip, and full of sound and discreet views of persons and things, will be perused with interest by all classes of readers."—*Post.*

"This work presents an unrivalled combination of attraction. That extraordinary man Johnson is painted far better than he is by Boswell."—*Court Journal.*

"We know not when we have been so delighted with a book as with Miss Burney's Diary. Every page teems with interest."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT;
AND THE HOUSE OF SAXONY.

Second Edition, revised, with Additions, by Authority. 1 vol. post 8vo, with a Portrait of the Prince, 8*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"The best and most authentic Work on the subject of the Prince Consort and his Family."—*John Bull.*

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

LORD BROUGHAM'S LIVES OF MEN OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE,

WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

(With Original Letters),

Comprising ADAM SMITH (with an analytical view of his great work), LAVOISIER, GIBBON, Sir J. BANKS, D'ALEMBERT, and DR. JOHNSON.

Royal 8vo, with Portraits, 21*s.* bound.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER;

OR, THE HISTORY OF THE FEMALE SEX FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY LADY MORGAN.

2 vols., post 8vo, 16*s.* bound.

"Lady Morgan has imparted to history the charm of romance. We have read her series of rapid but brilliant and vigorous sketches with an interest which many a Novel fails to excite."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF THE

LITERARY LADIES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. ELWOOD.

2 vols., post 8vo, with portraits, 16*s.* bound.

"The literary ladies of England form a brilliant list, many of the most beautiful and permanently useful portions of our literature being the productions of female pens. A collection of memoirs of those eminent persons was much wanted, and Mrs. Elwood's work supplies the desideratum. It will furnish, especially to young readers of her own sex, much instructive matter in an interesting form."—*Chronicle.*

LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

1 vol., small 8vo, with Portrait, 10*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"This life of the Conqueror is the first attempt made to do full justice to his character and talents."—*Britannia.*

"From various sources Mr. Roscoe has drawn facts which have never yet appeared in relation to the life of William the Conqueror."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF LADY SUNDON;

AND OF THE

COURT OF QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.;

Including Letters of the most Celebrated Persons of the Time, now First Published from the Originals,

By Mrs. THOMSON,

Author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 24*s.* bound.

"We recommend this work to general circulation, not less for its attractiveness as a record of Court personalities than for its historical value."—*Atlas.*

"Lady Sundon was the Queen's Premier—at once her favourite attendant and chief Minister. She had correspondence with the most eminent and most notorious persons of her time, and hence her Memoirs become veritable and amusing illustrations of the Court of George II. We conscientiously recommend the volumes."—*Britannia.*

LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND;

Now first collected from the Originals in Royal archives and from other authentic sources, private as well as public.

Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F. R. S., &c. 2 vols. post 8vo, with portraits, 21*s.* bound.

"A valuable addition to our mass of historic materials—as valuable no doubt, as almost any other that has appeared in our time."—*Athenæum.*

"We have here the sayings and doings of our sovereigns told by themselves in a manner far more interesting than in any work we are acquainted with."—*Literary Gazette.*

LETTERS OF ROYAL & ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES

OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

Now first published from the Originals, with Introductory Notices,

By MARY ANN EVERETT WOOD.

3 vols, post 8vo, with Facsimile Autographs, &c.

"This collection of letters is very curious and very valuable. The general reader will derive great instruction from its pages, and the reader of history will find it of considerable service. The editress has accomplished well a remarkably laborious task. She has collected together the letters of the most illustrious women of England, whose lives extend over a period of four centuries and a half, and has taken infinite pains to render the subject of the letters intelligible to the reader by prefixing notes, varying in length as the occasion requires. The work certainly deserves a wide success."—*Sunday Times.*

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

NEW AND REVISED EDITION,

Corrected throughout from the personal communications of the Nobility, &c., and containing all the New Creations. In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter as twenty ordinary volumes), with upwards of 1500 Engravings of Arms, &c., 38*s.* bound.

"Mr. Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage' is the most complete, the most convenient, and the cheapest work of the kind ever offered to the public."—*Sun.*

"Mr. Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage' is certainly the most perfect and comprehensive encyclopædia of personal and national history ever given to the public; combining surprising accuracy and important information, with the greatest brevity and clearness, and exhibiting, in a condensed and lucid form, the lives and achievements of the many eminent men who have shed lustre on the rolls of our nobility, from the steel-clad barons of Cressy and Agincourt, to the heroes of Blenheim and Waterloo."—*Globe.*

BURKE'S DICTIONARY

OF THE

EXTINCT, DORMANT, AND ABEYANT

PEERAGES OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

A COMPANION TO ALL OTHER PEERAGES.

Cheaper Edition, beautifully printed, in one volume, 8vo, containing 800 double column pages, 21*s.* bound.

It should be particularly noticed that this work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

Comprising the Lives of the Speakers and Eminent Statesmen, and Lawyers, from the Convention Parliament of 1688-9, to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832;

BY WM. CHARLES TOWNSEND, ESQ., M.A.

RECORDER OF MACCLESFIELD.

2 vols. 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

"Much useful and curious information is scattered throughout these volumes."—*Quarterly Review.*

"I take the opportunity of acknowledging the valuable assistance which I have on several occasions received from Mr. Townsend's 'History of the House of Commons.'"—*Lord Campbell—Lives of the Chancellors.*

REMINISCENCES OF TALLEYRAND;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS POLITICAL WRITINGS.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY MADEMOISELLE DUCREST.

3 vols., small 8vo, 18s.—The same in French.

MEMOIRS OF THE

COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By MADAME CAMPAN, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 12s.—The same in French.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work—it is as a mirror of the most splendid court of Europe, at a time when monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of our attention."—*Morning Chronicle.*

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. FORBES BUSH.

Second Edition, dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty the QUEEN OF THE FRENCH, and including a Memoir of her Majesty. In 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s. bound.

"This charming Work comprises a separate Memoir of every Queen of France from the earliest of her annals to the present time. The work of Mrs. Bush cannot fail of being a desirable acquisition to every library in the kingdom."—*Sun.*

MEMOIRS OF

THE BABYLONIAN PRINCESS,

MARIA THERESA ASMAR,

DAUGHTER OF EMIR ADALLAH ASMAR;

Containing a narrative of her residence in Mesopotamia, Jerusalem, Mount Lebanon, Kurdistan, Ispahan, Teheran, and Shiraz, together with an account of her travels in Italy, France, England, &c.

Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

2 vols, post 8vo, with Portrait, 21s. bound.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

A Companion Volume to the "Story of the Battle of Waterloo."

With six Portraits and Map, 7s. 6d. bound.

It is the object of this publication to present the English Nation with what has long been a desideratum—A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR, down to the peace of 1814, in the smallest possible compass, and at so moderate a cost, as to be accessible to all classes of readers; and it is confidently trusted that this narrative, as completed by its able Editor, will satisfy all who take an interest in the glorious period to which it refers, and will be regarded as a worthy and indispensable companion to "The Story of the Battle of Waterloo."

THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;

COMPRISING

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY;

With a Particular Account of the COLONY OF HONG-KONG.

From Notes of Capt. W. H. HALL, R.N., and Personal Observations by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A.M., Oxon.

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION, with a new Introduction,
1 Volume, with Maps and Plates, 12s. bound.

"The most amusing and instructive voyage that has appeared since the days of Anson."—*Sun.*

"A work which will take its place beside that of Captain Cook in the annals of the maritime history of this country."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

"This is the most important publication that has appeared respecting our late contest with China. In all that relates to the Nemesis especially, and to the naval operations of the Expedition, it is replete with the most lively and stirring interest."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

TRAVELS IN ALGERIA.

BY VISCOUNT FEILDING AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 21s. bound.

"We feel special pleasure in recommending this interesting and entertaining work as one which throws much light on the customs and condition of a brave but unfortunate people, and affords much valuable information as to all that is remarkable in the country they inhabit."
—*Hood's Magazine.*

REVELATIONS [illegible]

By an EN[illegible]

Third edition, revised by the [illegible] brought down to the present time [illegible] tions, 21s. bound.

"Such books as the 'Revelations [illegible] their weight in gold and I know [illegible] 500 roubles [illegible] St. Petersburgh, in the [illegible]

RUSSIA UNDER THE [illegible] MICHAEL

By IVAN [illegible]

Second Edition, [illegible] the press

"These are volumes of an extraordinary [illegible] from the pen of a Russian noble [illegible] the reach of the Czar's power [illegible] siderable. It throws a new light on the [illegible] aspect, political and [illegible] palace, court, and the [illegible] &c."—*Sunday Times.*

REVELATIONS [illegible]

By [illegible]

Second Edition, revised and [illegible]

"A very clever book—the result [illegible] *aminer.*

"As a picture of the social life [illegible] interesting. We [illegible] the reader. There [illegible] Spain and its [illegible] —*John Bull.*

REVELATIONS OF [illegible] AND NARRATIVE OF AN [illegible] TO [illegible]

BY T. M. [illegible]

SECOND EDITION. [illegible]

"Mr. Hughes' volumes are [illegible] valuable information on the real [illegible]

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S NARRATIVE
OF HIS JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS,
THROUGH EGYPT, NUBIA, ARABIA PETRÆA, PALESTINE, AND SYRIA.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 21*s.* bound.

"These volumes are replete with new impressions, and are especially characterised by great power of lively and graphic description."—*New Monthly.*

"Lord Castlereagh's Journey includes his Lordship's voyage up the Nile to the second cataract—his account of the Pyramids, Luxor, Philœ, Thebes, and all the wonderful monuments of the ancient world accessible to the traveller—his visits to Mount Sinai and other places famous in Biblical history—his descriptions of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the sacred localities of Christianity—his characteristic sketches of the modern Egyptians, Arabs, Armenians, Jews, Druses, and Turks, and his personal recollections of Mehemet Ali and the nobles of his Court, the great Sheiks of the Desert, and the Princesses of the Lebanon. To future tourists in the East the work will be extremely valuable."—*Globe.*

NARRATIVE OF AN
OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES IN NORTH AMERICA.

2 vols. 8vo, with Map, &c., 31*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"The great novelty of this expedition arises from its having been principally performed OVERLAND. The position and influence of the author, his enterprise and scientific attainments, have enabled him to make extensive additions to our limited knowledge of the various interesting portions of the globe which he traversed. The contributions to the geography of the great American Continent, in particular, over which he proceeded from Canada to Vancouver, will be found extremely valuable, as well as his notices of the various tribes of the aborigines with whom he came in contact—his residence at Sitka, and account of the Aleutian Archipelago—his descriptions of Kamschatka and Siberia—and his journeys over those vast regions of the Russian Empire, concerning which we have hitherto received such scanty information."

"A more valuable or instructive work, or one more full of perilous adventure and heroic enterprise, we have never met with."—*John Bull.*

"It deserves to be a standard work in all libraries, and it will become so."—*Messenger.*

"The countries of which this work gives us a new knowledge are probably destined to act with great power on our interests, some as the rivals of our commerce, some as the depots of our manufactures, and some as the recipients of that overflow of population which Europe is now pouring out from all her fields on the open wilderness of the world."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HOCHELAGA;
OR, ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.,

Author of "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS." Third Edition.
2 vols., post 8vo, with illustrations, 21*s.* bound.

"We recommend 'Hochelaga' most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it."—*Quarterly Review.*

"This work has already reached a third edition. We shall be surprised if it do not go through many. It possesses almost every qualification of a good book—grace, variety, and vigour of style—a concentrated power of description, which has all the effect of elaborate painting—information carefully collected and judiciously communicated—sound and enlarged views of important questions—a hearty and generous love of country—and the whole pervaded by a refined but sometimes caustic humour, which imparts a constant attraction to its pages. We can cordially recommend it to our readers, as well for the amusement of its lighter portions, the vivid brilliancy of its descriptions, and the solid information it contains respecting Canada, and the position generally of England in the new world."—*John Bull.*

NARRATIVE OF THE
TEN YEARS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
ROUND THE WORLD,
OF H.M.S. ADVENTURE AND BEAGLE,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAINS KING AND FITZROY.

In Two large Vols. 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists, price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bound.

"One of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to notice, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation."—*Quarterly Review.*

These volumes detail the various incidents which occurred during the examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's circumnavigation of the Globe, and add considerably to our knowledge of Hydrography, Geography, and Natural History, and of the Habits, &c., of the Aborigines. There will be found in them the materials of two distinct works, embracing every thing worthy of notice in the expeditions during a period of nearly ten years. The first volume by Captain P. P. King, F.R.S., relates to the expedition under his command, with an Appendix by Major Sabine, R.A., F.R.S., containing discussions on the magnetic observations made during the voyages. The second volume is by Captain Robert Fitzroy, and relates to the second voyage, with an Appendix, giving the determination of many positions and measurements of meridian distances, and other nautical information. The work is beautifully illustrated with etchings and engravings on steel, by Mr. Landseer and other eminent artists, from drawings by Mr. Martens and Mr. Earle; and with Charts and Plans by Mr. Gardner and Messrs. Walker: and an entirely new Map of South America, by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, in which the position of places may be ascertained to within less than two miles. In the volumes notices will be found of the Cape Verd, Falkland, and other Islands in the Atlantic Ocean—of the coasts of South America, from Pernambuco to Guayaquil—of the Galopagos Islands—the dangerous Archipelago, or Low Islands—Otaheite—New Zealand—Australia—The Keeling Islands—Mauritius—the Cape of Good Hope, &c.

N.B. Mr. Darwin's Journal of the Geology and Natural History of the Voyage may be had in a single volume, 8vo, price 18*s.* bound.

THREE YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE,
OR, DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

By CHARLES WHITE, Esq.

Second and Cheaper Edition, 3 vols. post 8vo, with 34 Illustrations from Original Drawings, price 21*s.* bound.

"Mr. White's useful work is well worthy of the attentive study of all who would know Turkey as it is. It may be safely taken as a text book, with respect to Turkey, its people, and its manners. Full, searching, complete, it will dissipate many prejudices, dispel many vague notions popularly entertained of the much maligned Turks."—*Morning Chronicle.*

TRAVELS IN KASHMERE,

The Countries adjoining the Mountain Course of the Indus, and the Himalaya, North of the Punjab.

BY G. T. VIGNE, ESQ., F.G.S.

2 vols., 8vo, with a valuable Map, engraved under the sanction of the Hon. East India Company, and 22 Illustrations. 21*s.* bound.

"These volumes place their author in the foremost rank amongst the adventurous travellers who have explored the jealous regions contiguous to the British Indian Empire, in the condition of which we have reason to feel so deep an interest."—*Herald.*

LETTERS
FROM THE
SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NAPIER.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations. 21*s.* bound.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Authoress of "The Barnabys," "The Robertses," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.* bound.

A WINTER IN ITALY.

BY MRS. ASHTON YATES.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"Mrs. Yates' Letters indicate a mind of the highest intellectual culture."—*Quarterly Review.*

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.

Fourth Edition, revised and corrected, one vol., post 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;

OR,

ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

By ELIOT B. G. WARBURTON, Esq.

Sixth edition, 2 vols., with numerous Illustrations, 21s. bound.

"Remarkable for its colouring power and play of fancy, its useful and interesting information. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Written during a Tour through Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, the Holy Land, Syria, and Greece.

Third Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 18s.

"Mr. Carne's works are rendered peculiarly valuable by the graphic descriptions, written on the spot, of the present actual state of the places which have been the theatres of the great events recorded in the Bible."—*Courier.*

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE,

Through the countries of Bashan and Gilead, East of the River Jordan; including a visit to the Cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

Second Edition, 2 vols., 8vo. With numerous Engravings, 21s.

Also, by the same Author,

TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA,

Including a Journey to the Ur of the Chaldees, and the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.

Second Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, with Thirty Engravings, 21s.

Also, by the same Author,

TRAVELS IN ASSYRIA, MEDIA, & PERSIA.

2 vols., 8vo, 21s.

"These volumes conclude the series of the author's Journeys in the East, which present the reader, not only with the modern condition of the interesting countries described, but the results of personal investigations as to their antiquities, which enables the author to throw light upon ancient history; and also upon the inspired writings."

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS, IN 1846.

By Lieut.-Col. Sir RICHARD BONNYCASTLE.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"There is excellent advice as well as information of a practical kind which ought to be treasured up by the intending emigrant, to whom we recommend a perusal of Sir Richard's book, as giving graphic views of the present toil, for future independence, which all must encounter." —*Morning Chronicle.*

PETERSBURGH AND MOSCOW;

A VISIT TO THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

BY RICHARD SOUTHWELL BOURKE, ESQ.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS;

OR, SKETCHES OF TRANSATLANTIC LIFE.

By CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.

By Lieut.-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.
Employed on a Special Service in Persia.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER,

Comprising the Narrative of a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a Journey across the American Continent.

BY ROSS COX, ESQ.

2 vols., 8vo, with Plates, 24s.]

"During the period which Mr. Cox spent among the various tribes on the banks of the Columbia, he ascended the river nine times, and descended it eight. Dangers of the most trying kind and adventures of every description, fearful and agreeable, accompanied his steps. He recorded the real romance in which he took a part, and has now enabled us in-dwellers of cities to participate in its extraordinary interest."—*Morning Herald.*

TANCRED;
OR, THE NEW CRUSADE.

By B. DISRAELI, M.P.

Author of "Coningsby," "Sybil," &c. Third Edition. 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d.

"'Tancred' is full of charming effects of style and fine delineations. The descriptions of oriental life are only to be compared with those of Anastasius or Eothen."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"'Tancred' is a brilliant book. It has entertained us more than either 'Coningsby' or 'Sybil,' and we think may stand higher in public favour."—*Athenæum.*

"We hold it to be impossible for the author of 'Vivian Grey' to write a work of fiction which shall not be clever, brilliant, witty, and dashing. 'Tancred' is all this, and something more. Its writer has borrowed for a season the pencil of Roberts, and become a gorgeous painter."—*Times.*

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

By W. J. BRODERIP, Esq. F.R.S.

1 vol., post 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We believe we do not exaggerate in saying that, since the publication of White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' by Kirby and Spence, no work in our language is better calculated than the 'Zoological Recreations' to fulfil the avowed aim of its author—to furnish a hand-book which may cherish or awaken a love for natural history."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S
JOURNAL OF HER CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

8vo, With a Portrait by Count D'Orsay, 10s. 6d.

"Beyond all comparison, the best thing that has been written on Lord Byron—the truest, cleverest, and most pleasing. With all possible delicacy, consideration, and good nature, the true character of Byron is laid open even to its inmost recesses."—*Spectator.*

ADVENTURES OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS,
IN SPAIN, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.

By JAMES GRANT, Esq., late 62d Regt.

"The main charm of this very attractive work must ever be the truthful outline it presents of the heroic devotion and dauntless daring of the heroes 'in the garb of old Gaul,' during that momentous conflict ending with Wellington's last triumph on the plains of Waterloo." *Caledonian Mercury.*

THE JESUIT AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY SIR GEORGE STEPHEN.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"One of the best written novels published for many years, both as regards its excellent purpose and vigorous style. Nothing can be more exact to truth than the author's painting of the scenes of college life."—*Messenger.*

"This vigorous protest against Jesuitical growth displays consummate literary tact, and is a production of infinite talent."—*Somerset Gazette.*

ZENON;

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

By the Rev. RICHARD COBBOLD, M.A.

Second Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"The incidents of this work are at once various and striking, and moral and religious truths of great importance are both simply and powerfully expressed. The work has afforded us so much pleasure that we can sincerely recommend it to our readers."—*Messenger.*

By the same Author.

II.

THE HISTORY OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE,

A SUFFOLK GIRL.

Fifth Edition, 1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"Truth is stranger than fiction. We have here a veritable history with incidents more startling and extraordinary than are to be found in any romance with which we are acquainted."—*Norfolk Chronicle.*

"Compressed into the compass of one volume, this biography will become a standard work."—*Britannia.*

III.

THE HISTORY OF MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE, & WIDOW.

DEDICATED, BY EXPRESS PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

Second Edition, 1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"This interesting work we have no doubt will attain a greater popularity even than Margaret Catchpole."—*Sunday Times.*

"In this most interesting work, we have the stirring scenes of a soldier's life, and the history of his daughter, wife, and widow, under the various difficulties of a situation calling for all the energies of a manly heart, and all the strength and relying love of a woman's unshrinking spirit. The work is full of incidents, narratives of extraordinary events, perils, and preservations."—*Bury Herald.*

KING ARTHUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW TIMON."

Post 8vo.

THE NEW TIMON:

A POETICAL ROMANCE.

Fourth edition, 1 vol. post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"One of the most remarkable poems of the present generation—remarkable in a threefold degree—its conception being strictly original—its language and imagery new—its tendency eminently moral. It has beauties of no ordinary lustre; the animus of the work is essentially humanising, its plot ingenious, and its effect altogether bold, harmonious, and original. No poem of equal length has issued from the English press for a number of years, with any thing approaching to the ability of 'The New Timon,'—it augurs a resuscitation of our Bardic glories."—*Sun.*

POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

Now First Collected, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait, 12s. bound.

"A host of readers we are confident will participate in our gratification at the publication of these volumes, for Horace Smith is now amongst the English classics."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"In this work the reader will find, not only Christmas reading for every day in the year, but as abundant proof of honest cheerfulness, manly warmth of feeling, and genuine enjoyment of every thing enjoyable, as in any two hearty little volumes of the same size in the language."—*Examiner.*

POETICAL WORKS OF BARRY CORNWALL.

3 vols., small 8vo, 21s.

"It is delightful to turn awhile from moral and political animosities to the unalloyed sweets of such poetry as Mr. Cornwall's; and to refresh our fancies, and strengthen and compose our good affections among the images of love and beauty, and gentle sympathy and sorrow, with which it everywhere presents us."—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE HALL AND THE HAMLET.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Author of "The Book of the Seasons," "Rural Life in England," &c.,
2 vols., post 8vo. 21s. bound.

"This work is full of delightful sketches and sweet and enchanting pictures of rural life, and we have no doubt will be read not only at the homestead of the farmer, but at the mansion of the squire, or the castle of the lord, with gratification and delight. In these volumes there is more originality, more wit, more humour, more pathos, than in any of those which have already issued from the same pen."—*Sunday Times.*

CHEAP LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Elegantly bound in 18 Volumes, price only 6s. each, printed uniformly with Byron and Scott, and beautifully embellished with the Portraits of the Authors, and other Engravings, by the Findens and other eminent Artists,

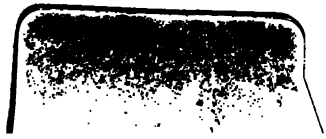
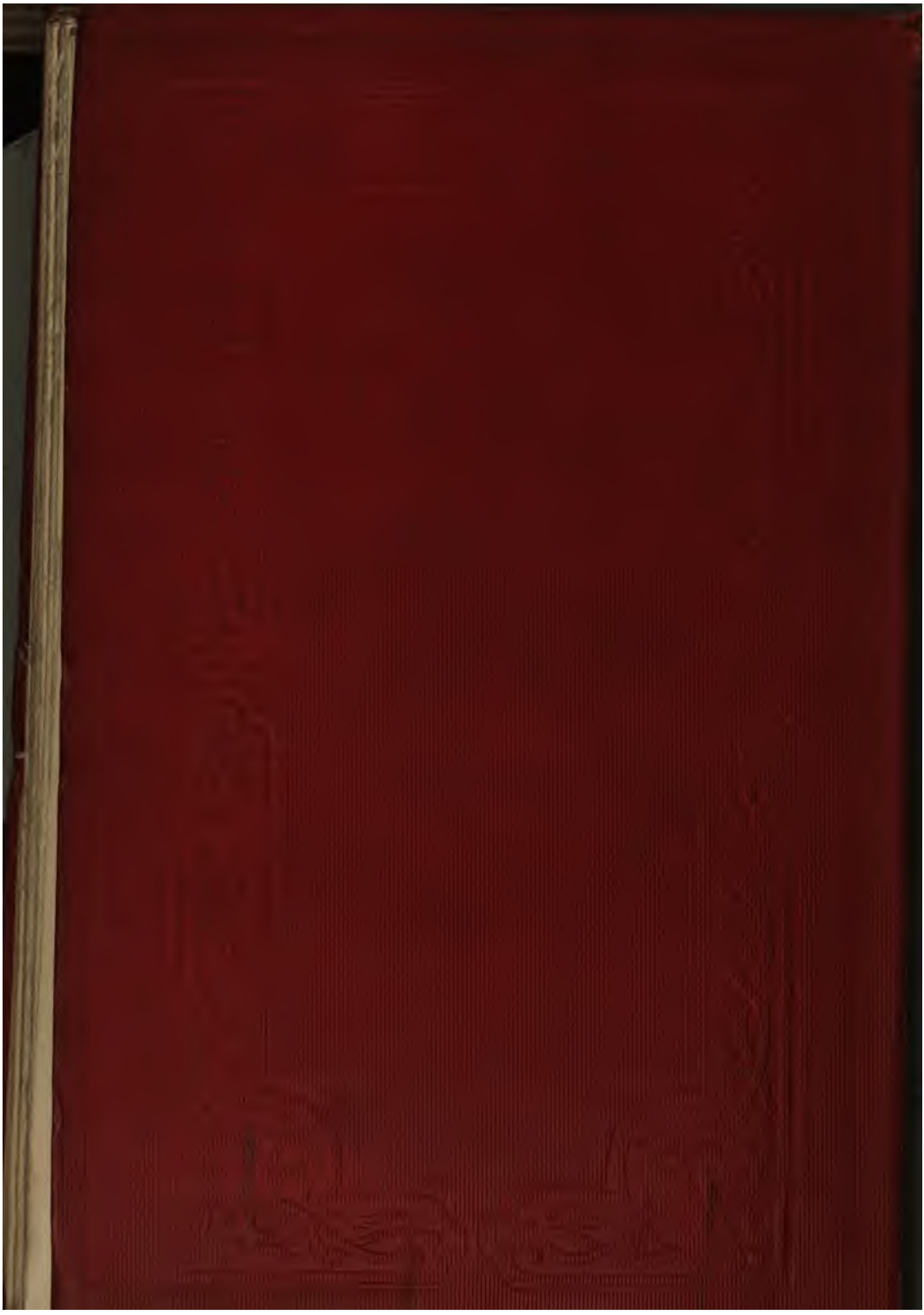
COLBURN'S STANDARD NOVELS;

A Select Collection of the best Works of Fiction of the most Distinguished Modern English Writers, which cannot be procured in any other collection.

CONTENTS.

Emilia Wyndham. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales."
Mr. Ward's Tremaine.
Capt. Marryat's Frank Mildmay.
Mr. H. Smith's Brambletye House.
Mr. H. Smith's Zillah. A Tale of the Holy City.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Pelham.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Disowned.
Sir E. L. Bulwer's Devereux.
Lady Morgan's O'Donnell.
Lady Morgan's Florence Macarthy.
Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl.
Mr. Gleig's Chelsea Pensioners.
Mr. Lister's Granby.
Mr. James's Richelieu.
Mr. Hook's Gurney Married.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (First Series); comprising Danvers, The Friend of the Family, Merton, &c.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (Second Series); comprising The Sutherlands, The Man of Many Friends, Doubts and Fears, and Passion and Principle.
Mr. Hook's Sayings and Doings. (Third Series); comprising Cousin William and Gervase Skinner.

"'Colburn's Standard Novels' present a series of those works of fiction that have most tended, with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, to elevate this description of literature. This publication presents a concentration of imaginative genius."—*Globe.*

"A truly popular undertaking. The series so got up and embellished, and so cheap, must extend the fame even of the author of 'Pelham.'"—*Literary Gazette.*

"What an admirable opportunity is here presented to such as are about to form a select library of fiction!"—*Sun.*